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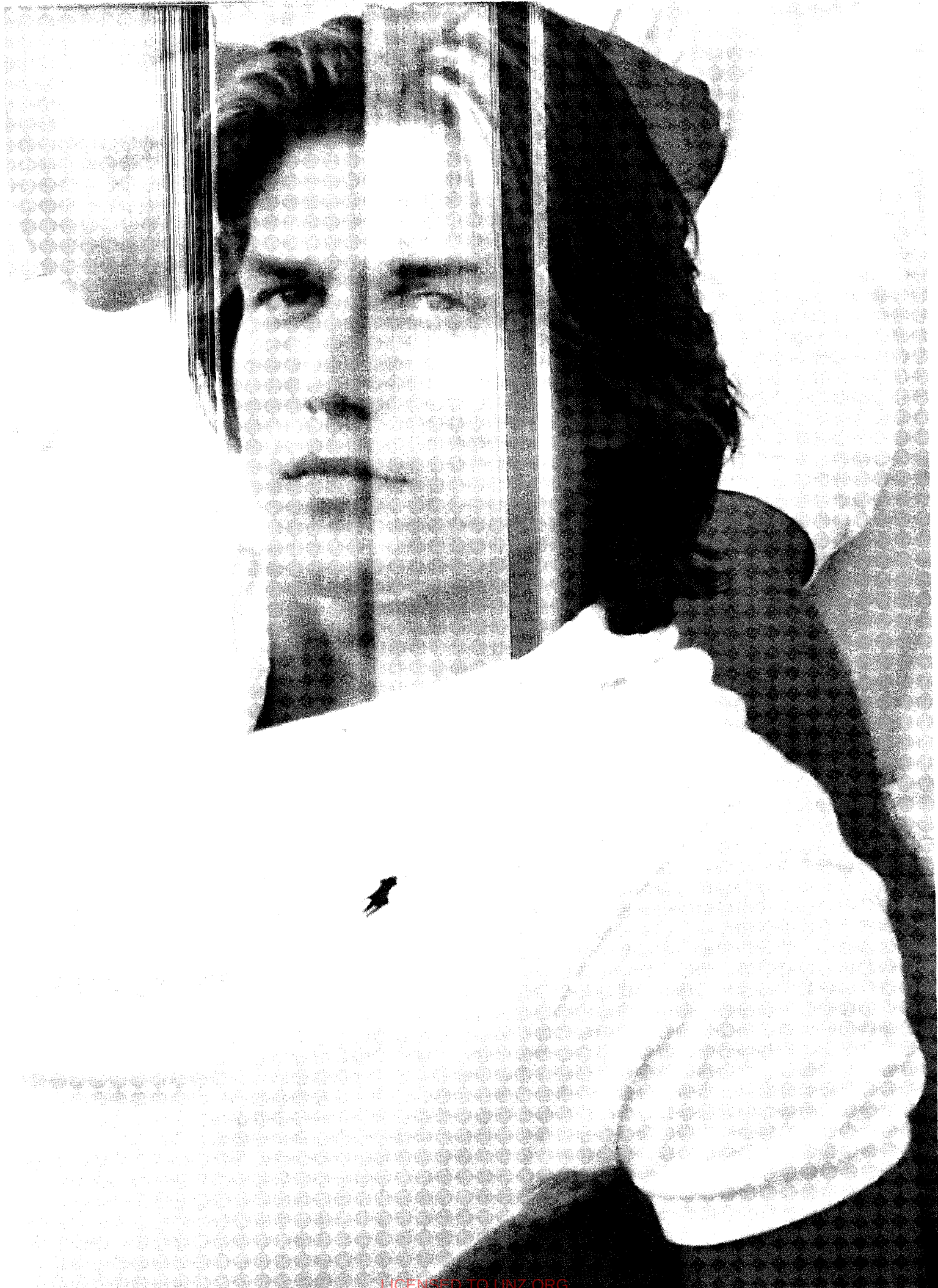
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THE NEW YORKER

JUNE 12, 1995

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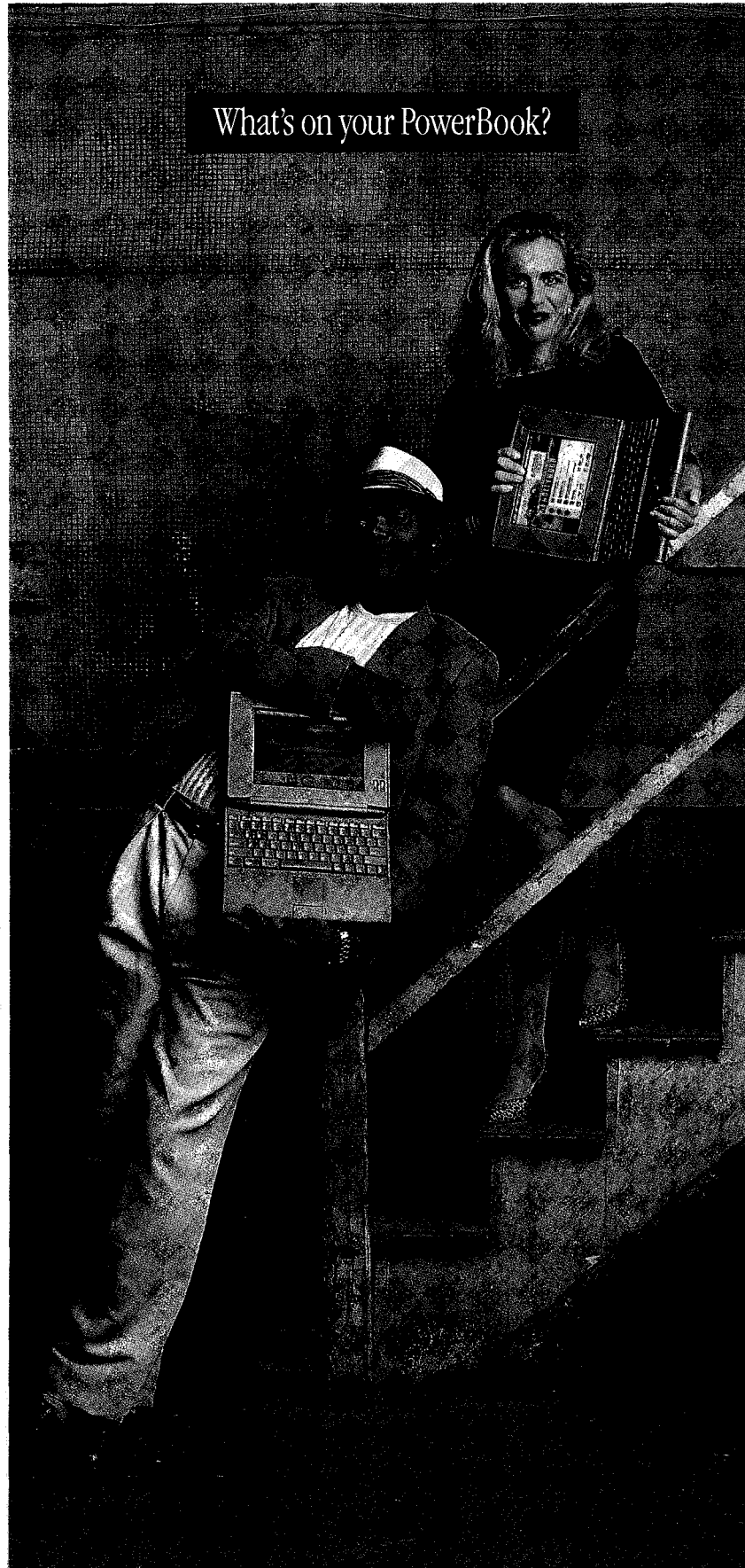
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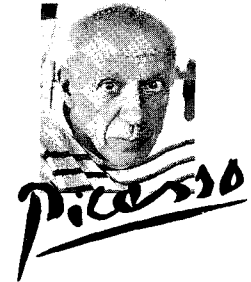
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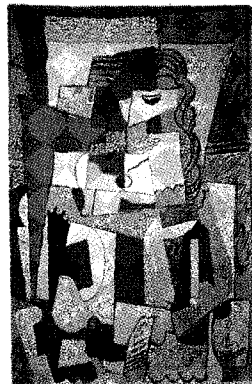
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NO PEACE TO KEEP

Why the U.N. went in to Bosnia, and why it should leave.

THE floundering of the United Nations mission to the former Yugoslavia, which is suddenly dramatic but has been in progress for years, should not be misconstrued as just another U.N.-peacekeeping failure. In fact, the U.N. may be said to have done its job in the region remarkably well—if its job is understood to be providing political and diplomatic cover to Britain, France, Germany, Russia, and the United States for their own inaction in the face of ongoing aggression and the slaughter of civilians in Europe. The recent decision to expand the U.N. force in Bosnia should also be understood for what it is: sending more troops to protect not Bosnian civilians but the U.N. troops already there. And the reinforcements and their heavier weapons may serve another purpose as well: they will be needed in the event of a general U.N. withdrawal.

How much longer can this perverse, unspoken U.N. assignment last? Boutros Boutros-Ghali, the U.N. Secretary-General, has taken to warning against what he calls the Somalia syndrome, by which he means discouragement among the governments contributing to the

mission and a consequent humiliating U.N. departure. But long before the last peacekeepers left Somalia the international intervention there had outlived its usefulness to anyone except a few clients; and the U.N.'s good works in Bosnia—its purported purpose there—have been similarly outweighed by the mission's massive downside. That downside is made chillingly clear in the images of terrified U.N. soldiers chained to fences by the Bosnian Serbs, who seem to have watched more than their share of bad movies and to actually relish growling at the world, "Try to stop us and we'll kill the girl." Besides furnishing the girl, the U.N. has performed with an obtuseness and a passivity so thoroughgoing that David Rieff, in his book "Slaughterhouse: Bosnia and the Failure of the West," convincingly describes some U.N. agencies as "handmaidens to the genocide of the Bosnian Muslims."

It was a schizophrenic, disingenuous mission from the start. The Security Council recognized the initial assault on Bosnia, in April, 1992, as a case of transborder aggression. That is why, some weeks later, it imposed economic

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RANDOM HOUSE

Some of the contents of this book originally appeared in The New Yorker.

sanctions on Serbia: Slobodan Milosevic, Serbia's expansionist President, was correctly seen as the prime instigator of the Bosnian Serb rampages. Yet the U.N. went into Bosnia with a mandate limited to providing humanitarian relief and with a doctrine of neutrality that made little distinction between aggressors and victims.

Since the best hope for a rapid end to the war has always been that the Bosnian government would simply capitulate, some of the U.N. forces have been understandably impatient with its refusal to surrender. Still, the obvious pro-Serb sympathies of some U.N. commanders and officials have been startling, given what we know about the behavior of the Bosnian Serb army. (At the same time, the U.N.'s profound reluctance to use force to gain Serb compliance with ceasefire agreements has always been based on a clear-eyed comprehension of that behavior: the latest round of hostage-taking after the latest round of air strikes was nothing if not in character.) The U.N. mission's neutrality has tended, willy-nilly, to redefine the conflict as a civil war, which is what the Serbs prefer to do. And the fighting does increasingly resemble a civil war, as the Bosnian government's capacity to defend itself improves and the multiethnic, democratic ideal it originally stood for deteriorates

toward an embattled Muslim nationalism.

Among the major powers, the United States is reported to be the strongest opponent of ending the U.N. mission, and has also been the strongest proponent of NATO air strikes against the Bosnian Serb forces besieging Sarajevo and other cities. But America's influence on these matters is sharply limited by our having no troops, as of this writing, among the more than thirty thousand peacekeepers in Bosnia and Croatia, and also by the Clinton Administration's generally pale presence on the world stage.

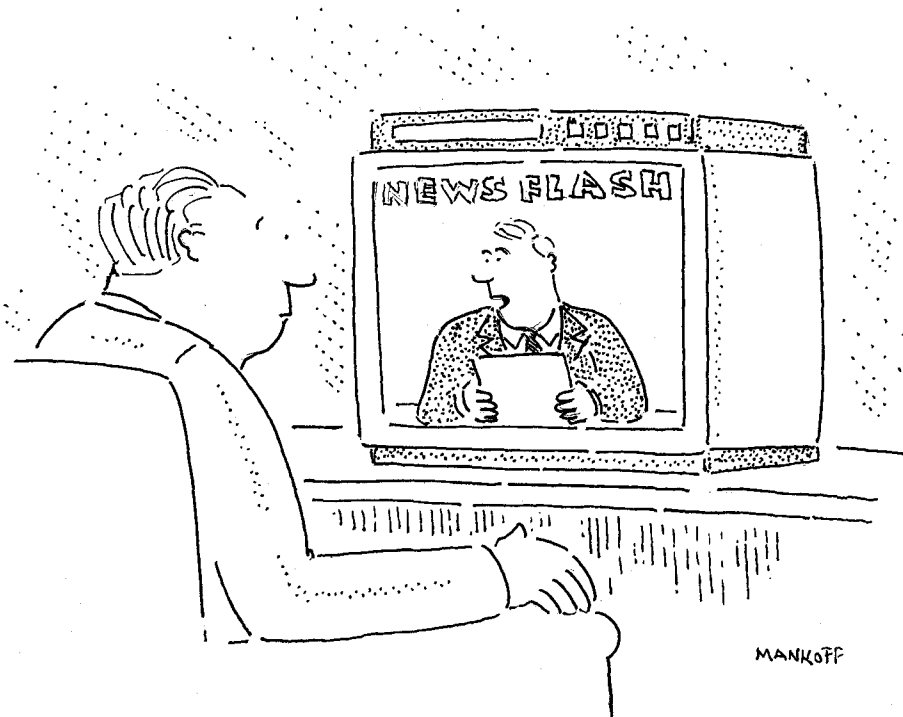
To be fair, the Bush Administration had more opportunity to influence events in the region than its successor has had. In fact, Warren Zimmerman, our last Ambassador to Yugoslavia, now writes that he made "a major mistake" in not recommending the use of force to stop the Serbian bombardment of the Croatian city of Dubrovnik back in 1991. Giving Milosevic and the Serbs pause at that point might have prevented much of what has followed. Instead, the Serbs have laughed at all international orders to desist. The threats of Bill Clinton and Warren Christopher must have come to seem particularly funny.

Bosnia, a U.N. member state, will not be put back together again. Partition, which was once unthinkable, now seems inevitable. But first there will probably be a great deal more fighting.

And while the outside world is in no position to stop the war, it can conceivably hasten the end of the fighting: by lifting the arms embargo on the still out-gunned Bosnian government, which may finally induce the Serbs to compromise; by engaging in effective traditional diplomacy and making persuasive offers of postwar reconstruction aid; and by bringing to an immediate end the murderous sieges of Bosnian cities, where the indiscriminate shelling of civilians, a war crime, can be stopped by a sustained NATO air campaign. Before any serious attempt can be undertaken to lift the sieges, however, the U.N. must get its forces out of the way. President Clinton, whose primacy in foreign affairs is now being radically challenged by the Republican Congress, might look to his own political self-interest and step forward here—not with vague incremental offers of support to our allies but with a clear proposal that cuts the knot of the current U.N. mission. The American voice is still the loudest in NATO, and the U.N. plainly needs to be saved from itself.

This month marks the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the United Nations. Since the end of the Cold War, we have learned a great deal about what the U.N. can and cannot do. It can help to coordinate a humanitarian intervention when the problems are famine and banditry (Somalia) but cannot compel fractious parties to form a government (Somalia again). It can supervise elections that help end a civil war (Mozambique, El Salvador) unless there are major combatants not ready to accept electoral defeat (Angola, Cambodia). Sending U.N. peacekeepers in early, when there is still peace to keep, can do wonders; Macedonia, where five hundred American soldiers have been patrolling its border with Serbia for nearly two years, and where things have been remarkably quiet, can testify to that. Unfortunately, the standard practice is to send peacekeepers in only after fighting has started—and, in most cases, ceased. The Bosnian government's frantic requests for peacekeepers before the war began were denied; in retrospect, it seems that they might have been useful. Once the killing got under way in Bosnia, the major powers did begin to find the U.N. useful, of course. But that's different.

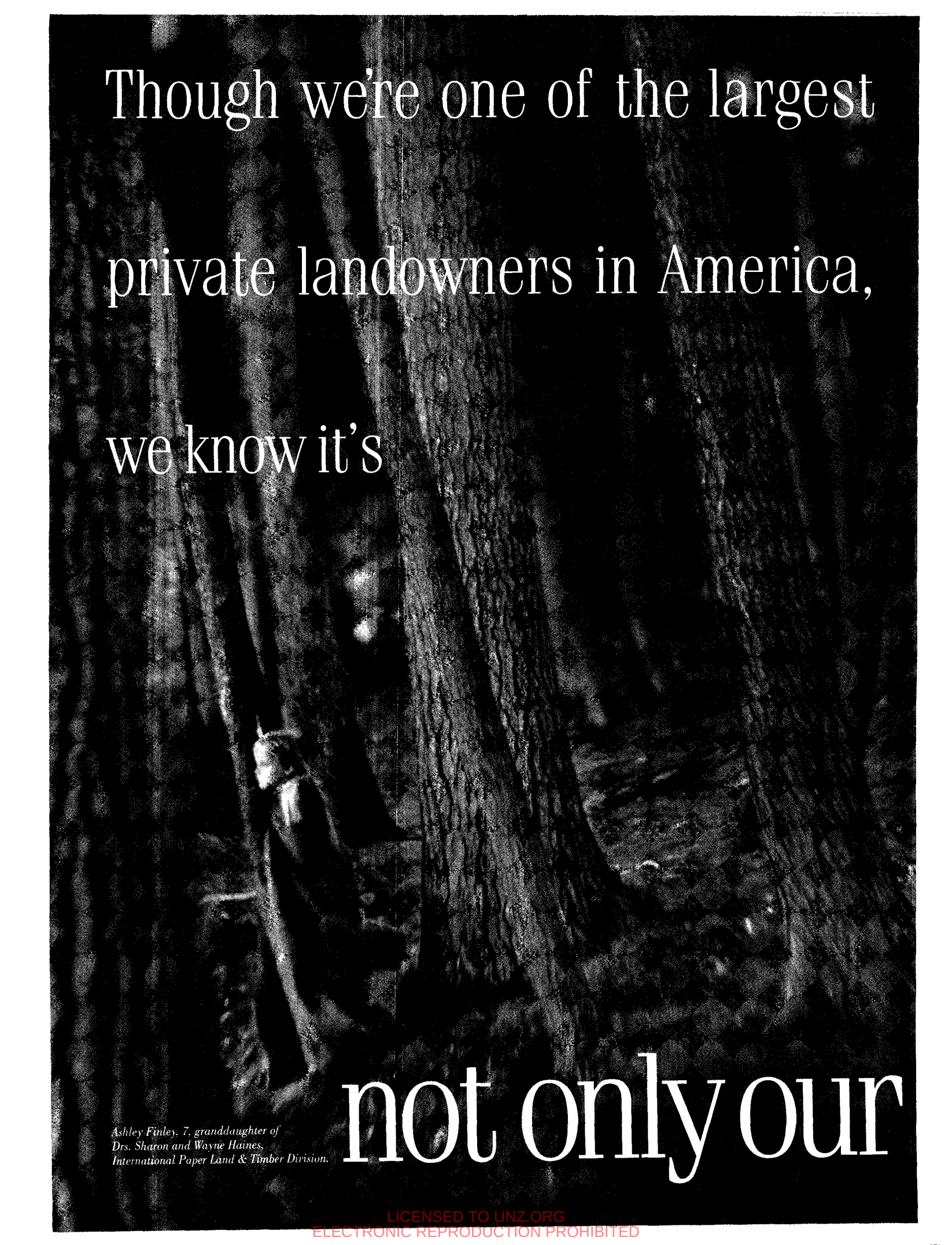
—WILLIAM FINNEGAN



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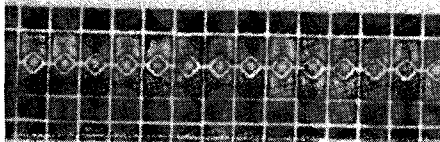
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WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

Mark Singer's article in *The Talk of the Town* (May 1st) about the bombing in Oklahoma City aptly described what we Oklahomans were feeling after the April 19th bombing as "the shock of recognition colliding with the shock of unrecognition." But his implication that it was some ingrained prejudice that made us look eastward for the culprit is wrong. The bombing felt like an act of war, and during wars you are wary of enemies, not friends. Our innocence and naïveté prevented us from even thinking that hundreds of people could be killed by a neighbor's hand. Oklahoma City is fairly small, and everyone was touched by the bombing; we were wounded in a way that might not be possible in a larger, more sophisticated metropolis. Don't make us ashamed of our innocence.

JAN CARRILLO-JONES
Bethany, Okla.

Thanks to Adam Gopnik for saying so well and so civilly that ideas do lead to action (*Comment*, May 8th). We live according to that assumption when we teach or preach, and when we advertise or campaign. As Gopnik points out, the idea of Americanism today does seem to reflect a mythologized American West, a culture that none of us have ever experienced, but one that was marked by ignorance, injustice, and danger. We seem to be revelling in a similar incivility in our streets, on our airwaves, and in our publications now.

K. ROOT
Hutchinson, Kans.

I believe we breed villains like those in Oklahoma when we take boys to whom we devoted years of prayer, education, and law, and then send them off to war.

Counsellors, psychiatrists, and clergy poured into Oklahoma to help the survivors

of the bombing. We recognize the trauma of their tragedy. Yet young men plucked out of cozy homes to prepare for the horror of war come back to nothing. I don't know how to shoot a gun. Nor do I have the faintest notion how to build a bomb. I can't imagine dressing up in combat fatigues and spending my weekends playing war games in the woods. That is because I have never had to prepare for war. Perhaps we need to think about the tragedy of sending our children off to become animals without providing them a better way to become human again.

DONNA M. ZUBERT
Bloomington, Minn.

When Joyce Carol Oates claimed, in her article on Timothy McVeigh's home town (*Talk of the Town*, May 8th), that "there is no community," and that the only way McVeigh could establish his marginalized identity was "through identification with power . . . the 'power,' at least, to destroy," I felt sad.

Perhaps the estrangement Oates describes is one reason that fewer than forty per cent of Americans voted in recent federal elections. Living in a country where it is not unusual for seventy per cent of the eligible population to vote, I have come to believe that this disparity in enfranchisement is based on the way each population uses the power of talk. Rather than inflaming the destructive passions of individualism, talk, in my experience, actually encourages the spirit of community by creating a means for orderly interaction among citizens.

HEINZ SENDER
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MORE ON McNAMARA

If Robert McNamara (Department of Disputation, by Sidney Blumenthal, May 8th) wasn't smart enough to win in Vietnam, why should we now accept his

view that the war was unwinnable? We made many errors, lost public support, and ultimately withdrew. Like all complex human endeavors, the war did not have a preordained outcome; it depended on several factors, including effective leadership. Certainly nothing that McNamara says today diminishes the debt we owe those who answered the call of "the best and the brightest," and gave life, limb, and psyche in a costly conflict.

MICHAEL R. GALLAGHER
Sacramento, Calif.

Sidney Blumenthal has every right to criticize the review of Robert McNamara's book that I wrote for the *Los Angeles Times*. But he has no right to imply that McNamara and I long held similar views on the Vietnam War. My review makes two main points. The first is that McNamara's great crime was the crime of silence; the second and equally important point, which I made as one who has studied the record of escalation as closely as any other American journalist, is that the book is stunningly dishonest, and that McNamara has almost completely sanitized his own role as the Johnson Administration's most savage enforcer of escalation. The McNamara of the book is a rather benign, puzzled man looking for a way out of a terrible dilemma; the flesh-and-blood McNamara was a man of certitude, a fierce infighter within the bureaucracy, a man who relentlessly pressured senior military advisers in the field to report optimistically, whose office waged an ugly campaign against reporters in Saigon, and who, as George Ball later told me, would make up statistics on the spot in order to attack the case Ball was making against escalation. When I interviewed McNamara for "The Best and the Brightest" in 1970, I asked him how he could remain silent while the war was still going on and young men, Americans and Vietnamese alike, were still dying. He told me that my question was improper and inappropriate. Blumenthal clearly believes him to be right.

DAVID HALBERSTAM
New York City

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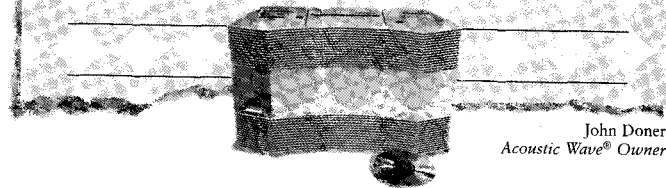
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THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

AFRICAN-AMERICAN PERFORMANCE ART FESTIVAL—A five-day showcase of new and experimental work by the Hittite Empire, an all-male ensemble from L.A.; Atlanta's Zaron Burnett, Jr.; the San Francisco duo of Idris Ackamoor and Rhodessa Jones; and New Yorkers Lisa Jones, Josslyn Luckett, Peggy Pettitt, and Harry Mann. With a special appearance by the British troupe BiBi Crew. June 7-10 at 8 and June 11 at 3. (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 650-7100.)

BUTTONS ON BROADWAY—Red Buttons celebrates his sixtieth year in show business with a retrospective one-man revue. Preview on June 7. Opens June 8 at 6:45. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

CHRONICLE OF A DEATH FORETOLD—Lincoln Center Theatre presents a musical adaptation of Gabriel García Márquez's novel, directed and choreographed by Graciela Daniele. In previews. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

CRUMBS FROM THE TABLE OF JOY—A Southern black family moves North in the fifties in pursuit of a better life. Written by Lynn Nottage and directed by Joe Morton. In previews. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

ENSEMBLE STUDIO THEATRE—David Mamet's "No One Will Be Immune," Cassandra Medley's "Dearborn Heights," and Laurence Klavan's "Freud's House" make up the final series of this year's one-act marathon, which ends June 11. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405.)

HUNDREDS OF HATS—A salute to lyricist-librettist Howard Ashman's musical-theatre and film work. In previews through June 11. Opens June 13 at 8. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

J. P. MORGAN SAVES THE NATION—En Garde Arts' new site-specific musical, about the famous financier, is being staged on the steps of Federal Hall. The intersection of Wall and Broad Streets is closed Tuesdays through Sundays for performances. In previews. (279-4200.)

MADAME DE SADE—Ingmar Bergman directs Yukio Mishima's 1965 drama, about six women—all of whose lives were affected by the Marquis de Sade—during the years when de Sade was imprisoned for sexual perversion. June 7-10 at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

ONE WOMAN SHOE—In this encore production, a collaboration by the brother-sister team of David and Amy Sedaris, social-services applicants can't receive benefits until they put on a one-person show. Ms. Sedaris appears in the cast. Opens June 8 at 10. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

SPOOKYWORLD—A lesbian comedy by Madeleine Olnek, in which a one-night stand—between a poet and a woman who works as a ghost in an amusement-park haunted house—has messy repercussions. The cast includes Babs Davy and Peg Healy. Directed by Deb Margolin. Opens June 8 and runs through June 24. (Wow Café, 59 E. 4th St. 460-8067.)

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TWELVE DREAMS—James Lapine wrote and directed this drama, inspired by a case study from Carl Jung's "Man and His Symbols." Two previews on June 7. Opens June 8 at 7:30. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

OPENED RECENTLY

AFTER-PLAY—Anne Meara's comedy, recently seen at Manhattan Theatre Club, has moved to a new venue, with Ms. Meara in a starring role, along with Barbara Barrie, Larry Keith, and Merwin Goldsmith. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200.)

ALL ABOUT STEVE: MUSINGS OF AN EBONY QUEER—In his new solo work, Stephen Patterson takes a comic look at growing up gay, black, and liberal. (Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 923-9300. Closes June 24.)

ARCADIA—Despite some casting glitches, the American premiere of Tom Stoppard's 1993 play, which shuttles between 1809 and the present, is an elegant production of an enormous theatrical feat. In a kind of intellectual mystery story, Stoppard provides the audience with the exhilarating illusion of omniscience, allowing us to solve a riddle of history from clues and connections that the characters, caught in time, do not see. Directed by Trevor Nunn. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/17/95.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)



Agneta Ekmanner, Anita Björk, and Elin Klinga, in "Madame de Sade."

THE COMPLEAT WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (ABRIDGED)—This slapstick hour-and-a-half romp through the Bard's oeuvre, carried out by three fine young gentlemen in high-tops, is utterly sophomoric and a complete waste of time—like some of the best things in life. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

DAMN YANKEES—Jerry Lewis, the King of Comedy and the King of France, is now, in his Broadway debut, the Prince of Darkness—the Devil himself. The old pro delivers the goods. And Charlotte d'Amboise, a sensational Lola, delivers the goods and then some. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

DATES AND NUTS—A romantic comedy by Gary Lennon, about a Brooklyn girl looking for love. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 279-4200. Closes June 11.)

DEATH DEFYING ACTS—Three subpar one-act comedies, by David Mamet, Elaine May, and Woody Allen, that have the words "Written to Order" stamped all over them. (3/20/95) (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

THE DONAHUE SISTERS—In Geraldine Aron's thin comedy-drama, three siblings—a homebody, an addled London housewife, and a jaded New York writer—gather at their family's home in Ireland for some sisterly sniping, a huge joint, and a few snorts of vodka. At the very end they recall a childhood atrocity; the revelation is so sudden and unexpected that when the house lights come up you wonder whether they're going to go back down for another act. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

ECSTASY—Mike Leigh's play is set in a dismal North London flat in the winter of 1979. The late-seventies costumes and set are depressingly perfect, and the actors bring the six working-class characters to life with great specificity and vitality. (Smokeophobes take note: the theatre is tiny, and there's a whole lotta smokin' goin' on.) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

FORTUNE'S FOOLS—A sitcom look at modern marriage and relationships, centering on a couple that is headed for the altar (Danton Stone and Dorrie Joiner) and their best man (Tuc Watkins) and maid of honor (Marissa Chibas). The stereotypical characters are likable enough, and the four actors—especially Watkins—bring the flimsy dialogue to life. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

THE GOOD WOMAN OF SETZUAN—The Independent Theatre Company's production of Bertolt Brecht's 1943 play—about the gods' search for one good person in all of China—lacks both irony and passion, even though some of the actors in the smaller roles are terrific. Paul Todaro directed and composed the songs and incidental music. (House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton St. 353-3088. Closes June 24.)

HAMLET—London's Almeida Theatre has brought over a postmodern production whose refusal to risk interpretation reflects Britain's current bland and winded state. Ralph Fiennes, an intelligent, reticent player with a drop-dead matinee-idol profile, seems almost as unwilling to enter the vortex of Hamlet's torment as Hamlet himself is to take action. Directed by Jonathan Kent. (5/15/95) (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

TIM BOWER

TJ&CO. 1995



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HAVING OUR SAY—Sadie and Bessie Delany, two sisters who have passed the hundred-year mark, presented their vivid life stories in a 1993 best-seller; the book has been adapted beautifully from the page to the stage by Emily Mann, who also directed. Gloria Foster and Mary Alice are brilliant as the sisters, who were taught by their family to "reach high" despite the dogging of Jim Crow. (4/24/95) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

THE HEART IS A LONELY HUNTER—Carson McCullers' novel is a poetic study of a town of misfits and their relationships with a deaf-mute named John Singer. As a play (adapted and directed by David Willinger), it doesn't work. Characters float around the sparse set miming what ought to be spoken, sharing esoteric exchanges, and having spasmodic fits of anger. But certain performances are good, and Lea Antolini, as Mick Kelly, bears a striking resemblance to McCullers. (155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109. Closes June 11.)

THE HEIRESS—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 adaptation of Henry James's "Washington Square," directed by Gerald Gutierrez. Cherry Jones, who plays the title character, is exquisitely—almost unbearably—vulnerable. And the wonderful Frances Sternhagen is touching and funny as a widowed aunt. (3/20/95) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

HOMO AMERICANUS—Purgatorio Ink presents Asurbaniyal Babilla's Magic Realist drama, set in the future, about the search for love and beauty in a world of horror, death, and disease. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 874-6310.)

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING—In this revival of Frank Loesser's 1961 musical, Matthew Broderick has polish and timing, but it's Lillias White's gospel solo in "Brotherhood of Man" that lifts the audience into a zone of joy. As a paradigm for the Broadway musical's con game—winning the public's heart while picking its pocket—her display of guile made glorious is as good as it gets. (4/24/95) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

INDISCRETIONS—The brightest spot in this production of Jean Cocteau's "Les Parents Terribles"—a dark comedy about the perversities of desire in family life—is Eileen Atkins, who plays a severely wise spinster with her usual magnetic minimalism. Kathleen Turner, as a hysterically possessive mother, is an unfocused sprawl with a distractingly unplaceable accent. Roger Rees, Cynthia Nixon, and Jude Law also star, under the direction of Sean Mathias, in this import from London's Royal National Theatre. (5/15/95) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

JOHN & JEN—Andrew Lipka and Tom Greenwald's "musical that grows up before your eyes" spans a forty-year period, starting in 1951, and explores problems of love and family through the relationships of a sister and a brother and, later on, the sister and her son. The book is often hackneyed and the music repetitive, though the lyrics to the songs ("Christmas," "Little League," "Graduation," and so forth) possess an honest charm. Well staged by Gabriel Barre, and acted with

great verve by James Ludwig and Carolee Carmello. Stuart Duke provided the deft lighting. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

LADY-LIKE—Laura Shamas's drama about the love affair between Lady Eleanor Butler and Sarah Ponsonby, who fled Ireland in 1778 to live together in Wales. (Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 741-6436.)

LONDON SUITE—Neil Simon knows how to cater to his audience, but he's serving leftovers: these four one-acts are painfully dated in both their substance and their execution. The main pleasure in this production is Carolee Shelley, who provides some much needed comic muscle tone. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.)

LOOSE LIPS—A comedy revue, featuring the National Transcript Players, based on records of spoken blunders by the Prince of Wales, Clarence Thomas, President Clinton, and other public figures. Bebe Neuwirth is guest narrator through June 18. (Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. 799-4599.)

LOVE! VALOUR! COMPASSION!—The eight gay men in Terrence McNally's beautifully written drama connect in ways that almost any nuclear family would envy. Under the nimble direction of Joe Mantello, the actors present humbling evidence of what love is and can be. (11/14/94) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY—Turgenev's drama, set on a Russian estate in the eighteen-forties, is a tale of selfishness and self-delusion in the sphere of love. As Natalya Petrovna, the central character, Helen Mirren leaves no aspect of middle-aged romantic foolishness unplumbed. It's a breathtakingly funny performance, well supported by those of Ron Rifkin and F. Murray Abraham. Scott Ellis directed. (5/8/95) (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes June 10.)

THE ONLY THING WORSE YOU COULD HAVE TOLD ME...—Dan Butler offers a procession of characters from the real world of contemporary gay culture, moving seamlessly from one monologue to the next in a one-man show that is by turns hilarious, infuriating, sad, and uplifting—a charmer. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 307-4100.)

PARTY—Seven gay men get together to play a strip version of truth or dare, with terrifically funny (if occasionally didactic) results. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.)

PRISONER OF LOVE—The New York Theatre Workshop presents an adaptation of Jean Genet's final novel. Directed by JoAnne Akalaitis. (79 E. 4th St. 302-6989.)

THE RADICAL MYSTIQUE—Arthur Laurents' new play revolves around two Greenwich Village friends who are planning a Black Panthers fund-raiser in 1969. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

ROB BECKER'S DEFENDING THE CAYEMAN—A hundred-minute standup routine. Some of Becker's examples of discontent between the sexes are very funny (a lot of vigorous nodding goes on in the theatre—never by men and women at the same time), but a fair number of them are shopworn. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100.)

THE ROSE TATTOO—Tennessee Williams's paean to sexual passion—he called it his "love-play

to the world." As the central character, the alternately pious and hot-blooded Serafina, Mercedes Ruehl is funny and affecting, and Anthony LaPaglia brings a sweet openness to the role of the young man who puts the bloom back in her cheeks. Robert Falls directed. (5/15/95) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

SHOW BOAT—Harold Prince's epic-size production of the 1927 Jerome Kern-Oscar Hammerstein II musical. (10/17/94) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

SIMPSON STREET—Scenes from the life of a Puerto Rican family in the Bronx, by Eduardo Gullardo. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Saturday and Sunday performances are in Spanish. Closes July 2.)

SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ—THE SONGS OF LEIBER AND STOLLER—A feast of early rock and roll, performed by a cast with Grade A lungs and legs. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

SUNSET BOULEVARD—Glenn Close continues her triumphant run as Norma Desmond through July 2. Betty Buckley assumes the role July 4. (12/5/94) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4007.)

SWINGTIME CANTEN—A re-creation of a 1944 U.S.O. concert, performed in a night club. Extraneous bits of plot threaten to derail the show, but the lovely songs, done with verve and charm, carry the day. (Blue Angel, 321 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

SYLVIA—In A. R. Gurney's new comedy, Sarah Jessica Parker plays a dog named Sylvia (who says there aren't roles for women?), who brings meaning to the life of a middle-aged currency trader (Charles Kimbrough) while driving a canine-shaped wedge between him and his wife (Blythe Danner). Parker has some funny moments: you should hear what she says when she sees a cat, and her attempt to mate with a matronly guest (Derek Smith, in a good drag turn) is hilarious. But this upper-middle-class fairy tale settles too soon into a monotonous sweetness; it lacks bite. John Tillinger directed. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

TOO JEWISH?—Avi Hoffman sets about reviving Yiddish in this mixture of songs and stories. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

TRAVELS WITH MY AUNT—Giles Havergal, directing his own witty adaptation of Graham Greene's novel, has captured the book's amusingly puzzled tone with his playful, inventive (though overlong) staging. Four wildly different actors—Brian Murray, Jim Dale, Martin Rayner, and Tom Beckett—all play Henry Pulling, the staid retired banker whose eccentric Aunt Augusta drags him into her international adventures. Dale doubles as Aunt Augusta, and the other three skillfully handle some twenty additional parts. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. 420-8000.)

2—Romulus Linney's play about Hermann Göring, which is set during the Nuremberg trials, doesn't pretend to understand Hitler's No. 2 man; instead, it illustrates the potent combination of evil and charm with which Göring tried to manipulate his fate. Though Clarence Felder's portrayal is robust and, at times, disturbingly comic, the play is skin-deep—in-



Touch dancing at the Joyce: American Ballroom Theatre, through June 18.

teresting but not penetrating. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-4052. Closes June 11.)

WORD OF MOUTH—James Lecesne's remarkably varied solo show: eight characters, eight voices, and (you'd swear) eight bodies. In general, the technique is more startling than the material. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

LONG RUNS

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP / TUBES:** As-tor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **GREASE!** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **JELLY ROLL!** Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 307-4100. . . . **KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN:** Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. . . . **THREE TALL WOMEN:** Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **THE WHO'S TOMMY:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—June 7 at 8: "Serenade," "Prodigal Son," and "In G Major." . . . June 8 at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "In G Major," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . June 9 at 8: "Watermill" and "Stars and Stripes." . . . June 10 at 8: "Watermill" and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . June 11 at 1 at "Divertimento No. 15," "Operetta Affezionata," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . June 11 at 7: "Serenade," "Adams Violin Concerto," and "West Side Story Suite." . . . June 13 at 8: "Watermill" and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through June 25.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—June 7 at 2 and 8 and June 8 at 8: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . June 9 at 8: "Paquita," "Cruel World," and "In the Upper Room." . . . June 10 at 2: "How Near Heaven," "A Brahms Symphony," and "Gaité Parisienne." . . . June 10 at 8: "Paquita," "States of Grace," and "In the Upper Room." This performance is the last chance this season to catch the riveting Gil Boggs, who turned quickness and technical precision into darting wit when he danced Mercutio recently. Twyla Tharp's "In the Upper Room," with its exorbitant, almost furious energy, is a perfect vehicle for Boggs. He has been dancing it since 1987, and he says it's never felt the same way twice. "It's funny to hear the audience in this one," Boggs remarked recently, and his description of the way the conventional applause between sections disappears after the first few movements reveals his adventurous stage instinct: "You can feel the audience starting to come to the piece. They become so involved that it's no longer a matter of 'That was nice, thank you very much.' It's not about the reward anymore; it's about the risk." . . . June 12-13 at 8: "Don Quixote." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through June 17.)

AMERICAN BALLROOM THEATRE—The six-couple company waltzes, salsas, mambos, tangos, and swings into town. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. June 7-9 and June 13 at 8, June 10 at 2 and 8, and June 11 at 2 and 7:30. Through June 18.)

NOÛE FLAMENCA—The eight-member troupe of singers, dancers, and musicians from Madrid bring their traditional percussive steps to a venue just down the block from

"Stomp." (80 St. Marks Pl. 924-0077. June 7-11 at 8. Through July 2.)

ODDBALLS AND PRATFALLS IN NEW COMIC DANCING—Choreography from Dance Theatre Workshop, including James Cunningham's "L'Après-midi d'un Professeur," David Dorfman's "Bull," and Beverly Blossom's elegiac bump and grind, "Dad's Ties." (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. June 9 at 8.)

NAI-NI CHEN DANCE COMPANY—In "Calligraphy II," the Taiwan-born choreographer has created movement inspired by the brushwork

TABLES FOR TWO Dining around town



PATRIA, 250 Park Ave. S., at 20th St. (777-6211)—When Douglas Rodriguez isn't unveiling exotic tubers from Central America, he's whipping them into new concoctions. The cuisine that the chef has dubbed Nuevo Latino condemns his waiters to continuous translation, because even customers who know what to expect from an empanada are stumped by fufu and patacones. To help, our waiter presents his jazzy tie for perusal. It's decorated with pictures of boniato, yuca, papaya, guanábana—bit players in the Rodriguez production staged nightly on Patria's three tiers.

If Patria really were a theatrical event, it would be an extravagant musical, sexy and also brainy—"West Side Story," perhaps, with the meals playing Maria and Tony. The food is fabulous, and much more fun than the average food. For instance, the Sugarcane Tuna: a coconut-glazed tuna popsicle speared on a sugarcane stick, atop a salsa of chayote and chewy dried shrimp, served with a chestnutty malanga puree. (Malanga is a brown-skinned tuber; for a hands-on introduction, Patria keeps a bowl of sundry strange fruits and vegetables at the front.) Multiple ceviches (chile, ginger, coconut milk; tomato, avocado, corn nut) and empanadas (beef, wild mushroom, manchego cheese; mixed greens, walnut, pear, cabrales cheese) can be ordered in tasting portions. They arrive, as do side orders, on cake stands so elaborate that it's hard to keep from laughing, and fortunately, in this attitude-free ambience—especially after a couple of mojitos, the house cocktails of aged rum, mint, lime, and more sugarcane—nobody really holds back. (Open weekdays for lunch and dinner, weekends for dinner only. Entrées \$16-\$26.)

of Chinese ideograms. The six-member company will also perform "Peach Flower Landscape," exploring myths of an ideal village. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. June 8-11 at 8:30.)

"AN EVENING OF DANCE MIDRASH"—Rabbi Norman J. Cohen and cantor Benjie Ellen Schiller join choreographer JoAnne Tucker in a discussion of midrash, a process of giving contemporary expression to scriptural stories. Works created by that process (such as "Sisters," based on the relationship of Rachel and Leah) will be staged by the Avodah Dance Ensemble. (Hebrew Union College, 1 W. 4th St. 674-5300, ext. 205. June 7 at 6:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

TOWER OF POWER / WAR—Westbury Music Fair. 1-516 334-0800. June 7 at 8.

AFRICAN DIASPORA FEST—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. June 8 at 7.

ANTHONY COLEMAN'S SELFHATERS ORCHESTRA—Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. June 9 at 6:30.

NEIL ROLNICK—Music for two singers and a small ensemble. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. June 9-10 at 8.)

THE MUSIC OF ANDREW LLOYD WEBER—Performed by a thirty-six-piece orchestra, with vocalist Sarah Brightman. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. June 9-10 at 8. . . . Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. June 11 at 8.)

CHARLES AZNAVOUR—The Gallic suaver, in the first of six performances. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. June 13 at 8.)

CLUBS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

ACADEMY, 234 W. 43rd St.—June 7-8: **PJ HARVEY**. Myth and hype surround Polly Jean Harvey, a twenty-five-year-old slip of a thing who sings of heaven, hell, and spurned love with a voice of almost elemental force. But the truth is she's really just a rocker who fancies a bit of drama. On "To Bring You My Love," her fourth album, the songs grow from monolithic grooves, over which guitars blare happily, weird noises rattle and shake, textures mutate, and an organ floats and hums. It's a record that captures the despair of the blues with a sound that's provocatively stark and unapologetic. (For concert information, call 307-7171.)

BLARNEY STAR, 43 Murray St. (732-2873)—Home to fine Irish music every Friday night. June 9 belongs to **ATLANTIC BRIDGE**, featuring Fiona Doherty on fiddle and tin whistle, Eamon O'Leary on guitar and tenor banjo, and Patricia Conway Furlong on accordion.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Decent sight lines, great greasy food, prodigiously talented waitresses, and a consistent roster of high-quality acts. June 9-10: **FAIRPORT CONVENTION**. Sandy Denny is gone, Richard Thompson is history, even Dave Swarbrick has split—but original guitarist Simon Nicol remains, as does the ferocious rhythm section of bassist Dave Pegg and drummer Dave Mattacks, and the Convention soldiers on, reminding the world that British folklore and British rock and roll are still on friendly terms. June 12: **MARIANNE FAITHFULL**. Her voice—a knowing mix of gravel, steel, and honey—suggests how much she has gone through. Her autobiography, published last year, gives the details: British pop stardom, drug addiction, and emotional collapse, followed by a spectacularly dignified return. This year, the Courtney Love of her generation released "A Secret Life," which adds a fine new chapter to her story, thanks to Angelo Badalamenti's generous orchestration and Faithfull's brutally confessional lyrics.

BROWNIES, 169 Avenue A, at 10th St. (429-8392)—June 8: **TUSCADERO**, D.C.'s finest coed combo.

June 10: **Avant rocker ELLIOTT SHARP**.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll always sounds best in a dump, which may be why this legendary club is still thriving. June 7: **POUND**.

CHICAGO B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—Dedicated to the music of the Windy City. June 9-10: **MELVIN TAYLOR & THE SLACK BAND**.

THE COOLER, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—A lavender and stainless-steel dungeon deep

in the heart of the meat district. Tuesday nights are given over to experimental d.j. spinoffs.

DOWNTIME, 251 W. 30th St. (695-2747)—A friendly split-level bar with a dazzling quasi-Cubist paint job and an above-average pool table.

DUPLEX, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—Everyone is a star here—the pianist, the bartender, the waiters, and the audience. The fabulous **DRESSING ROOM DIVAS** are in the house every Friday night.

FEZ, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—A comfortable neo-Moroccan bar hidden inside the Time Café. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is a fine spot to take in a show. June 13: The **CANDY BUTCHERS**. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

IRVING PLAZA, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—This sprawling two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. . . . ♪ Soul Kitchen, the original seventies funk and R. & B. party, goes down (late) every Tuesday. . . . ♪ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday, with sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

KAPTAIN BANANA, 101 Greene St. (343-9000)—French cabaret *en travesti* in SoHo. Three drag queens and eight dancers re-create the Court of Versailles, a carnival in Rio, Marlene Dietrich, and the Andrews Sisters. There's also a singing gorilla. Dining.

LIMELIGHT, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—A church turned eighties hot spot, this unholy venue currently plays host to a variety of techno and alternative acts. Wednesday night is Disco 2000.

MATCH, 160 Mercer St. (343-0020)—This hip SoHo *boite* is the place to be every Sunday night, thanks to the **SHORTY JACKSON LEGACY BLUES BAND**. Dining.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (1-201-798-4064)—Many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. June 9: **KATELL KEINEG**. June 10: **KUSTOMIZED**.

MERCURY LOUNGE, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—Past the long bar, you'll find an exposed-brick room and a stage packed with some very hip rock acts. **KEVIN SALEM** (June 8) has played guitar for Freedy Johnston and Yo La Tengo, and his own record, "Soma City," a collection of forlorn folk-rock gems, is a pleasure.

NELL'S, 246 W. 14th St. (675-1567)—A Victorian-style club, home to an eclectic crowd of downtown youngsters dancing to throbbing funk and techno-pop.

PADDY REILLY'S MUSIC BAR, 519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210)—**BLACK 47** plays on Saturdays, and Speir Mor (Gaelic for Big Sky) performs for a hearty following on Fridays. Séisiún—a traditional Irish jam—is on Thursday nights.

S.O.B.'s, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to calypso, reggae, and the bossa nova. June 7-8: **KIRK WHALUM**. June 12: **TITO PUENTE**. Tuesday nights, S.O.B.'s presents Flipping the Script, a set of rap and poetry. Dining.

TRAMPS, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—This spacious and agreeable club offers a consistent lineup of blues greats. June 8: **BLACK VELVET FLAG**. June 9: **WILCO**. June 10: **URBAN BLIGHT** and the **JAZZHOLE**. June 13: The **STEPHEN STILLS** band.

WEBSTER HALL, 125 E. 11th St. (353-1600)—A byzantine disco wonderland with four floors, a coffee shop, and a wig boutique. Wednesday is drag night. Psychedelic Thursdays feature grunge acts and cheap beer.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—June 9: **SIMON AND THE BAR SINISTERS**. June 10: **SOLAR CIRCUS**.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Singer **STEVE ROSS** is currently at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Dining.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—An airy two-tiered space with pastel walls and potted greenery. **LOUIS HAYES** (June 9-10) doesn't get the press that his



PJ Harvey, at the Academy.

peers routinely garner, but he remains one of the greatest hard-bop drummers. With his experience as the rhythmic muscle for Cannonball Adderley and Oscar Peterson, he knows how to keep a band solid and swinging. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, and a gift shop. Through June 11: a double bill featuring **JACKIE MCLEAN** and **TERENCE BLANCHARD**. Although McLean has clearly listened to plenty of Charlie Parker, his sound is his own: he's a heated improviser with avant urges, style, and technique. Blanchard, the only young trumpeter within spitting distance of Wynton Marsalis's virtuosity, leads a polished quintet. Vocalist **RACHELLE FERRELL** begins a weeklong run on June 13. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and, through June, the great **BOBBY SHORT**. Time has not diminished the tasteful virtuosity of Short's ivory-tinkling, nor has it taken the edge off his gregarious wit as a singer and showman. A fixture at the Carlyle, he can still spin an Ira Gershwin lyric with all the sophistication, humor, and pathos it deserves. Also well served are gems by Duke Ellington, Dorothy Fields, Irving Berlin, and, of course, Cole Porter. A delightful, de-lovely evening. . . . ♪ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is in attendance.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Through June 11: the **GREG ABATE** quartet, with **RICHE COLE**. The **JUNIOR MANCE** quartet takes over on June 13. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

FIFTY SEVEN FIFTY SEVEN, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A cool, sumptuous piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel, with twenty-two-foot-high ceilings, a long backlit bar stocked with single-malt Scotch, and fine jazz seven nights a week. Wednesdays through Satur-

days, **DONALD JOHNSTON** is the featured pianist. Dining.

IRIDIUM, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Across the street from Lincoln Center, this restaurant and club features a handsome bar upstairs and a surreal performance space downstairs. **JACKY TERRASSON** (June 7-11) is a defiantly eccentric pianist, the kind of bursting-at-the-seams talent who continually walks the line between daring jaunts of imagination and isn't-this-just-shocking mannerisms. Youthful mischief aside, he is definitely a comer, and he's developed a true trio sound with a little help from bassist Ugonna Okegwo and the remarkable drummer Leon Parker.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, and a piano. June 7-10: Piano and bass with **DARRYL SHERMAN** and **JOE TEMPERLY**.

KNITTING FACTORY, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—June 7: **JOHN ZORN'S XU FENG**.

METROPOLIS, 31 Union Sq. W. (675-2300)—June 9-10: **DUKE JONES**. Tuesdays are given over to the **GEORGE GEE ORCHESTRA**, a seventeen-piece swing band.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—A plush, old-fashioned night club, sixty-five floors above it all, complete with Art Deco fixtures, intimate glitter, and a panoramic view as dizzying as the tab. **PHYLICIA RASHAD** is the current diva-in-residence; you may know her as Claire Huxtable. . . . ♪ Across the hall, in the Rainbow Room, there's

a revolving dance floor, plus swinging big-band music courtesy of the Rainbow Room Orchestra, featuring vocalists Michael Andrew and Claudette Sierra. Closed Mondays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Thursdays belong to Stan Rubin's big band, Fridays to Lew Anderson's big band and the Kit McClure sextet, and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and the Stompers.

SMALLS, 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565)—A new contender in New York's ever-changing jazz topography, this aptly named club features up-and-coming players jamming late into the night.

TAVERN ON THE GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—This legendary tourist haven makes serious jazz fans welcome in the Chestnut Room, which resembles a hunting lodge and is every bit as over the top as the rest of the establishment. Through June 11: **AL GREY**.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The world's most famous jazz club is also the last place in town that still looks, smells, and feels like a classic jazz club—subterranean, smoky, and thick with the spirits of past masters. Through June 11: an amazing trio, featuring **PAUL MOTIAN**, **BILL FRISSELL**, and **JOE LOVANO**. Motian is a drummer with a knack for assembling quirky and fascinating combos that explore the jazz tradition from a decidedly unexpected perspective. Frisell, the thinking man's guitar hero, is enjoying a career high. He says more with space and silence than most of his fellow fretmen convey with an avalanche of notes. Saxman Lovano revels in openhearted swing, and he's equally powerful on ballads. Together, they should go where no one has gone before. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

VISIONES, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—A tiny, low-key supper club where the jazz, like the Spanish-American cuisine, can take on a spicy, multicultural flavor. June 9-10: The **ARMEN DONELIAN** quintet.

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ART

Alternative Programming

VIDEO art first flourished as a kind of anti-television. Renouncing the slick editing and seamless camera-work of network TV, early video artists sought to expose the nuts and bolts—and warts—of the technology, and they trained their cameras on blankly mundane activities. Many classics of the genre seem to be about stupefaction.

Times have changed, as the Gary Hill retrospective at the Guggenheim SoHo (575 Broadway; through August 20) demonstrates. Room after darkened room offers work of technical finesse and strange, even ravishing beauty. Granted, Hill is addicted to highbrowism; in one inadvertently comic piece, he has a little girl stumble through a passage from Wittgenstein's "Remarks on Color." But at his best he is splendidly unaffected. In "Searchlight," a motorized cylinder, which beams an image of an ocean horizon onto the opposite wall, slowly moves from side to side; as the projector approaches the limit of its range, the circular image stretches into a ghostly ellipse, with the sound of waves providing a mournful counterpoint. Hill's work isn't any closer to network TV than his predecessors'. But it's a far cry from stupefaction.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

MUSEUM MILE FESTIVAL—The seventeenth annual open house takes place on Tuesday, June 13, from 6 to 9 p.m. Fifth Avenue between 82nd and 104th Streets will be accessible to pedestrians and street performers only, and the nine museums along the way will be free of charge.

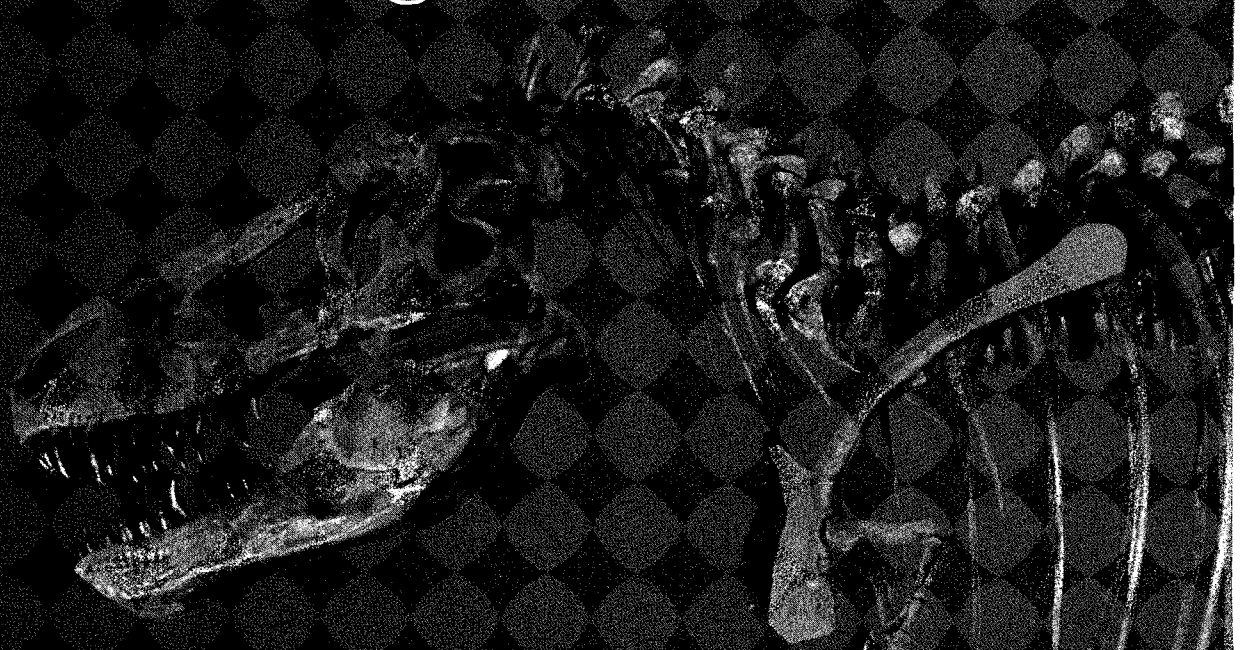
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Art and Empire: Treasures from Assyria in the British Museum." Through Aug. 13. . . . ¶ A major exhibition of work by Nadar (1820-1910). The great French photographer had a shrewdness about the relationship between publicity and fame which made him a forerunner of contemporary sensibilities—a sort of nineteenth-century Andy Warhol. The prominent Parisians who sat for him included Berlioz, Delacroix, and Dumas père. Like Warhol, Nadar formed a surrogate family out of his fellow bohemians. In addition to capturing underground characters, he shot underground Paris itself: the catacombs, with their skeletons, their sewers, their haunting chiaroscuro expanses. And he was obsessed with hot-air balloons and flying machines, photographing them, investing in them, and crashing in them. (His pictures of model helicopters suggest Duchamp's conceptual objects and Calder's mobiles.) Particularly fascinating are the images, including physiological experiments and Pierrots, that Nadar's younger brother had a hand in. The curators fall into a not quite convincing favoritism when they compare the older brother's talent with that of his less respected, less versatile, less productive, and far less famous sibling. Through July 9. . . . ¶ A display of more than a hundred stained-glass roundels produced in the European Lowlands between 1480 and 1560. Through Aug. 13. . . . ¶ "The Seven Deadly Sins," a suite of paintings by Paul Cadmus, is at the center of a small show of his works

(another of which is "The Eighth Sin: Jealousy"). Through Aug. 13. . . . ¶ "An Egyptian Bestiary," a large non-petting zoo of falcons, baboons, hippos, and ibis, in stone, ivory, gold, bronze, and wood. . . . NOTE: The museum's roof garden is open, when weather permits. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Ceramic razor blades, a carbon-fiber airplane, titanium eyeglass frames: a few of the more than two hundred objects in "Mutant Materials in Contemporary Design." Through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ The latest in the "projects" series is a video work and an installation by performance artist Paul McCarthy. Through July 18. . . . ¶ "Masterworks from the Louise Reinhardt Smith Collection," thirty-six paintings, drawings, and sculptures by, among others, Kandinsky, Picasso, Monet, Seurat, Braque, Degas, and Moore. Through Aug. 22. . . . ¶ "Helen Chadwick: Bad Blooms." Large, round photographs of flowers suspended in different substances (dandelions in hair gel, narcissi in bath bubbles, bluebells in oil and milk). Through July 11. . . . ¶ "American Sculptors in the 1960s: Selected Drawings from the Collection." A superb group of works on paper, with an emphasis on American minimalism and post-minimalism. Many are working drawings, and the curators have also included some of the finished sculptures—by Sol LeWitt, Robert Smithson, and Carl Andre; Smithson's mirrored corner piece is especially beautiful. Through June 13. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A large survey of paintings by the German Neo-Expressionist Georg Baselitz. . . . ¶ "Josef Albers: Glass, Color, and Light," a show

A new era begins. The Dinosaur



American Museum

of paintings on glass, oil paintings, glass constructions, and rarely exhibited photographs. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM SoHo, 575 Broadway—An exhibition of Gary Hill's video installations. Through Aug. 20. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The 1995 Whitney Biennial. The works on the fourth floor are on view through June 11; those on the second floor and in the lobby gallery, through June 25. (Open Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; and Fridays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6 and live music and performances in the lower gallery.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"The Photographs of Adolph Gottlieb," a series of sixty gridded paintings with Native American, Freudian, Joycean, and other imagery, in free-associative compositions. Through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ The museum has impressively reinstalled its African holdings. The art works and artifacts span a millennium and encompass scores of cultures. Much is beautiful, and much is familiar, but it's the weirder stuff that really catches the eye—for example, a gilt "linguist staff" from Ghana. . . . ¶ "A Graphic Odyssey: Romare Bearden as Printmaker." Through July 9. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Beach parties, cocktails, airplanes, and modern-art patterns, in an array of colors and textures, are the stars of "Kitsch to Corbusier: Wallpaper from the 1950s." Through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ "The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism in the Applied Arts 1880-1930." Through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ A display of jewelry and accessories from the museum's collection, including Egyptian mummy

beads and gold snuffboxes. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Camille Pissarro: Impressionist Innovator" includes many of the artist's landscapes, figure paintings, family portraits, and Japonism-inspired design experiments. Through July 16. . . . ¶ "Women Photographers of the Weimar Republic," late-twenties and thirties works by Lucia Moholy, Lotte Jacobi, Hannah Höch, Florence Henri, and others. Through July 30. . . . ¶ Lithographs by El Lissitzky, woodcuts by Max Weber and Luis Camnitzer, and prints by Marc Chagall are on display in "Tricksters, Tailors and Fools: Yiddish Tales Through Artists' Eyes." Through July 30. (Open Sundays through Thursdays, 11 to 5:45; Tuesday evenings until 8.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Auld Acquaintances: Famous Music from the James Fuld Collection." More than two hundred items, including first editions of Bach's "Goldberg" Variations and Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata. Through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ "The Fox and the Grapes: Aesop Through the Ages." Through Aug. 27. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEO DEL BARRIO, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Reaffirming Spirituality," the third exhibition in the series "Artists Talk Back: Visual Conversations with El Museo." In every installment, participating artists have each chosen a work from the permanent collection to display alongside one of their own. Among the current thirty-four are Cándida Alvarez, Carlos Gutiérrez Solana, George Crespo, and Jaime Davidovich. Through Aug. 13. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 5; Thursdays, noon to 7.)

MUSEUM FOR AFRICAN ART, 593 Broadway—Antelope, leopards, hyenas, snakes, chameleons,

buffalo, pangolins, and warthogs—they can all be seen in "Animals in African Art: From the Familiar to the Marvelous." (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Play Ball: From Stickball to Baseball." Getcha trophies, bleacher seats, World Series balls, bats, and yearbooks heah. Through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ "Curating New York: The Legacy of Grace M. Mayer," a tribute to the museum's first curator of prints and photographs, includes shots by Berenice Abbott and the Wurts brothers, prints by Currier and Ives, political cartoons by Rollin Kirby, and cityscapes by Reginald Marsh. . . .

¶ "A Century Apart: Images of Struggle & Spirit, Jacob Riis and Five Contemporary Photographers." Documents of the city's poor by the nation's first photojournalist, alongside work on similar themes by Martine Barrat, Mary Ellen Mark, Margaret Morton, Jeffrey Henson Scales, and Fred R. Conrad. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Nature Observed, Nature Interpreted," nineteenth-century landscape drawings, watercolors, and oils by seventeen American artists, including Church, Cole, Homer, and Vedder. Through June 13. . . . ¶ "Masterpieces of Nineteenth-Century Italian Painting," works by Giuseppe de Nittis, Guglielmo Ciardi, Giovanni Fattori, and others, from the Gaetano Marzotto collection. Through June 11. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

ISAMU NOGUCHI GARDEN MUSEUM, 32-37 Vernon Blvd., at 33rd Road, Long Island City—With its twelve galleries and peaceful, ivy-walled center garden, this museum is an oasis for more than two hundred and fifty of the artist's sculptures. (Open Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Halls are open.

Major support for the fossil halls has come from the Lila Acheson Wallace/American Museum of Natural History Fund, the Trustees of the American Museum of Natural History, The City of New York, Exxon Corporation, Irma and Paul Milstein, The Kresge Foundation, and the Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Foundation.

of Natural History

Central Park West at 79th Street, New York City For information, call 212-769-5100

PARRISH ART MUSEUM, 25 Job's Lane, Southampton—"Things in Place: Landscapes and Still-Lives by Sheridan Lord," the first large one-man exhibition of the South Fork painter, who died last July. Through July 9. (Open Mondays, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. For more information, call 1-516 283-2118.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—"Mothers, Fathers, and Legendary Ancestors: Selections of Classical African Sculpture," more than ninety works from the museum's holdings and from private collections. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

RICHARD BAKER—Small, finely executed canvases with intellectual heft and a compelling carnal presence. Baker flirts with Surrealism—for example, in "Feature Cutups," a realistic painting of magazine cutouts on which different parts of faces are depicted—but he keeps his allegiance nicely ambiguous. Through June 9. (Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

WILLIAM GLACKENS (1870-1938) and **ALFRED H. MAURER** (1868-1932)—If Glackens, who painted pretty pictures of girls and flowers, was the American Renoir, Maurer, best known for his neatly composed, boldly colored still-lives, was our Matisse. They weren't the most brilliant or original painters the country produced, but they knew what they were doing. This exhibit unites nineteen flower paintings by the two artists, who were friends for more than thirty years. Through June 16. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

KEITH HARING (1958-90)—Drawings executed in the last year of the artist's life, when he was dying of AIDS, interesting mainly for their poignance. A series of cartoons in bold red-and-black gouache has the intensity of African body painting; a suite of small, calligraphic ink works on Japanese drawing

visitors not to open them. Some of the boxes are piled up in minimalist pillars; others are arranged on the gallery floor in the style of Donald Judd. Not deep. Through June 17. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

RAY JOHNSON (1927-95)—A memorial exhibition for the artist, who committed suicide in January, that includes many of his collages (including early, proto-Pop examples), documentations of conceptual performances (which he called "nothings"), and pieces of "mail art"—thousands of business envelopes containing collages and photocopies related in cryptic ways to their recipients and meant to be added to and sent on to someone else or returned to the artist. Through June 16. (Feigen, 49 E. 68th St.)

PICASSO—Three shows provide a feast for the Picassophile. At Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St.: "Picasso and Drawing," a magnificent exhibition that spans more than sixty years of the master's drawings, from tentative student work to the concupiscent fancies of old age. A powerful, masklike charcoal from 1907 comes out of his first flirtation with African images; in an early Cubist collage, a figure is deftly delineated in ink, pencil, and bits of wallpaper. A number of paintings are also included, among them a large monochrome oil sketch for the famous, sentimental "Portrait of Mme. Picasso," which shows the subject holding a child in her lap. A group of David Douglas Duncan's photographs of Picasso in his studio accompanies the exhibit. Through June 23. ... ¶ At Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: "Works from the Rue des Grands-Augustins Studio, 1939-47," several paintings and works on paper—still-lives and portraits of women—executed between 1939 and 1947 in the artist's capacious quarters in a fourteenth-century palace in Paris. The predominantly gray palette may reflect the gloom of the early war years; it also points, inescapably, toward the grisaille of "Guernica." The most unusual painting is "Composition et Volumes" of 1945, whose swelling and receding forms suggest that Picasso may have had an eye on Giacometti's Surrealist sculptures of

tions that hung in the background in Jacques Tati's send-up of Modernism, "Mon Oncle." The collages and some of the assemblages, though, recall the wit, delicacy, and formal grace of Schwitters' finest work of the twenties. Through June 30. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

"WORKS ON PAPER"—A largely first-rate show, including, among the more unpredictable offerings, a splendid graphite abstraction by the eccentric Myron Stout and a marvellously ugly "Fingerpainting" by the suave German ironist Gerhard Richter. Through June 24. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

SHORT LIST—**LEONARD BASKIN**, Midtown-Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays, closed Saturdays; through June 23. ... **ELENA CLIMENT**, Martin, 23 E. 73rd St. Through June 23. ... **EPHRAIM RUBENSTEIN**, De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. Through June 17. ... **JOAQUIN TORRES-GARCIA**, CDS Gallery, 76 E. 79th St. Through June 24. ... **JOHN WALKER**, Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. Through June 30. ... **TOM WESSELMANN**, Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Through June 10.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

NANCY BALLIETT—Island landscapes in pastels on paper. Through June 10. (Atlantic, 475 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

OUATTARA—Huge, resonant paintings that mix pan-African shapes and symbols (ankhs, shields, drums) with found objects (a bur-lap coffee bag, record-album covers) and scrawled mathematical signs. Trained as a shaman in his native Ivory Coast, Ouattara has lived on lower Broadway for seven years now, and he has become an anomalous hybrid: a traditional African artist (he ascribes the mystic powers of fetishes to his paintings) who is also a thoroughly Manhattanized painter. Through June 10. (65 Thompson Street Gallery.)

NAM JUNE PAIK—A twenty-five-by-fifteen-foot video wall sculpture in the form of a map of the United States, with neon elements and video images from around the country. Also on view are a laser projection piece and an homage to Charlotte Moorman. Through June 10. (Holly Solomon, 172 Mercer St.)

FRANCIS PICABIA (1879-1953) / **LUC TUYMANS**—Picabia's late works are seldom exhibited, but they are frequently invoked in discussions of contemporary parody and pastiche. An undeniable influence on many contemporary painters, from David Salle to John Currin, these self-consciously bad pictures—buxom babes rendered in a flat, sign-painterish style, or lumpy, ridiculously ugly abstractions—are nowadays more revered and more fiercely debated than the early, great works you can see at MOMA. David Zwirner has done us a service in pairing seven of these eccentric canvases with recent paintings by Tuymans, a Belgian artist whose ghostly, awkward, resolutely antiheroic images provide a nice foil to the Dadaist's late work. Through June 17. (Zwirner, 43 Greene St.)

ALEXIS ROCKMAN—Works on paper, most of them comparatively straightforward depictions of flora and fauna. (Some of the pencil drawings of insects and arachnids would be at home in an entomology textbook.) Except for an occasional foray into interspecies miscegenation, there is little evidence of the artist's previous fascination with weirdness and mutation in the natural world. Rockman's line is precise, his colors lapidary; still, this show represents no advance in his art. Through June 10. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

RICHARD SERRA—"To Whom It May Concern" (1995) is the master of scary gigantism's latest monumental sculpture, and, unlike some of his other works, this one doesn't beat you into submission. Nine freestanding Corten steel slabs, each twenty-two feet long and eight inches wide—only the heights are different—form an open, non-claustrophobic labyrinth through which visitors can stroll. Through June 25. (Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)



"Landscape, Summer 1977," by Sheridan Lord, at the Parrish Art Museum.

board presents nightmarish arabesques of dismembered body parts with an odd grace. Through June 9. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

ALFREDO JAAR—A conceptual meditation on the massacre in Rwanda. The Chilean artist took hundreds of photographs on a twelve-day visit to the unhappy African nation last year; they are "exhibited" here in black archival boxes, each box embossed with a terse description of the photograph inside. A notice posted in the gallery instructs

the previous decade. Through June 24. ... ¶ At Krugier, 41 E. 57th St.: "Sketchbooks 1900-1905," including studies for "The Absinthe Drinker" as well as for children playing and dance-hall girls, along with large drawings from the same period. Through June 17.

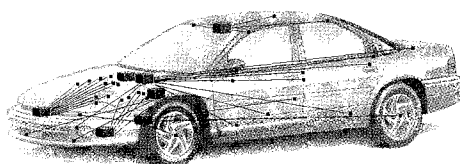
KURT SCHWITTERS (1887-1948)—Late paintings, assemblages, and collages by the great German Dadaist. On the evidence of this show, painting was not Schwitters' forte; a few of the works here suggest the generic abstrac-

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SHORT LIST—BARBARA BLOOM, Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Through June 30. . . . **CHRISTOPHER BROWN**, Thorp, 103 Prince St. Through June 10. . . . **SPELMAN EVANS DOWNER**, Arstark, 568 Broadway. Through June 10. . . . **BRYAN HUNT**, Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. Through July 15. . . . **ALLAN KAPROW**, Gibson, 568 Broadway. Through June 10. . . . **WIN KNOWLTON**, Maynes, 225 Lafayette St. Through June 10. . . . **BARRY LE VA**, Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Through July 28. . . . **LEONE & MAC DONALD**, Fawbush, 76 Grand St. Open Mondays, closed Saturdays; through June 30. . . . **CLAIRE PENTECOST**, American Fine Arts, 22 Wooster St. Through June 24. . . . **FRED TOMASELLI**, Tilton, 49 Greene St. Through June 24. . . . **NOT VITAL**, Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. Through June 10.

PHOTOGRAPHY

RUTH ORKIN (1921-85)—Candid photographs of celebrities and other subjects, including Leonard Bernstein at Tanglewood (from the forties), Montgomery Clift and Albert Einstein (fifties), and Central Park (sixties and seventies). Through July 16. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

JOEL-PETER WITKIN—Horror is seductive in these images of hideously mutilated corpses (real ones, from a morgue in Mexico City) that have been propped up in carefully art-directed pseudo-Victorian sets. It's hardly surprising that so many people loathe Witkin's photographs—they're frightening. The work, however, has an essential property of memorable art: it astonishes. Through June 24. (Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St.)

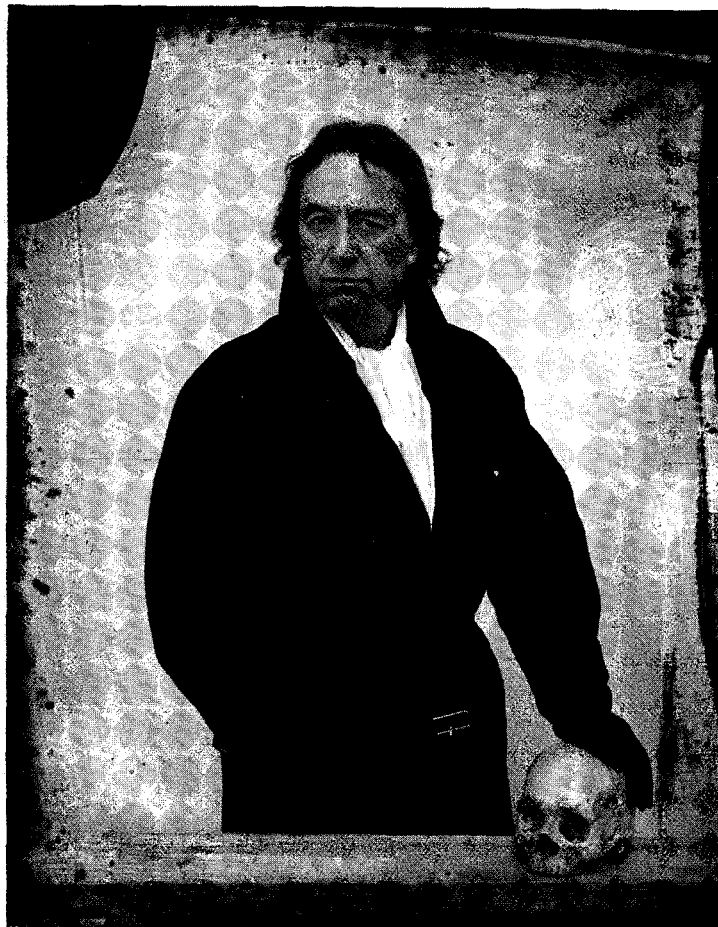
"ANIMAL ATTRACTIONS"—Many members of the kingdom, from Peruvian lambs to one of Siegfried and Roy's white tigers, photographed by James VanDer Zee, Helen Levitt, Emmet Gowin, Mary Ellen Mark, and others. Benefits the Humane Society of New York. Through June 17. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St.)

NEW YORK SCHOOL—Vintage urban landscapes, street scenes, and portraits by Louis Faurer, Lisette Model, Leon Levinstein, and Weegee. Through June 30. (Sander, 19 E. 76th St.)

"SUBJECTS FROM 'LIFE'"—Work by four *Life* photographers associated with particular celebrities: Mark Shaw (John and Jacqueline Kennedy), John Loengard (Georgia O'Keeffe), Flip Schulke (Martin Luther King, Jr.), and Howell Conant (Grace Kelly). . . . ¶ A small group of photos by Joel Meyerowitz, titled "Eight Shades of Blue." Both shows through June 30. (Danziger, 130 Prince St. Closed Tuesdays.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY MIDTOWN— "An American Century of Photography: From Dry-Plate to Digital—The Hallmark Photographic Collection." Two hundred works by both well-known photographers (including Stieglitz, Weston, Strand, and Steiner) and less familiar ones. Through Sept. 10. . . . ¶ "Eyes on an Era," works from the thirties through the sixties by photojournalist Irving Haberman. Through Sept. 10. (Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

SHORT LIST—ZEKE BERMAN, Saul, 560 Broadway. Through June 30. . . . **EDWARD BURTYNSKY**, Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. Through June 30. . . . **BRUCE CRATSLY**, A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. Open daily, 10 to midnight; through June 30. . . . **MIKE DISFARMER**, Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway. Through June



"Self-portrait (Reminiscent of Portrait as a Vanité)," by the photographer Joel-Peter Witkin (Pace-MacGill).

10. . . . **LINDA MCCARTNEY**, Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. Through June 30. . . . **ARNO RAFAEL MINKKINEN**, Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Through July 14. . . . **DAVID NOBLE**, Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Through July 7. . . . **JO ANN VERBURG**, Mann, 42 E. 76th St. Through June 24. . . . **JEFF WALL**, Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; through June 10. . . . **RANDY WEST**, Richardson, 560 Broadway. Through July 8. . . . **BRETT WESTON**, Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Through July 29.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum, the Museum of Modern Art, the Museum of the City of New York, and the Jewish Museum.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Presenting "Rigoletto," in the first of the company's free outdoor concert performances; with soprano Maureen O'Flynn, tenor Vincenzo La Scola, and baritone Paolo Gavanelli. Christian Badea conducts. (North Meadow, Central Park, above the 97th St. transverse. June 13 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Dino Anagnost conducts the Metropolitan Singers/The Greek Choral Society in an all-Vivaldi program that comprises two concertos for multiple soloists and two choral works: the Credo (RV 591) and the recently discovered "Dixit Dominus" (RV 595). (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. June 7 at 8.)

FLORILEGIUM CHAMBER CHOIR—Performing Stravinsky's "Symphony of Psalms" and works by Bartók and Lazar Weiner, with JoAnn Rice directing. (St. Paul's Church, 315 W. 22nd St. June 7 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

MUSICA SACRA—Richard Westenburg directs the choir in works by Hildegard von Bingen, Meredith Monk, and Libby Larsen. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. June 8 at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-3104.)

CHORAL SYMPHONY SOCIETY AND CANTATA SINGERS—Performing a concert version of Handel's "Theodora." (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. June 11 at 2. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

MANHATTAN CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Richard Auldon Clark conducts William Grant Still's tone poem "Africa," Henry Cowell's "Hymn and Fuguing Tune No. 10" (featuring oboist Humbert Luca-relli), Hovhanness's "Khrimian Hairig" (with trumpeter Chris Gekker), Copland's "Appalachian Spring," MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose," and Barber's "Knoxville: Summer of 1915" (with soprano Camellia Johnson). (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. June 11 at 8.)

STONEWALL CHORALE—The ensemble celebrates its fifteenth birthday with choral works by Barber, Vaughan Williams, Hugo Distler, Randall Thompson, and Kevin Oldham. (Haft Auditorium, Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. June 11 at 8. For information about tickets, call 262-9544.)

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL CHAMBER MUSIC WORKSHOP—Carnegie Hall's two-and-a-half-week-long program for young professional chamber musicians concludes with three concerts in which each of the six ensembles puts its best feet forward in standard and modern repertoire. (Carnegie Hall. June 7 at noon, 3, and 7:30. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 247-7800.)

MUSIC FOR LUNCH—Free midday offerings. June 12 at noon: Mezzo-soprano Lauren Lipson and keyboard player Karen Schwartz. (Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.) . . . ¶ June 12 at noon: The New York Oboe Trio plays music by Beethoven and others. (St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway at Fulton St. Admission by contribution.)

JESSE LEVY—Performing music for unaccompanied cello: suites by Bach (his Third) and Britten, Hindemith's Sonata, and "Blues," a new work by Wendy Mae Chambers. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University; enter at Broadway at 116th St. June 7 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

BARGEMUSIC—Fred Sherry performs Bach's Cello Suite No. 1; violinist Mark Peskanov, violist Toby Hoffman, and pianist Paige Roberts Hoffman join him for piano quartets by Beethoven (in E-Flat Major) and Brahms (in C Minor). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. June 8 at 7:30 and June 11 at 4.)

MORDECAI SHEHORI—Performing Liszt's Transcendental Etude No. 10, Légende No. 1 ("St. Francis of Assisi Preaching to the Birds"), and B-Minor Ballade, as well as Schumann's "Arabesque" (Op. 18) and G-Minor Piano Sonata (in its original version, which ends with a "Presto passionato" rather than the rondo finale that is usually played). (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. June 8 at 8.)

RACHEL ROSALES AND BLANCA URIBE—The soprano and the pianist collaborate in a program of songs by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Rodolfo Halffter, Manuel Ponce, and Samuel Zyman. Ms. Uribe also offers Ginastera's "Danzas Argentinas" and Beethoven's A-Flat-Major Sonata (Op. 110). (Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. 572-6250. June 8 at 8.)

DENNIS CINELLI AND PATRICK O'BRIAN—Playing duets for classical guitars. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 1-718 885-2478. June 11 at noon.)

NOMOS DUO—Performing violin sonatas by Mozart (in B-Flat Major, K. 454) and Beethoven (in G Major, Op. 96). (Bloomingdale House, 323 W. 108th St. June 11 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

ORI KAM AND LIRAN AVNI—The violist and the pianist perform viola sonatas by Brahms (his Second) and Hindemith (his First). (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. June 11 at 6 and 8. No tickets necessary.)

TRIO BELL'ARTE—The flute, oboe, and harpsichord ensemble continues its survey of the music of Bach's sons with solo and chamber works by Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach. (Tenri Cultural Institute, 575 Broadway, at Prince St. 925-8500. June 12 at 8.)

SIMPLY FABULIST—Song settings (by Gounod, Poulenc, Offenbach, and others) of the seventeenth-century poetical fables of Jean de la Fontaine; in a staged presentation featuring soprano Amy Burton, baritone Philippe Bohee, pianist John Musto, and dancers Valentina Kozlova and David Kierce. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. June 12 at 8.)

OUT OF TOWN

CAPE MAY MUSIC FESTIVAL—The music-festival season doesn't begin until Memorial Day, but for the past six seasons the Cape May Music Festival—now in progress—has rolled into action before the unofficial start of summer. Spring, with its azaleas and cherry trees, is a splendid time of year in Cape May, which stands at New Jersey's southern tip, some distance below the Mason-Dixon Line. When the town was reduced to ashes, in 1878, the Mid-Atlantic upper crust who summered there immediately rebuilt their getaways in up-to-date style, and the result was an entire community of ornate Victorian buildings. The festival's concerts are held in the Congress Hall Hotel, which dates from 1879. During the summer of 1882, John Philip Sousa composed his "Congress Hall March" for the Marine Band to play at a concert there that attracted an audience of three thousand. Only two hundred and fifty people fit into the hotel's present-day concert space, but that's an ideal capacity for the scale of the current resident group, the fifteen-member New York Chamber Ensemble. Its players offer an appealing mix of standard chamber masterpieces and audience-friendly modern works. Sometimes "ringers" expand the group into a proper orchestra (conducted by Stephen Rogers Radcliffe, the festival's artistic director), and occasional evenings are given over to touring soloists and ensembles. June 8 at 8:30: Mr. Radcliffe conducts the Cape May Music Festival Orchestra in Haydn's Symphony No. 88 and guitar concertos by Vivaldi and Rodrigo (his "Concierto de Aranjuez"), featuring David Burgess. . . . June 11 at 8:30: Mr. Radcliffe leads the Festival Pops Orchestra in a program of light music that includes Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" (with pianist José Ramos-Santana). . . . **NOTE:** On June 11 at 2, the Pops Orchestra will offer a family concert. . . . June 13 at 8:30: The New York Chamber Ensemble performs Stravinsky's "Suite Italienne," Honegger's "Concerto da Camera," and Schubert's "Trout" Quintet. (Congress Hall Hotel, Cape May. For information about tickets, call 1-609 884-5404. The festival continues through June 25.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The opening concerts of the festival's sixty-sixth season, which continues through Sept. 3, feature the Colorado String Quartet and pianist Angela Cheng. June 10 at 8: String quartets by Hindemith (his Third) and Mozart (in D Major, K. 499), plus Dohnányi's Piano Quintet No. 1. . . . June 11 at 3: Quartets by Bartók (his Third) and Brahms (in B-Flat Major, Op. 67), as well as Mozart's G-Minor Piano Quartet. (Falls Village, Conn. For information about tickets, call 1-203 824-7126.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

ON THE ROAD AGAIN—Street performers kick off a weeklong festival just before noon on Tuesday, June 13, on the steps of City Hall. The procession of jugglers, still walkers, Cajun cellists, Ishangi dancers, biker violinists, shadow artists, and comedians then threads its way through the lunchtime crowds down Broadway and west to the World Trade Center, where the cast of "Stomp" entertains on Chase Manhattan Plaza. Performances continue inside and outside the W.T.C., and in more unpredictable venues around lower Manhattan, through June 18. For more information, call 580-9548.

HOT WHEELS—New York City Corvette Club members park in and around South Street Seaport, at Beekman and South Streets, for a day of auto admiration, on June 11, from 11 to 3. All Vettes welcomed. For information about the least potholed routes to the event, call 964-8465.

GRAND MASTER CENTRAL—Grand masters of chess play schoolkids—about thirty at a time—in Grand Central Terminal on June 10, from 9 to 2. Last year, the grand masters lost only six games, two of them to the same opponent, eleven-year-old Noah Siegel, of Manhattan. Young chess sharks who want to sign up may call 1-800 388-5464.

BROOKLYN ROYALTY—The Welcome Back to Brooklyn festival crowns Larry King its thirteenth Homecoming King. ("It's King's County, after all," King has said, though the lineage includes Queens Connie Stevens and Brenda Vaccaro.) A parade of dancers and bands leaves from the Brooklyn Museum at noon and arrives at Grand Army Plaza for the coronation at 12:30. Free performances by guitarist Melvin Sparks and by Pucho & the Latin Soul Brothers, among others.

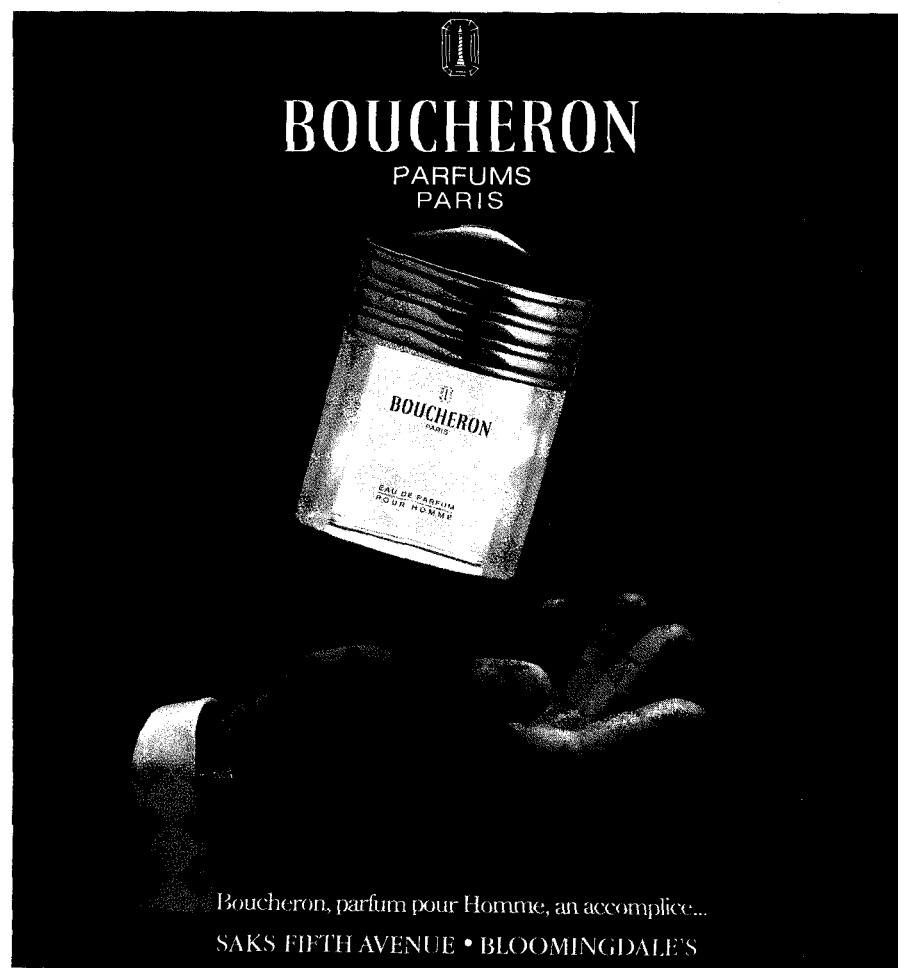
READINGS—June 7 at 6:30: Amy Hempel, editor of "Unleashed: Poems by Writers' Dogs," welcomes dogs and their pen-wielding companions, including Mark Doty, Gerald Stern,

and Terese Svoboda, for a reading of doggerel. (Madison Park, Fifth Ave. at 24th St. 254-9628. No tickets necessary.) . . . June 9 at 10 p.m.: Final contenders in the 1995 Slam Championship (including Xavier Cavasos, Everton, Bobby Miller, dj renegade, and Crystal Williams) go poem for poem before the judges. (Nuyorican Poets Café, 236 E. 3rd St. 674-3778.) . . . June 11 at 3: A. J. Verdelle reads from her first novel, "The Good Negress." (Brooklyn Moon Café, 745 Fulton St., at S. Portland Ave., Brooklyn. No tickets necessary.)

TOUR—June 10 at 3: Allen Ascher cruises Plumb Beach on Brooklyn's South Shore, where the mating frenzy, especially among horseshoe crabs, is at its annual high. For more information, call 1-718 788-8549.

SPORTS

THE BELMONT STAKES—The hundred-and-twenty-seventh running of the third jewel in horse racing's triple crown. Bettors, of course, can wager on the race at any O.T.B. outlet. Horse people, though, go to the track. Before every race, the Thoroughbreds make their measured tour of the Belmont walking ring with all the arrogance and low body fat of underwear models. The jockeys are helped up onto saddles the size of soap slivers. Trainers and owners mill on the lawn. Crowded into the amphitheatre around them, a melting pot of onlookers scopes the field. Above the mile-and-a-half track, race caller Tom Durkin colors the patterns of the jockeys' silks onto his racing program, then turns on his speaker: "The horses are at the post." Tote boards facing the grandstand list the final odds. "And they're off!" (Belmont Park, Elmont, Long Island. June 10, from 12:30 to 6. 1-516 488-6000. NYCE machines on the premises.)



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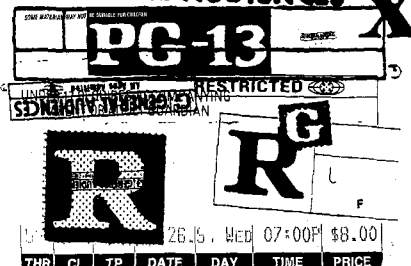
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GENERAL AUDIENCES



THE MOVIES

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

ARIZONA DREAM—A tragicomic tale in which a young man (Johnny Depp) returns to his Arizona home town and falls in love with a local widow (Faye Dunaway) who is trying to build a flying machine. With Jerry Lewis and Lili Taylor. The 1992 film was directed and co-written (with David Atkins) by the Bosnian filmmaker Emir Kusturica (whose "Underground" just took the Palme d'Or at Cannes). Opening June 7. (Film Forum.)

CONGO—Laura Linney, Dylan Walsh, Ernie Hudson, and Tim Curry star in an action-adventure movie involving killer apes in Africa. Directed by Frank Marshall. Written by John Patrick Shanley, from Michael Crichton's 1980 novel. Opening June 9. (19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Waverly, 84th Street Sixplex, and Astor Plaza.)

LIABILITY CRISIS—Richard Brody wrote and directed this drama about a frustrated Jewish filmmaker (Jim Helsing), who is obsessed with the Holocaust, and his lover (Mirjana Jokovic). Opening June 9. (Quad Cinema.)

PARTY GIRL—Reviewed below in Current Films. Opening June 9.

SMOKE—A series of vignettes directed by Wayne Wang, about the staff and patrons of a Brooklyn cigar store. With Harvey Keitel, William Hurt, Stockard Channing, Harold Perrineau, Jr., Forest Whitaker, and Victor Argo. Written by Paul Auster. Opening June 9. (Angelika Film Center, 68th St. Playhouse, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

WIGSTOCK: THE MOVIE—Barry Shill's documentary look at New York's outdoor drag festival. With RuPaul, Mistress Formika, and The Lady Bunny (the founder and m.c. of the annual downtown event). Opening June 9. (Angelika Film Center.)

CURRENT FILMS

(The signed notes are by Bruce Diones, Sarah Kerr, Anthony Lane, and Terrence Rafferty. If a movie has been reviewed in *The Current Cinema*, the date of its review is given. Theatre addresses and phone numbers are listed on page 31.)

BRAVEHEART—A triple helping of Mel Gibson: he is the star, director, and co-producer of this hefty new epic, which lasts nearly three hours and covers more than thirty years of medieval Scottish history. Gibson plays William Wallace, the hero with the thrash-metal hair who decides to make life hell for the Englishmen who are crawling all over his country. The political argument that ensues is pretty dull, but the battle scenes are the loudest and most convincing in years: Gibson has learned from Kurosawa in lending a clarifying thrust to what is, essentially, chaos. Patrick McGoohan has too little to chew on as the malicious king of England, and some of the anachronisms ("Take out their archers") spur the movie straight toward camp. For all its silliness, however, it stays firm, and the women give it strength: newcomer Catherine McCormack smiles and expires beautifully as Wallace's wife, and Sophie Marceau has fun as a lovelorn Princess of Wales, desperate for a

real man on the side. (Wherever did they get that idea?)—A.L. (6/5/95) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, East 85th Street, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Lincoln Square.)

THE BRIDGES OF MADISON COUNTY—The screen version of Robert James Waller's 1992 best-seller, about a travelling photographer (Clint Eastwood) and a lonely housewife (Meryl Streep) who meet in Iowa in 1965. Eastwood also directed; Richard LaGravenese wrote the screenplay. (Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, Tower East, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, and Lincoln Square.)

BURNT BY THE SUN—Set in 1936, in the high summer of Stalinist rule, Nikita Mikhalkov's movie centers on a Soviet Army colonel (played by Mikhalkov) and the family group that circulates around him in an idyllic dacha. The idyll cracks when the state, in the person of a family friend (Oleg Menchikov), comes to wreak havoc. The director's eight-year-old daughter, Nadia, offers a sharp-eyed, wholly uncut performance, gazing at the unfolding events with the air of one who will never be able to banish them from her memory. The movie may sound dispiriting, but it has an amazing ability to cheer you up. In Russian.—A.L. (5/8/95) (Quad Cinema and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

CASPER—In what might be an attempt at an apology to parents the world over for last summer's lifeless "Flintstones," Steven Spielberg has taken another shot at producing a TV franchise. The story is pure hokum; it involves a dead mother, a lonely child, a grieving father, hidden treasure, and a dead-are-watching-over-us finale that's almost unbearable. But the production is a wonder of creamy Gaudi-inspired sets and breathtaking computer-generated marvels. The director, Brad Silberling, gets very convincing performances from Christina Ricci and Bull Pullman, and he allows Casper and his three unruly uncles, Fatso, Stretch, and Stinkie, to move around with the animated authority of Roger Rabbit. They steal the film.—B.D. (Murray Hill Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, and National Twin.)

CRIMSON TIDE—A doomsday thriller that reunites the infamous "Top Gun" team: producers Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer and director Tony Scott. It's a movie for people who really miss the Cold War. Russkies are on the rampage again, and the fate of the world hangs by its customary thread. Aboard the nuclear sub U.S.S. Alabama, the captain (Gene Hackman) and the executive officer (Denzel Washington) bicker and take turns relieving each other of command. The action is loud and flashy, but there isn't really much suspense. The movie operates in such well-charted waters that it feels less like a dangerous naval mission than like a luxury cruise: the accommodations are cozy and the activities carefully planned.—T.R. (5/15/95) (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema I, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

CRUMB—Terry Zwigoff's brilliant, scary documentary about the underground-comics artist R. Crumb. While the film is reviewing Crumb's career, from its psychedelic-era heyday to the present, and following him as he goes about his everyday activities, it's also telling a harrowing story about his damaged family. The movie is often funny, but what makes it extraordinary is that it explores, without presuming to explain, the sources of a unique and savage comic sensibility. And it shows us that Crumb's gift—the detachment that allows him to create such hilariously contemptuous images of the world around him (and inside him)—is also a kind of curse, or, at least, a nasty habit.—T.R. (5/1/95) (Film Forum 3.)

DIE HARD WITH A VENGEANCE—The third adventure with New York cop John McClane (Bruce Willis), the sweaty, blue-collar American counterpart of James Bond; once again, McClane

gets his undershirt dirty foiling the schemes of a world-class megalomaniac (here, Jeremy Irons). John McTiernan—who directed the original “Die Hard” (1988) but sat out the first sequel—has returned, and his professionalism gives the series a lift. But if this picture is any indication, the ultimate fate of all action-movie series may be to become perfectly indistinguishable from one another: the most elaborate set pieces seem to belong in an Indiana Jones movie; Willis now has a black co-star, Samuel L. Jackson, and their interracial buddy routines are straight out of a “Lethal Weapon” film. McTiernan supplies one climax after another, but when the whole intense, meaningless experience is over, you may have trouble putting a name or a face to the movie that just had its way with you. Also with Graham Greene and Sam Phillips.—T.R. (5/29/95) (Murray Hill Cinemas, Baronet, Coronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

THE ENGLISHMAN WHO WENT UP A HILL BUT CAME DOWN A MOUNTAIN—Hugh Grant again unleashes his bashful-boy smile and cloaks himself in an aura of modest, befuddled sincerity. But the illusion of ease has vanished, and his charm has gone with it. For a while, this slight anecdote about a Welsh village during the First World War seems an amiable anachronism—a throwback to the eccentric-community formula of Ealing comedy. But the writer and director, Christopher Monger, tries to pile more meaning onto his story than its fragile structure can support, and he buries the small good thing he started out with.—T.R. (5/15/95) (Village East Cinemas, Sutton, and Cinema 3.)

ERMO—A Chinese peasant (Alia) takes a second job, has an affair with her neighbor, and sells her blood, all in her quest to buy the biggest TV in the village. Directed by Zhou Xiaowen. In Mandarin. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

FARINELLI—This saga of a famous eighteenth-century castrato and his dependent brother, a minor composer, is meant to have a tawdry kick, but the story wanders into a dark corner only intermittently—mostly when it's time for sex. The bulk of the film is really concerned with the fact that this genius has to sing his brother's crummy operas. Since the two of them dress so flamboyantly, live like aristocrats, and behave like spoiled children, it's hard to take their problems seriously. The director, Gérard Corbiau, delivers a sumptuously photographed film, and Stefano Dionisi's androgynous looks are just right for the title character, but his singing voice (borrowed and electronically enhanced) sounds too disembodied, and his lip-synching doesn't help. In French.—B.D. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

FLUKE—A tale of a mutt who was once Matthew Modine. With Nancy Travis as his former wife and Eric Stoltz as her new lover. Directed by Carlo Carlei, who co-wrote the script with James Carrington, from James Herbert's 1978 novel. (19th Street East 6, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Art Greenwich Twin, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

FORGET PARIS—Billy Crystal and Debra Winger make one of the great no-sparks couples in recent cinema: he cracks jokes, she looks baffled and strained. Crystal produced, di-

rected, co-wrote, and stars, as Mickey, a basketball referee who flies to Paris (or a tourist parody of Paris) and loses his heart to Ellen (Winger), an airline worker. They get married, and the problems start—for them, and for the movie.—A.L. (5/22/95) (Village Theatre VII, 34th St. East, Beekman, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

FRENCH KISS—Meg Ryan travels to Paris to win back Timothy Hutton, who has gone off with a Frenchwoman. On the plane, she meets Kevin Kline, a French small-time crook and full-time slob. They win each other's hearts, but, boy, does it take a long time. This is cinema as soufflé: light and fluffy if you do it quickly, leathery and sunken if you don't. The director, Lawrence Kasdan, doesn't.—A.L. (5/22/95) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gotham Cinema, Orpheum VII, 23rd St. West Triplex, Regency, and Embassy.)

THE GLASS SHIELD—A drama written and directed by Charles Burnett. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, 86th Street East Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, 62nd & Broadway, and Embassy 1.)

HOTEL SORRENTO—Australian director Richard Franklin's drama about a reunion of three sisters—a widowed mother (Carlone Gillmer), a New York executive (Tara Morice), and a London-based novelist (Caroline Goodall)—



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at their family home in a seaside resort south of Melbourne. With Joan Plowright, Ben Thomas, and John Hargreaves. Adapted by the director and Peter Fitzpatrick, from Hattie Rayson's 1990 play. (Eastside Playhouse and Quad Cinema.)

JEFFERSON IN PARIS—The subject of Thomas Jefferson's five years as ambassador to France is so rich and engaging that it should be impossible to make a dull film about it; nevertheless, the producing and directing team of Ismail Merchant and James Ivory have pulled it off. The period detail is numbing, and Ruth Praver Jhabvala's script sounds like a stash of letters being read aloud. Nothing sparks between Nick Nolte, as Jefferson, and Greta Scacchi, as the married woman with whom he is in love, and the high point of his ardor for the black maid with whom he is alleged to have had an affair (Thandie Newton) is the furtive unbuckling of a shoe. When Gwyneth Paltrow, who plays Jefferson's impatient daughter, tears off her fancy wig and stuffs it into a vase, we know just how she feels.—A.L. (Paris.)

JOHNNY MNEMONIC—Keanu Reeves plays a messenger with a microchip implanted in his head, in a science-fiction feature set in the twenty-first century. (Reviewed this week in *The Current Cinema*.) (MovieLand 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and National Twin.)

LITTLE ODESSA—Joshua the hit man (Tim Roth) returns to the Russian section of Brooklyn on a job, and for the first time in years he links up with his family: his mopey younger brother (Edward Furlong), his dying mother (Vanessa Redgrave), and his disapproving, belt-wielding father (Maximilian Schell). The writer and director, James Gray, draws formidable work from his cast (Schell, especially, looks invigorated), but you may feel that the characters are being used to thicken a mood piece rather than to advance a story. The tone alternates between dark-and-threatening and scummy-and-washed-out, as though Dostoyevski had had a hand in the screenplay. This potent, cheerless movie gets to you, and gets you down. It's one for a rainy day.—A.L. (Village Theatre VII and 84th Street Sixplex.)

A LITTLE PRINCESS—Alfonso Cuarón's film, based on a novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett, is one of the rare children's movies that don't merely pay lip service to the imagination but actually use it. The script, by Richard LaGravenese and Elizabeth Chandler, presents the battle of youthful fancy against adult "realism" as a kind of epic struggle; the antagonists are Sara Crewe (Liesel Matthews), a bright, happy, exuberantly creative girl, and Miss Minchin (Eleanor Bron), a boarding-school headmistress who is a ruthless downsizer of her pupils' imaginations. Young viewers should recognize this as their favorite sort of story: in the end, the children are rewarded for their spontaneity and the grownups are punished for their rigidity. The message, spoken by Sara, is "All girls are little princesses," and, although that may sound a bit sticky, this funny, lively, stirring movie makes us believe it.—T.R. (5/29/95) (Gemini and Olympia.)

LOVE AND HUMAN REMAINS—Denys Arcand's 1993 comedy about two roommates (Thomas Gibson and Ruth Marshall), who were once lovers, and their circle of friends. Written by Brad Fraser, from his 1991 drama "Unidentified Human Remains and the True Nature of Love." (Quad Cinema and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

MAD LOVE—Matt (Chris O'Donnell), a Seattle high-school senior, falls in love with Casey (Drew Barrymore), the wild new girl at school, and the message is hard to pin down. The picture starts out like a grunge updating of a fifties rock-and-roll melodrama, with paternal meanies (his weak and bitter, hers cold and inexplicably strict) trying to break up a pair of sensitive kids. Once they escape and head for Mexico, though, Matt has to

admit that Casey gets a little weird without her medication. By the end, the movie could be an infomercial for psychopharmacology. O'Donnell is especially touching as a love-starved but honorable boy. Written by Paula Milne; directed by Antonia Bird.—S.K. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, Guild, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

THE MYSTERY OF RAMPO—In this fictional drama set in the nineteen-thirties, the real-life Japanese author Edogawa Rampo (1894-1965), played by Naoto Takenaka, investigates a murder and falls in love with the victim's widow. Directed by Kazuyoshi Okuyama, who co-wrote the screenplay with Yuhei Enoki. In Japanese. (Village East Cinemas.)

PARTY GIRL—In "Dazed and Confused," Parker Posey stood out as a sadistic popular girl. Here, as Mary, a trendy downtown New Yorker forced by circumstances to work as a library clerk, she is on her way to creating a new female comic persona: wiry, hyperactive, tough, and insensitive, but somehow sympathetic. The hilarious script, co-written by first-time director Daisy von Scherler Mayer and Harry Birckmayer, is about growing up—symbolized here by frivolous Mary's mastery of the Dewey Decimal System. With Omar Townsend as the Lebanese falafel vender she has a crush on, and the director's mother, Sasha von Scherler, as her disapproving godmother.—S.K. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Square; starting June 9.)

THE PEREZ FAMILY—Juan Perez (Alfred Molina), a newly released Cuban political prisoner on his way to Miami to find Carmela Perez (Anjelica Huston), the wife he hasn't seen for twenty years, is identified through a clerical error as the husband of a passionate young refugee named Dottie Perez (Marisa Tomei). Directed by Mira Nair ("Mississippi Masala," "Salaam Bombay!"). Written by Robin Swicord, from Christine Bell's 1991 novel. (First & 62nd Cinemas, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Olympia.)

PICTURE BRIDE—A nice-looking, earnest feminist lesson, about a young Japanese woman (Youki Kudoh) who enters into an arranged marriage with a sugarcane cutter (Akira Takayama) in Hawaii in 1918. The picture examines the role of the Japanese contract laborers in the early part of this century and the limited choices available to the women

who joined them. Although the director, Kayo Hatta, and her co-writer (and sister), Mari Hatta, have added some Hawaiian folklore and a little Magic Realism, the characters are stereotyped composites of sociohistorical forces. Even as history, though, this film fails to answer the most basic question: what was it like to bend over all day in a hot field cutting sugarcane? In Japanese and English.—S.K. (Angelika Film Center.... ¶ 68th St. Playhouse; through June 8.)

A PURE FORMALITY—Roman Polanski plays a police inspector who interrogates a successful novelist accused of murder (Gérard Depardieu), in a thriller directed and co-written by Giuseppe Tornatore ("Cinema Paradiso"). In French. (Village East Cinemas and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

PUSHING HANDS—In 1992, before he made "The Wedding Banquet" and "Eat Drink Man Woman," Ang Lee wrote and directed this drama about a seventy-year-old widowed Tai Chi master who leaves Beijing to live with his son's family in suburban New York. (Cinema Village and Angelika 57.)

RIFT—A psychological thriller about a triangle made up of a New York songwriter (William Sage), his best friend (Timothy Cavanaugh), and the friend's wife (Jennifer Bransford). Written and directed by Edward S. Barkin. (Quad Cinema.)

TALES FROM THE HOOD—Clarence Williams III plays the bug-eyed master of ceremonies in this Spike Lee-produced comic horror anthology with a predominantly black cast. The tales are tired, the humor negligible, and the victims (including a David Duke-like politician and some racist cops) easy targets. When the final story strives for something deeper—an indictment of black-on-black violence—the movie falls into wretched moralizing; it's an after-school special with dirty words. Directed by Rusty Cundieff.—B.D. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Manhattan Twin, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

WHILE YOU WERE SLEEPING—Sandra Bullock is a sad and lonely subway clerk (yeah, right) who drags a handsome customer (Peter Gallagher) away from an oncoming train. She's in love with him, but he's in a coma, and his brother (Bill Pullman) falls in love with her. Out of this pleasing confusion the director, Jon Turteltaub, has fashioned something so simple and predictable that you have no option but to submit. Bullock knows one of the secrets of doing romantic comedy: treating the romance as a good joke.—A.L. (5/22/95) (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Cinema II, Lincoln Square, and Embassy.)

WINGS OF COURAGE—The first feature film to be made in Imax 3-D has to be watched through a special headset (satisfyingly chunky) and lasts forty minutes (gratifyingly short). Craig Sheffer plays a pilot in 1930 hired to fly mail across the Andes while his wife (Elizabeth McGovern) sits at home feeling worried. Instead of rethinking the shape of the drama to suit the format, the director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, has taken a small, simplistic plot, filled a couple of lonely roles with flat performers, and marooned them in the midst of a spectacle that is not so much a movie as a demonstration. With Val Kilmer and Tom Hulce.—A.L. (4/24/95) (Lincoln Square.)

ALSO PLAYING

AMATEUR (reviewed in our issue of 4/17/95): Angelika Film Center.... **THE BASKETBALL DIARIES**: ALAN DRUMMOND



Liesel Matthews in "A Little Princess."

Village East Cinemas. . . **THE BRADY BUNCH MOVIE:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . **BULLETS OVER BROADWAY** (10/31/94): Worldwide Cinemas. . . **CHARULATA:** Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . **CLERKS:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . **DON JUAN DE MARCO** (4/10/95): Cinema 3rd Avenue. . . **EXOTICA:** Angelika Film Center. . . **FRIDAY:** Criterion Center. . . **KISS OF DEATH** (5/1/95): Manhattan Twin. . . **MURIEL'S WEDDING:** Plaza and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . **THE MUSIC ROOM:** Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . **ONCE WERE WARRIORS:** Angelika Film Center. . . **OUT OF SYNC:** 23rd St. West Triplex. . . **PANTHER:** Movieland 8th Street Triplex. . . **PRIEST** (3/27/95): Angelika Film Center and 68th St. Playhouse. . . **ROB ROY** (4/17/95): 59th Street East Cinema. . . **SEARCH AND DESTROY:** Angelika Film Center. . . **THE SHAWSHANK REDEMPTION** (9/26/94): Worldwide Cinemas. . . **STRAWBERRY AND CHOCOLATE:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . **SWIMMING WITH SHARKS:** Worldwide Cinemas.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

EAST SIDE

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000).
LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171).
MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th (477-6600).
VILLAGE THEATRE VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th (982-0400).
CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th (924-3363).
VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, 2nd Ave. at 12th (529-6799).
19TH STREET EAST 6, B'way at 19th (260-8000).
MURRAY HILL CINEMAS, 160 E. 34th (689-6548).
34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th (532-5544).
34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th (683-0255).
EASTSIDE PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 55th (755-3020).
SUTTON I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th (759-1411).
GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th (759-2262).
PLAZA, 42 E. 58th (355-3320).
MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th (935-6420).
59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th (759-4630).
BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th (355-1663).
CINEMA I, CINEMA II, AND CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th (753-6022).
FIRST & 62ND CINEMAS, 400 E. 62nd (513-5408).
GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th (832-1670).
BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th (737-2622).
NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th (744-7339).
68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th (734-0302).
TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st (879-1313).
EAST 85TH STREET, 1st Ave. at 85th (249-5100).
PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th (534-1880).
ORPHEUM VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th (876-2400).
86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th (249-1144).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110).
WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd (929-8037).
ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th (929-3350).
QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th (255-8800).
CHELSEA CINEMAS, 260 W. 23rd (513-5402).
23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd (989-0060).
GUILD, 33 W. 50th (757-2406).
WORLDWIDE CINEMAS, 50th St., between 8th and 9th Aves. (504-0960).
ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th (765-7600).
CARNEGIE HALL CINEMAS, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th (265-2520).
ANGELIKA 57, 225 W. 57th (586-1900).
PARIS, 4 W. 58th (980-5656).
CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th (752-5959).
62ND & BROADWAY, 62 W. 62nd (265-7466).
LINCOLN PLAZA CINEMAS, B'way at 63rd (757-2280).
REGENCY, B'way at 67th (724-3700).
LINCOLN SQUARE, B'way at 68th (336-5000).
84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th (877-3600).
METRO CINEMA I AND 2, B'way at 99th (222-1200).
OLYMPIA I AND II, B'way at 107th (865-8128).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th (354-0900).
EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th (302-0494).
EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, 7th Ave. at 47th (730-7262).
ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way (869-8340).
NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th (869-0950).

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REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the listings following these notes.)

AUTUMN SONATA (1978)—Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distraught, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her majestically worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then Eva goes to her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime. The whole film is like the grievances of someone who has just gone into therapy—Mother did this to me, she did that to me, and that and that and that. Ullmann enters into Ingmar Bergman's disturbed emotions and puts them on the screen just as he desires: neither of them does the shaping job of an artist here. In Swedish.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; June 9-10.)



At A Different Light Bookstore, Sharon Tate, Barbara Parkins, and Patty Duke in "Valley of the Dolls."

BLIND HUSBANDS (1918)—Erich von Stroheim's first film as writer, director, and star, and he was the designer besides. Von Stroheim plays an immaculately groomed Army officer who makes advances to the naïve, dark young wife (Francilla Billington) of a vacationing American doctor (Sam de Grasse). The film is a catalogue of the themes von Stroheim later developed. It isn't likable, exactly, but you certainly can't mistake it for a film by any other director.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; June 10.)

FOOLISH WIVES (1922)—This was the first time Erich von Stroheim lost control of a film he wrote and directed; Universal cut it by about a third. What's left is still fairly overpowering: a thick mixture of fetishistic sophistication and sentimentality. It's just about impossible to sort out one's responses. Has any other filmmaker made carnal desire so revolting? This time von Stroheim is the corrupt lecher Count Karamzin, and he goes after the wife of the American ambassador to Monaco.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; June 10.)

FROM THE LIFE OF THE MARIONETTES (1980)—Ingmar Bergman at his bleakest. A presentable young

West German (Robert Atzorn) mutters "All roads are closed"; then he murders a prostitute and commits necrophiliac sodomy. Through flashbacks and interviews, Bergman reveals that the killer is an angst-ridden member of Munich's executive class—a time bomb in a three-piece suit. Filming in muted black-and-white, the writer-director denies both characters and viewers any glimmer of moral or aesthetic transcendence; the only color scenes come when the antihero slides into his private universe—as if Bergman were saying that crazy people have whatever passion is left. All the movie has to offer is a limited, morbid fascination. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. In German.—M.S. (Walter Reade Theatre; June 11 and 13.)

THE LADYKILLERS (1956)—This sinister black comedy of murder accelerates until it becomes a grotesque fantasy of murder. The actors seem to be having a boisterous good time getting themselves knocked off. Alec Guinness, almost done in by great hideous teeth—so enormous they give him master-criminal status—is the leader of a horrendous gang that includes Peter Sellers as Harry, the plump, awkward teddy boy. Katie Johnson is the cheerful old lady who upsets their fiendish plans simply by living in a world of her own. Directed by Alexander Mackendrick.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; June 8-11.)

THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT (1951)—Alec Guinness plays a quirky, idealistic scientist who lives in the modern economy of quick obsolescence yet is fixated on the long-range benefits to humanity of a cloth that will stay clean and last forever. Guinness's bland monomaniacal scientist is beautifully matched by Joan Greenwood, who is all guile and scorn and perversity, without any real aim or purpose. Alexander Mackendrick directed this deft capital-science-labor comedy.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; June 8-11.)

SECRET PEOPLE (1951)—The use of violence for idealistic purposes is the theme of this English suspense film. Valentina Cortese plays a refugee from totalitarianism who becomes involved in an underground movement in London; her revulsion and guilt when she employs brutal methods are contrasted with the attitude of her lover (Sergei Reggiani), a hardened revolutionary. With the very young Audrey Hepburn in a sizable role (it's rather like seeing Cinderella before the transformation). The expressive camera movements and the editing techniques of the director, Thorold Dickinson, were much discussed at the time, yet the film isn't very gripping.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; June 13.)

TORMENT (1944)—Alf Sjöberg directed this famous study of adolescent despair and mean-spirited, authoritarian education. It was written by the twenty-five-year-old Ingmar Bergman, who worked on it as Sjöberg's assistant. Stig Järrel plays the sadist schoolmaster; the student and the shopgirl whom he victimizes are played by Alf Kjellin and Mai Zetterling (who also became directors). In Swedish.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; June 10.)

LATE RUNS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

TRAFFIC ALERT—If you're planning to be in the area of Central Park's Great Lawn on the evening of June 10, be aware that Disney's newest animated feature, "Pocahontas," will be shown there, at 8:30, on four eight-story-high screens. Admission to this free event is by ticket only; a hundred thousand were

awarded in May, in a lottery that drew more than a half-million applicants, from all fifty states. The film will open in a few cities on June 16 and in New York on June 23 (on slightly smaller screens).

FILM FORUM 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)—A program of comedies produced at the Ealing Studios. June 7: "Nicholas Nickleby" (1947, Alberto Cavalcanti) and "The Captive Heart" (1946, Basil Dearden). . . . June 8-11: "The Ladykillers" (†) and "The Man in the White Suit" (†). . . . June 12: "My Learned Friend" (1943, Will Hay and Dearden) and "Young Man's Fancy" (1939, Robert Stevenson). . . . June 13: "It Always Rains on Sunday" (1947, Robert Hamer) and "Secret People" (†).

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)—Through June 11: The 7th Annual New York Lesbian and Gay Film Festival, with screenings at the Little Theatre and the Newman Theatre.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—June 8 at 1 and June 9 at 12:30, 3, 6:30, and 8: "The AICP Show, 1995: The Art and Technique of the American Television Commercial." . . . ¶ June 8 at 2:30: "Point of Order" (1964, Emile de Antonio and Dan Talbot). . . . ¶ June 8 at 3 and 6: "White Christmas" (1954, Michael Curtiz) and "The Spiral Cage" (1991, Fred Bear), and "A Home Movie" (1989, Santo Barbieri). . . . ¶ June 8 at 6: "The Godfather Part II" (1974, Francis Ford Coppola). . . . ¶ A series of Swedish films directed by Alf Sjöberg. June 9 at 2:30: "The Road to Heaven" (1942). . . . June 9 at 6: "Karin Månsdotter" (1954). . . . June 10 at 2: "Only a Mother" (1949). . . . June 10 at 5: "Torment" (†). . . . June 11 at 2: "Iris and the Lieutenant" (1946). . . . June 11 at 5: "Wild Birds" (1955). . . . June 12 at 2:30: "The Father" (1969). . . . June 12 at 6: "Journey Out" (1945). . . . June 13 at 2:30: "They Staked Their Lives" (1940). . . . June 13 at 6: "The Island" (1966). . . . ¶ June 10-11 at 2:30 and 5 and June 12-13 at 3 and 6: Seven programs of avant-garde films from Austria.

WALTER READE THEATRE, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600)—A retrospective of films by Ingmar Bergman. June 7 at 2: "The Magic Flute" (1975). . . . June 8 at 2 and 6:30 and June 10 at 8:15: "Scenes from a Marriage" (1974). . . . June 9 at 2 and 6:15 and June 10 at 4: "Face to Face" (1975). . . . June 9 at 4:30 and 9 and June 10 at 6:30: "Autumn Sonata" (†). . . . June 11 at 4 and June 13 at 2: "Fårö 1979" (1979). . . . June 11 at 6 and June 13 at 4: "From the Life of the Marionettes" (†). . . . June 11 at 8: "Fanny and Alexander" (1983). . . . June 12 at 2 and 6:15: "The Serpent's Egg" (1977). . . . June 12 at 4:15 and 8:30: "After the Rehearsal" (1984). . . . ¶ June 10-11 at 2: "Lotta Leaves Home" (1993, Johanna Hald), for children.

MUSEUM OF TELEVISION AND RADIO, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—A retrospective of Ingmar Bergman's television work. June 7-9 at 2: "Fårö Document" (1970). . . . June 7-9 at 3:30: "Fårö 1979" (1979). . . . June 8 at 5:30 and June 9 at 6: "The South Bank Show: Ingmar Bergman at Sixty" (1978). . . . June 8 at 6:30 and June 9 at 7: "After the Rehearsal" (1984). . . . June 10-11 at 1: "Man Alive Presents Ingmar Bergman" (1970). . . . June 10-11 and 13 at 2: "Face to Face" (1975).

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (1-718 784-0077)—A series of films directed by Erich von Stroheim. June 10 at 2: "Blind Husbands" (†). . . . June 10 at 4: "Foolish Wives" (†). . . . June 11 at 2: "Merry-Go-Round" (1923). . . . June 11 at 4:30: "Greed" (1924).

A DIFFERENT LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850)—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On June 11 at 7, the feature will be "Valley of the Dolls" (1967, Mark Robson).

FLORENCE GOULD HALL, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—June 13 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Masques" (1987, Claude Chabrol; in French).

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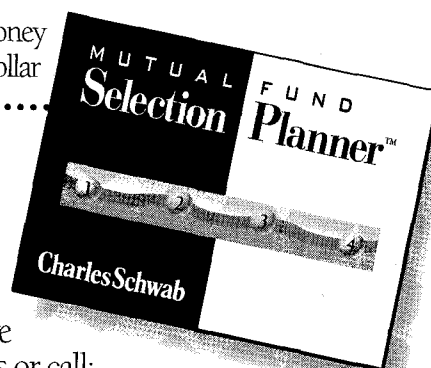
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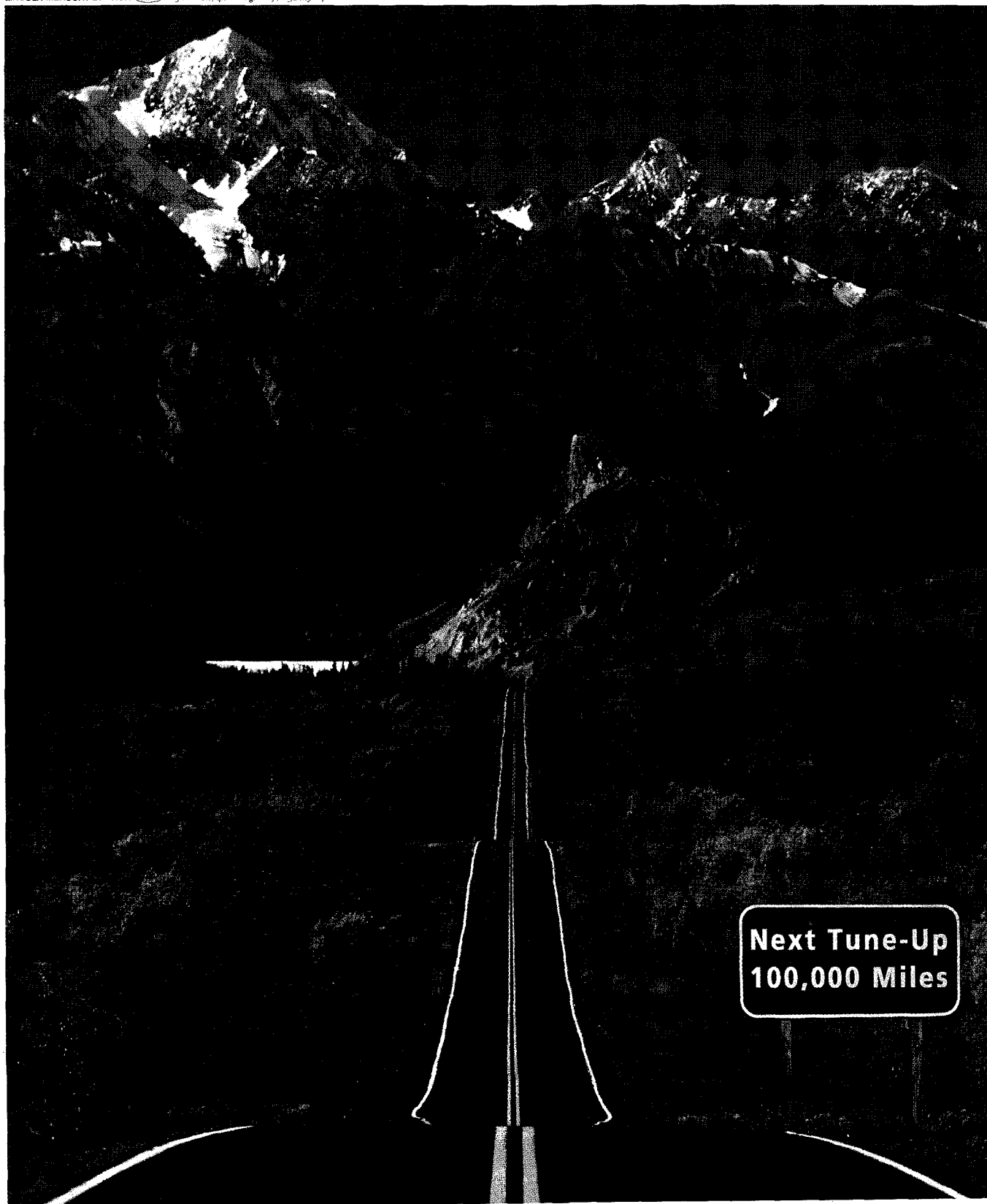
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

FIGHTING WORDS

WHEN the history of the fracas over media violence is written, it's likely that a meeting that took place at 4 P.M. on May 18th in the eighth-floor conference room at HBO headquarters, on Sixth Avenue at Forty-second Street, will be seen as pivotal. On one side of a long table were William J. Bennett, a co-director of the conservative advocacy organization Empower America, and his Democratic ally C. DeLores Tucker, the chair of the National Political Congress of Black Women. Across from them sat the opposition—seven executives from Time Warner, the world's largest media company and the corporate parent of HBO. They had gathered to discuss an ad campaign mounted by Bennett and Tucker protesting some of the rock and gangsta-rap music produced by Time Warner. The music, Tucker says on a television commercial featuring her and Bennett, "celebrates the rape, torture, and murder of women."

As seven participants recall the events of that afternoon, Richard Parsons, the president of Time Warner, invited Tucker to speak first. She took care to praise the accomplishments of Time Warner, but said she was distressed by the effect of certain misogynist lyrics on youngsters. Then Michael Fuchs, the chairman of the Warner Music Group and of HBO, spoke for Time Warner. He talked generally about music as art. Time Warner took pride, he said, in the fact that it did not act as a censor. Besides, he added, if the Supreme Court couldn't come up with a definition for pornography, how could Time Warner define violence?

Tucker pulled from a folder copies of the lyrics of a song recently recorded by the group Nine Inch Nails, on the Interscope label, which is half-owned by Warner Music-U.S. She handed the copies to Fuchs and the others. Three times, Tucker recalls, she asked Fuchs to read the lyrics aloud. Three times, he declined. She then asked Peter Wehner, the director of policy for Empower America, to read the lyrics, and this, in part, is what he read:

Got me a big old dick and I
I like to have fun
held against your forehead
I'll make you suck it
maybe I'll put a hole in your head
you know, just for the fuck of it
I can reduce you if I want

If the Time Warner executives were embarrassed by the lyrics of this white, alternative-rock band, they tried not to show it. Their aim was to stall Bennett and Tucker's ad campaign, and to start a dialogue. The executives were aware that Bennett had a Ph.D. in philosophy and had been a Republican Cabinet official, and they expected him to be respectful. Instead, they encountered a former Brooklyn street tough with a tart tongue. With undisguised disdain, Bennett asked, "Do you consider the words vulgar and potentially damaging to children?"

"Art is hard is interpret," Fuchs said. At that point, Gerald Levin, the chairman and C.E.O. of Time Warner, who had arrived late, spoke up. He said that Bennett and Tucker were dealing with a symptom, not a "root cause," of the vio-

lence in America. They had to talk, not shout at one another. To that end, he said, he had appointed Fuchs and Doug Morris, the chairman and C.E.O. of Warner Music-U.S., to help launch "a constructive dialogue" and to "develop standards for the distribution and labeling of musical material."

It was, Bennett said later, all "pseudo talk." He wanted Warner Music to stop *producing* the stuff, not wrestle with how to label it. In the meeting, he exploded. "You guys are the bottom of the heap," he said.

"How dare you talk about us this way!" the burly Morris shouted at the burly Bennett. The discussion spun around and around. Twice, Tucker stomped out of the room. Then Levin stormed out. At one point, Bennett said angrily that the only reason Time Warner had agreed to meet with him and Tucker was because of their TV ad attacking the company. Wrong, said Levin—we believe in dialogue.

"Are you telling us that you would have met with us if we had not made the ad?" Bennett shouted.

"Yes," Levin said.

"Baloney!" Bennett exclaimed.

With that, the usually mild-mannered Levin gathered up his papers and said, "There's nothing more for me to discuss, Mr. Bennett. Clearly, you are not here to discuss serious issues. Mr. Fuchs and Mr. Morris will continue this dialogue."

Bennett left at quarter of six to catch a shuttle to Washington. Tucker and the remaining Time Warner executives stayed, and they asked her to draw up a list of suggestions. For a week, Time Warner heard nothing. Then, on May 25th, Bennett dispatched a letter to Levin. It



read like a Nike ad: Just Do It. "My recommendation is fairly straightforward," Bennett wrote. "Time Warner should stop its involvement with and support of gross, violent, offensive and misogynistic lyrics. Anything short of that is, I think, an abdication of corporate responsibility."

And now Presidential candidates are taking the same line.

THE GOLDEN LADIES OF THE GOLDEN DOOR

THE ladies, traditionally limited to a quota of thirty-nine, arrive on Sundays at the Golden Door, a spa situated on a hundred-and-seventy-seven-acre tract of land in the Peninsula Range, about an hour's drive north of San Diego. Mostly, they come wearing designer jeans and designer blazers and carrying small bags containing their bathing suits (near-bikinis) and their sneakers (aerobic and running) and their underwear and socks and nighties. Everything else they will need for their four-thousand-two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar week is provided by the spa—shorts, warmups, T-shirts, terry robes, sun hats, and assorted creams and potions and pastes and a fresh toothbrush. They go quickly to their rooms, each with private bath, a perfectly mattressed queen-size bed, good lamps, a radio, stationery inscribed with the guest's name in gold letters, and reading material ("Chop Wood, Carry Water," "Fifty Simple Things You Can Do to Save the Earth"). All the guests receive, on request, bottles of Evian and the daily newspapers of their choice. They never refer to what, if anything, they have read in the news.

The ladies emerge quickly, uniformly democratized in aquamarine-colored warmups and gray T-shirts. They are mostly fortyish or fiftyish, with husbands and children, but there are also a few nervous singles and hopeful fatties, and a scattering of heavy oldies (thigh-covering bathing suits), hoarse-voiced, with Barbara Bush hair, icy blue eyes, false teeth, and scads of grandchildren. Children—anybody under the age of sixteen, in fact—are banned from the premises. "We don't want to remind anybody of what she left behind," one of the spa's supervisors explains.

Most of the guests have heard that ex-

ercise increases sexuality, and they think a lot about sex and youth and health. They are immediately eager to mention their husbands, quite a number of whom are power figures in the entertainment business. The Hollywood wives have *Vogue*-cover faces and, as revealed in the Jacuzzi, large and mathematically cor-



*They're searching wistfully
for something indefinable,
perhaps a surprise.*

rect breasts. The New York power wives are often good-egg types, sort of old-fashioned tomboys. There are many wealthy Eastern do-gooders with or married to a lot of money, and they quickly bring up their good works as a counterbalance to other revelations—about the country house, the tennis court, the horse that jumps, brilliant children who are going off to do admirable and hazardous work in developing countries. (The West Coasters don't bother counterbalancing anything.) As the ladies hungrily register with one another what they have in common, they still seem to be searching wistfully for something indefinable, perhaps a surprise.

The visual backdrop is inspired by Japanese culture—koi pool, rain chains, stone lanterns, sand gardens, water gardens, Zen meditation gardens, a wooden bridge that juts crookedly because "evil spirits go in a straight line." The over-all ambience reflects the passions and the interests of Deborah Szekely, a cherubic, pink-cheeked, Brooklyn-born dynamo, and the widow of an ahead-of-his-time Hungarian philosopher and nature lover, Edmond Szekely. In 1939, the couple settled in the tiny village of Tecate, in Baja California, and started a health camp. People brought their own tents and paid seventeen dollars and fifty cents a week for the privilege of chopping firewood and helping to milk goats for

cheese. Professor Szekely gave radical lectures lambasting cholesterol. The popularity of the camp grew, especially with people from Hollywood, who then wanted a retreat with more privacy. So, in 1958, the Szekelys founded the Golden Door, with weeks limited to men only, women only, and couples only. Today, most of the weeks are for women only.

AT the first dinner, the ladies introduce themselves and state why they've come to the Golden Door: "I came because I couldn't get into my bras." "I came to get away from my four children." "I came because my husband gave me this for my birthday." "I came to bond with my sister." They leave the first dinner feeling high on one another, high to be with women only, high to be away from their men, high to boast about those men. They learn an amazing lot about one another's husbands in only minutes, and then at 9:30 P.M. each goes to her room and to sleep.

The next day, reporting for the daily hike at dawn, the ladies are drinking mugs of freshly brewed coffee (black) and gulping Vitamin C tablets. They talk briefly about the howling coyotes heard in the mountains. Their talk has



*They learn an amazing
lot about one another's husbands
in only minutes.*

the semblance of dialogue, but there is no back-and-forth. "Did everybody sleep through the coyotes?" one lady asks a companion, and the companion says, "I've got to call my husband's office, but it's too early in New York." "Nothing bothers me when I sleep," the first one says.

Their preoccupation with "I" and

"me" seems to rule out any interest in hearing answers to questions. In pairs, as they do their hamstring and quadriceps stretches, arms around each other's shoulders, one lady says to her partner, "I was going to do the five-mile hike, but now I think I'll do the three." "I never have jet lag," the partner replies. The warmup exercises end with an ever cheery, seemingly euphoric fitness guide reading one of Deborah Szekely's favorite Japanese-flavored aphorisms: "Success is not an end; it is a journey," or "The intellect is always fooled by the heart." The ladies listen blankly to the aphorisms, make no comment, and turn quickly to the business at hand.

As they head up the mountain, they pay little attention to the surrounding purple daylilies, the orange poppies, the baby daisies. They walk fast, seriously, heel to toe, and they continue talking, still adhering to the first-person singular. They identify further aspects of themselves. They talk more about their husbands. They outline for one another their husbands' routines—getting up early, being driven to work, outmaneuvering the other guy, obtaining courtside seats at basketball and hockey games, flying here and flying there, and running offices that efficiently deliver plane tickets and chauffeured cars to the ladies on request. Confidences abound. A West Coast lady tells an East Coast lady that her husband is Jewish and that being married to him is nice, because she's Irish-and-German, and Irish-and-German husbands are not as kind or as warmhearted as her Jewish husband. The East Coast lady responds by telling a long story about how *her* husband is afraid of cats, but she *understands* his fear of cats. Both ladies look as though they are communicating. Talking all the way up the mountain seems to take no toll on the ladies' wind or stamina. At the top of the trail, high-spirited fitness guides offer water and slices of oranges from the Golden Door's own trees. On the way back down, the ladies talk about food, about the breakfast that awaits them in their rooms on their return, at seven-thirty—today it is Baked Apple with Seven Grains, Raisins, Cinnamon, and Honey Served with Orange Slices. They talk about the lunch ahead of them—Chilled Cucumber Soup with Mint and Parsley, Green Lentil Salad on Bibb with Green Beans, Sweet Corn, Diced

Vegetables, and Balsamic Vinaigrette, and Long Stemmed Garden Strawberries. "I miss chewing," one of the bonding sisters, both Golden Door repeaters, says to the other.

By Wednesday, the ladies are demonstrating much affection for and pride in one another. In fact, quite a lot of bonding is going on. Everybody seems to share in a general exhilaration; even the oldies and the fatties are getting in on it. Nobody has worn any makeup for three days. Everybody respects potassium. Everybody looks cleaner. Everybody has had a daily herbal wrap, a daily facial, and a daily body massage. Everybody will do more: country-line dancing, yoga, ballet, slide aerobics, tap dancing, self-defense, wreathmaking with herbs and flowers, nutrition lectures, and a tour of the herb garden. Digestive systems are working splendidly. Adrenaline is flowing. The atmosphere is bursting with



Nobody has worn any makeup for three days.

good will. Both Easterners and Westerners express pride and joy in the oldie giving her Ruby Keeler all in aerobic renditions of "There's No Business Like Show Business" and "Give My Regards to Broadway." Nobody has as much as mentioned a husband all day.

By Thursday, though, the ladies are letting go with some negative remarks about men in general and husbands in particular. They are saying things like "Some men think that having a baby is very glamorous. Hah hah." They are saying things like "Men are from Mars; we are from Venus." Quite a few ladies are saying yoga things to one another, like "The light in me sees the light in you." Some of the powerhouse husbands on the West Coast and on the East Coast are coming in for complaints from their

wives. An oldie who is also a fatty as well as a toughie says at the dinner table, "At home, we have a condo. We have a big pool. Everything. Does my husband use it? No!" "The light in me sees the light in you," one of the fortyish ladies says. "You'd better believe it," the old toughie says.

On Friday, however, everybody is all business re the body. The talkers on the morning hike are muted. The bonding has become visibly loosened as each lady tends to herself. Saturday night, the ladies, manicured, pedicured, hairdressed, tighter, lighter, firmer, are having their farewell dinner of California Gold Salad with Grapefruit, Avocado, Edible Flowers, and Garden Greens and Grilled Prawns with Garlic and Ginger on Portobello Mushrooms, Wilted Spinach, and Couscous. Prizes are given out—for Hiking Maniac, for Pumping Iron Icon, for Most Active Newcomer, for Ms. Fred Astaire. There is a lot of laughter. The ladies hug, kiss, go through motions of exchanging addresses and telephone numbers. But they are retreating from one another. Almost every lady makes a point of saying loudly that waiting impatiently at home is her husband.

BETTMANN'S BACH

At ninety-one, Dr. Otto L. Bettmann has a memory as purposeful as the retrieval system he devised for the Bettmann Archive, the renowned picture agency, which he founded in 1935. In New York for the publication of his new book, "Johann Sebastian Bach as His World Knew Him," Bettmann, introduced to a stranger at a small gathering, instantly identifies the man as the author of a book published in 1954 with illustrations from the Archive. Noticing a copy of *The New Yorker* on a table, Bettmann starts quoting from an article that Philip Hamburger wrote in 1939, when Bettmann, a refugee from Nazi Germany, was struggling to keep his infant Archive going: "Dr. Bettmann knows moments of despondency. . . . Then he sits in his office, muttering, 'What can we do? What can we do?' Then, likely as not, somebody will call up for a pictorial history of Happiness, and he's a new man." And more: Bettmann remembers exactly how Fraülein Shütze, his piano teacher, taught him to hold his fingers—

crouched and crooked, like the legs of a daddy longlegs. "But Horowitz didn't hold his fingers that way," Bettmann observes. He sits at the piano and, from memory, plays a Bach minuet he learned at six. Defying the *Fraülein*, he flattens his fingers a bit.

Bettmann is a small, quiet man with erect posture, a close-clipped white beard, and alert blue eyes. He sold the Archive in 1980 and moved from New



York to Florida, where, until recently, when he retired, he was the curator of rare books and manuscripts at Florida Atlantic University. His intimacy with Bach, though, is older than his expertise in images. As a boy in Leipzig, he sang in the choir of the Thomaskirche, where Bach was music director from 1723 until his death, in 1750. "I used to look up at the statue of Bach outside the church and ask myself if that ordinary-looking middle-aged man could really be *Bach*," he says. He remembers standing on the balcony of his home on New Year's Eve beside his parents and their friends, looking out at the church tower, where trumpeters played Bach's New Year's chorale at midnight.

Until he turned ninety-one, Bettmann never wanted to revisit Germany. "I had the feeling that they kicked me out, and I didn't want to go back," he says. Still, he longed to stand on that balcony and look at the tower one more time, so he did go, last month. The Thomaskirche is still standing, but he found the beautiful town he remembered "totally destroyed" by war and Communism.

Bettmann planned his new book "to be a kind of computer—when you want to know something you can call it up"—so it's arranged alphabetically by topic. It starts with "Abendmusik" and ends with "Zeitgeist," but Bettmann doesn't think of Bach as particularly German. "He's universal," he says. "They understand him everywhere. He's popular in China and Japan, and he's turning up in jazz. He's very modern, even though he's a consummate order man, and we're not quite so convinced that the world is or-

derly. He gives us a wonderful feeling of certainty that makes us feel things can't be so bad after all. He has a theme and you don't know what he's going to do with it, but if he begins in E minor he ends in E minor. Bach always brings us safely home."

FARE QUESTIONS

PERHAPS because New York City taxi rates have stayed level for the past five years, most cabdrivers have grown used to working gruelling schedules to break even, and a good number of them moonlight. Then, there are some who make up for hard times just by streamlining the effort they put out per ride. Not long ago, when a fare leaned over to begin the predictable friendly inquiries, one driver wordlessly handed back a yellow flyer. Decorated at top and bottom with miniature whizzing taxis and a checkered stripe, it read:

NOW YOU CAN SPEAK TO A
REAL CAB DRIVER
CALL 1-900-346-TAXI
A LIVE PERSON WILL ANSWER

You can ask him/her any of these questions:

- Where are you from?
- How long have you been driving a cab?
- What kind of a name is that?
- Why did you come to this country?
- How many hours do you work?
- How many days do you work?
- How much do you make?
- Why are you doing this?
- What would you rather be doing?

—or make up your own questions.

DON'T DELAY! BE SATISFIED TODAY!
A REAL CABBIE IS WAITING
TO ANSWER YOU.

The number was phony. Apparently, twenty-five cents per fifth of a mile does not have to include conversation.

OVITZORAMA

THE buzzing about whether Michael Ovitz will leave the Creative Artists Agency to head up MCA has become an echo chamber: a rumor originates in a small circle, is bounced about, magnified, and exhausted, and then a fresh rumor enters the chamber. "I know twenty people who say they get a call every day from Ovitz," the literary agent

Morton Janklow says. "I've known him longer than most of them, and yet I only talk to him maybe once a week. The truth is, no one knows anything."

Every day, the press publishes rumors: *Flash*: Ovitz cancelled a Memorial Day family weekend in Hawaii in order to negotiate with Seagram, MCA's new corporate parent. *Flash*: Ron Meyer and Bill Haber, who, along with Ovitz, own C.A.A., will join him. *Flash*: Ovitz gathered the C.A.A. staff last Thursday to confirm that he had talked to MCA, which some took as a signal that he was leaving, and others that he and MCA could not agree on terms. *Flash*: the announcement will be made next week. *Flash*: the announcement will be made last week.

"It reminds me of when Heidi Fleiss was arrested," Ron Meyer, who is C.A.A.'s president, says. "Every day, there is a new rumor." With Meyer refusing to confirm or deny anything, how does a journalist sort out truth from fiction? Not easy. Anna Perez, C.A.A.'s spokeswoman, has told friends that the last time she received as many daily press calls was in 1989, when she was Barbara Bush's press secretary and the Bushes' dog Millie had puppies.

What the Ovitz drama is really about, according to Neal Gabler, the author of "An Empire of Their Own: How the Jews Invented Hollywood," is the media. "Once upon a time, Louis B. Mayer and other studio heads were marginal as celebrities," Gabler says. "They were not figures in the popular culture. In some ways, all the speculation is a testament to the growth of celebrity. It's imposed importance. It's one of those things in the Hollywood community that everyone gossips about—now that O.J. is passé."

The other day, while travelling on an airplane, Ovitz returned a call from a reporter. It was the same day as the Seagram annual shareholders' meeting, in Montreal. He sounded wary and weary. "I feel like the Energizer Bunny," he said. "I'm flying back from Montreal." He paused. "Just kidding."

As for the family vacation, the media man of the moment wanted to set the record straight: he had had an earache, and his kids had had strep throat. ♦

This week's contributors: Ken Auletta, Lillian Ross, Naomi Bliven, Liesl Schillinger, Ken Auletta.

"The Contract With America"

HOW MUCH WILL ALL THIS COST OUR KIDS?

The "Contract With America" could change the lives of every child in every family in America. It could dictate who is fed and who goes hungry, who has health care, who gets a chance to learn, and who is denied hope of a better life.

Yet few Americans, let alone the freshmen members of Congress rushing to vote on its complex provisions, have examined how much the "Contract" will cost our children—over the next five years and in the century to come.

What Does A Detailed Review Of The "Contract" Reveal?

- Funds for drug education in our schools will be cut. So will student aid and college loans. Funds to upgrade schools and train teachers will also drop.

- Child care will be slashed by 20%—meaning one out of five children now waiting for care won't find it. Health and safety standards will be left for states to rewrite.

- Neglected and brutalized children will not be protected as they are now. Three million children were reported abused and neglected last year, but foster care and child abuse prevention programs will lose billions in support.

- Since children are more likely to be living in poverty than workers or the retired elderly, they benefit most from income support programs. If the "Contract" were fully in force today, more than half of destitute children in America would not be eligible for income support.

At the same time, Congress is considering proposals to cut taxes for families making over \$200,000 by \$50 billion—a tax cut which will be paid for largely by the "Contract" cuts in children's programs.



What the "Contract With America" Will Mean To America's Kids

Total Five Year Losses: Over \$40 Billion

Federal Cuts Over Five Years Will Mean:

- Over 320,000 children would lose child care
- \$6.6 billion will be cut from child food programs, including school lunches
- 225,000 disabled children immediately will lose assistance
- Abused and neglected children will lose \$3.5 billion in foster care, adoption and other services

Source: U.S. Department of Health & Human Services

So How Much Will All This Cost Our Children?

In round numbers, the "Contract" would cost America's children \$46 billion in school lunches, college grants, child care and foster placements.

But can it really be measured in dollars and cents? What is the lifetime cost of hunger, child neglect and violence? The price of poverty is staggering. And in the long run, everyone pays.

Kids Can't Vote

It's time for responsible adults to speak out. Reforms in social programs are needed. Our children need better schools, enough food, health care and jobs that pay their parents enough to support a family. But we owe it to ourselves and to our children not to rush proposals through Congress that would move us in the wrong direction and permanently dismantle critical family services.

The Senate is now considering what the House of Representatives has done. What they decide will affect our children for the rest of their lives. Find out where your senators stand. **Call them at (202) 224-3121 today.**

Congress aims to redesign American society in six months or less. One mistake and millions of children will pay for the rest of their lives. That's why the following organizations ask you to join them in telling Congress to slow down for the sake of our children.

NATIONAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION

COALITION FOR AMERICA'S CHILDREN

CHILDREN'S DEFENSE FUND

NATIONAL BLACK CHILD DEVELOPMENT INSTITUTE

CHILD WELFARE LEAGUE OF AMERICA

NATIONAL PARENTING ASSOCIATION

CHILDREN NOW



TELL CONGRESS TO SLOW DOWN

Public Media Center; Photo by Tom Carter, Jarobeam, Inc.

English Sterling Bar Accessories



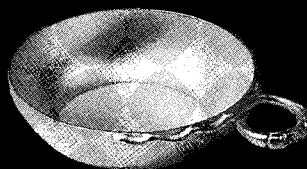
Beaker
4" high
\$350.

Bar Jug
1 pint
\$650.



Wine Funnel
& Stand
\$500.

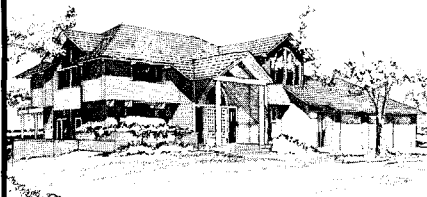
Wine
Taster
\$260.



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LETTER FROM PAKISTAN

CHILDREN OF THE JIHAD

During the Afghan war, the C.I.A. helped create a militant network that is now linked to the attack on the World Trade Center—and on other American targets.

BY MARY ANNE WEAVER

TOWERING dun-colored walls topped with barbed wire and what appear to be machine-gun nests loom up abruptly as you approach the University of Dawa and Jihad. They come as something of a surprise, since up to then the scene along the twisting dirt road on the outskirts of a market town some thirty miles east of Peshawar, the capital of the Pakistani province of the North-West Frontier, seems placid enough. Late one morning this spring, we drove past teen-agers playing soccer, a solitary figure on a craggy rock toying with his flute as he watched his flock, and men sitting cross-legged on rope charpoy beds outside tea stalls, arguing and gesticulating and smoking opium pipes.

The University of Dawa and Jihad is behind the high walls, past guard posts and a dozen or so shops with Kalashnikovs and grenades stashed among the firewood and the vegetables and kebabs. It is in the center of the sprawling Jalozei refugee camp, the home in Pakistan of the Islamic Alliance, a group of fundamentalists led by Professor Abdurrah Rasul Sayyaf, one of the most fanatic of the powerful Afghan warlords. It is also believed to have been the training ground of a man known to the world as Ramzi Ahmed Yousef, who was extradited from Pakistan in February, after having been on the F.B.I.'s most-wanted list for nearly two years. He is now in the high-security wing of Manhattan's Metropolitan Correctional Center, awaiting trial for masterminding the bombing of the World Trade Center and planning to blow up American jumbo jets—perhaps as many as eleven of them in a spectacular one-day spree.

Dawa is an Arabic word that can be translated as "the call," and *jihad* means, loosely, struggle, or holy war. The University of Dawa and Jihad was founded by Professor Sayyaf in 1985, during the most recent Islamic jihad, the long battle against the pro-Communist government

of Afghanistan. The Soviet Union invaded the country in 1979 to prop up the regime there, and remained for a decade, in spite of fierce resistance from mujahideen like Sayyaf, who were the recipients of billions of dollars' worth of assistance from the C.I.A. In 1992, three years after the Soviets left, the government finally fell, although the fighting continued, now in the form of a fratricidal civil war.

"Ramzi Yousef," who may turn out to be the most infamous alumnus of the University of Dawa and Jihad, is an enigmatic figure. His conflicting accounts of himself have bedeviled federal prosecutors and the intelligence agencies of nearly a dozen countries. I had come to this part of Pakistan because there is reason to believe that the key to the bombing of the World Trade Center, and to "Yousef"'s alleged involvement in a global jihad, can be found among the veterans of the Afghanistan war. I was traveling with an introduction from a retired Pakistani general who had been a member of the I.S.I., Pakistan's Inter-Services Intelligence agency. The I.S.I. was the conduit for money and supplies funneled to the jihad by the C.I.A., and the general still had influence among the mujahideen. Thus I was permitted past the cluster of students who had gathered around my car at the gate, vociferously insulting the driver and brandishing Kalashnikovs in his face. Two of the students said they would take me to the camp commander, Hajji Dost Muhammad, a cousin of Rasul Sayyaf.

In front of a squat bungalow set in the middle of an open field about twenty minutes by jeep from the wall, efficient-looking young men with machine guns hanging from their shoulders and bandoliers of ammunition strung across their chests instructed me to cover my head and remove my shoes. Hajji Dost was busy, and I had to wait awhile, but in due course I was taken to meet him in Sayyaf's

"operations room." Hajji Dost, who appears to be in his late sixties, has a small, shrivelled face and a waist-length white beard. He was wrapped in blankets and wore a brown Pashtun cap. He is a man of few words, and the few he spoke to me were in Pashto, but he was cordial, offering me tea and cakes to accompany our conversation, such as it was.

"I have never heard of Ramzi Yousef," Hajji Dost replied to my first question.

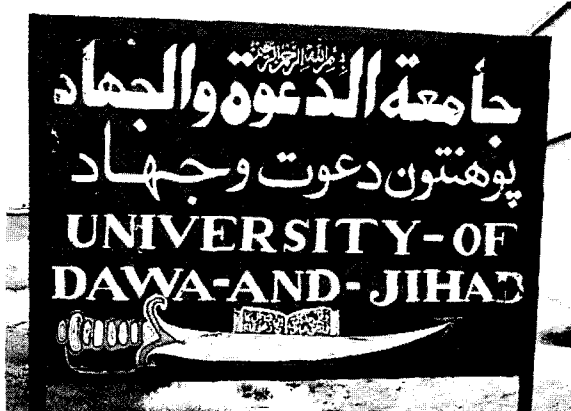
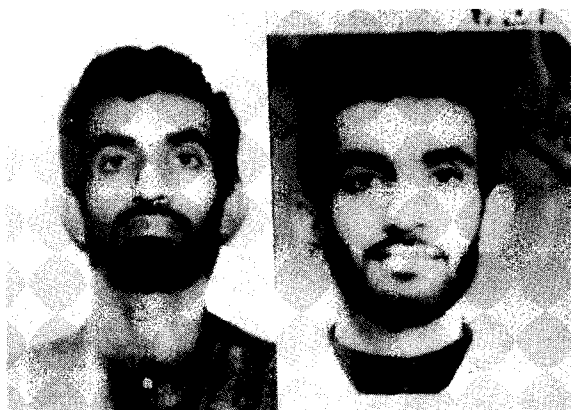
be hand-to-hand combat; behind them, only slightly visible through rising dust, others practiced on a rifle range.

"Who subsidizes this university?" I asked Hajji Dost.

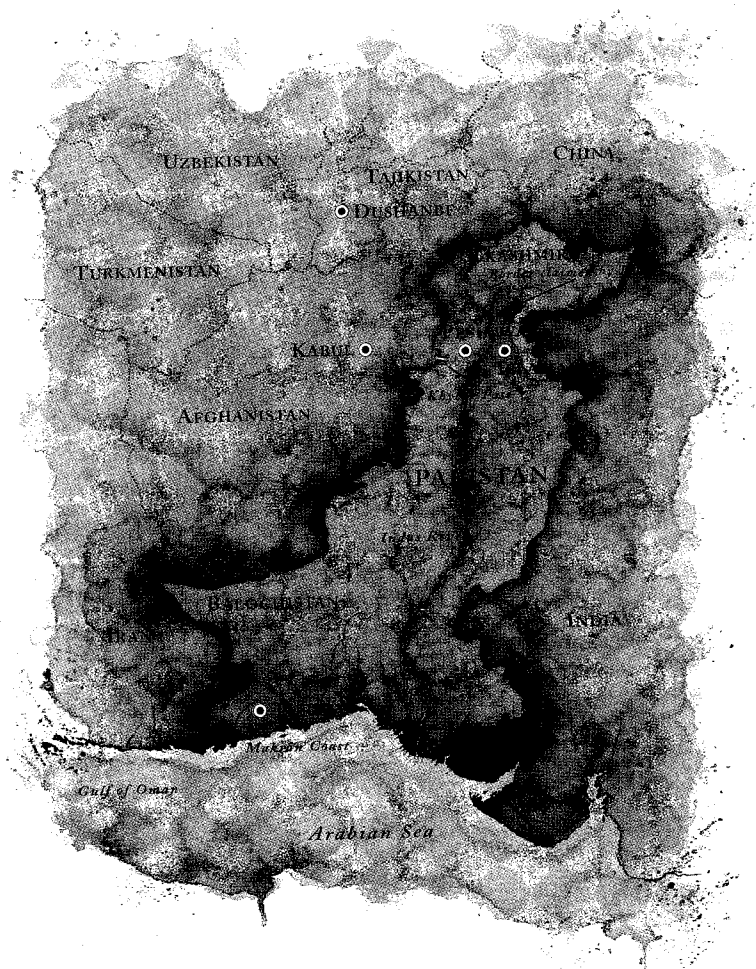
"Saudi Arabia," he said.

Saudi Arabia had been the United States' principal partner in bankrolling the Afghan jihad. When the Soviet Union invaded Afghanistan in 1979, the same year that Ayatollah Khomeini was

from Communist countries was meant to camouflage Washington's direct links to the war, a policy referred to—somewhat implausibly—as "plausible deniability." In all, the C.I.A. conveyed nearly three billion dollars in weapons and funds to the Afghan resistance groups—a figure that was matched by Saudi Arabia. Some of the Saudi funding was overt, some difficult to trace; some of the money came directly from the government,



F.B.I. file photographs of the man known as Ramzi Ahmed Yousef, who is now awaiting trial in New York, and who may be the most infamous alumnus of the university near Peshawar that's sometimes called the Islamic Sandhurst.



When I elaborated, he became even more evasive. "What is the World Trade Center?" he asked. This last evoked giggles from my student escorts and members of his staff.

"Your university has a reputation as a training ground for Islamic militants," I said.

He smiled, neither confirming nor denying anything, but seemed to nod his head.

At that moment, I glanced out the window, and saw that on a slight escarpment at the end of a dusty field a group of men was engaged in what appeared to

swept into power in Iran, startled American policymakers were ill-prepared for either event, and they responded in ways that today seem shortsighted. For the Reagan Administration, the jihad was "the battle to bleed the Soviets," and it was curiously popular on Capitol Hill. With bipartisan support, a zealous Congress passed and even doubled the Administration's requests for assistance to Afghanistan. Tons of Soviet and Chinese weapons, bought from friendly governments, including those of Egypt, China, Israel, and South Africa, were sent to the battlefield. The provision of weapons

some from official mosques, and some from individual Saudi princes and members of the kingdom's financial and business elite. The American effort to punish the Soviet Union at a time when it was perceived to be overextended and potentially vulnerable was complemented by a pan-Islamic effort to establish the "perfect Islamic state"—a return to the seventh-century Caliphate. The two agendas were mutually reinforcing for more than a decade.

"How would you describe your university?" I asked the young men with Kalashnikovs and bandoliers as we

headed back to the car after my tea with Hajji Dost.

"As an Islamic Sandhurst," one of them replied.

The analogy seemed right. The jihad underwritten by the C.I.A. and Saudi Arabia brought together, trained, and equipped a large army of Islamic militants, and an army needs a war college. After the Soviets left Afghanistan and the C.I.A. closed down its pipeline to the mujahideen, there were tens of thousands of well-trained and well-armed Arab, Asian, and Afghan fighters available for new jihads. Some of them remained in Afghanistan, but many were absorbed by an informal network of Islamic activists organized loosely into underground cells, with support centers scattered around the world. Such a pool of professional soldiers requires grooming and replenishment, and the University of Dawa and Jihad, situated not far from Peshawar, provides an admirable training base.

Only thirteen miles from the Khyber Pass, with Afghanistan beyond, Peshawar is a rugged, lawless sort of place, riven by religious fervor and violence, and rich in political intrigue, a battleground for imperial armies and tribal warlords for centuries. When the Soviet Union invaded Afghanistan, the region was transformed into the major staging area for the jihad. During the nineteen-eighties, Islamic militants streamed in and out of Peshawar, a town of densely packed mud houses, pastel villas, and streets crowded with four-wheel-drive vehicles and donkey carts. Some thousand foreign "jihadis"—Arabs, Asians, Africans, and two dozen or so African-Americans—remain in the city or are encamped in the mountain passes of the ungovernable tribal areas bordering Afghanistan. According to American investigators who are in Pakistan attempting to garner clues to the World Trade Center bombing and to the killing of two American consulate officials in Karachi in March, Peshawar could now rank as one of the leading training grounds for terrorists from around the world, along with Teheran, Tripoli, and Beirut.

"RAMZI YOUSEF," who has lived under at least fourteen other aliases—and travelled on nearly as many

passports—over the last three years, is one of the soldiers spawned by the jihad, a twenty-seven-year-old Islamic militant who came of age on the Afghan battlefields. He made his first trip to the United States in September of 1992, six months before a fifteen-hundred-pound bomb exploded in the underground garage of the World Trade Center, in lower Manhattan. A thousand people were injured, six people died, and half a billion dollars in damage was done.

"Yousef" arrived at J.F.K. Airport from Peshawar on a connecting flight: Pakistan International Airlines' 703. He and a travelling companion, Ahmad Muhammad Ajaj, who is also believed to have fought in the jihad and trained at the University of Dawa and Jihad, separated before leaving the first-class section of the plane. When they arrived in the immigration lounge, Ajaj embarked on what investigators say was "a performance that was nothing short of incredible," and which was most likely aimed at deflecting attention from his companion—and perhaps other passengers—as they entered the United States.

Ajaj, who is a bearded and swarthy Palestinian, presented a Swedish passport to the Immigration and Naturalization Service agent behind the desk. He was carrying a Jordanian passport in his briefcase, along with a British passport and one from Saudi Arabia. The four passports were all in different names. The I.N.S. agent looked at Ajaj and at the first passport with suspicion. The photograph on it seemed far too thick, and, with his fingernail, the agent peeled it off. Underneath was the photograph of another man.

Ajaj became agitated and began shouting. ("My mother was Swedish. If you don't believe me, check your computer.") When inspectors opened his leather bags, they found, to their astonishment, videotapes of suicide car bombings, guides to planting land mines, and directions on how to forge documents and make large improvised bombs.

Meanwhile, at a second immigration desk nearby, the man calling himself Ramzi Yousef presented an Iraqi passport; he had no United States visa, but he did have a laminated identification card bearing his photograph from the Al-Bunyan Islamic Information Center, in

Tucson, Arizona. The card was issued under another name—Khurram Khan, which was also the name on Ajaj's Swedish passport—and the I.N.S. agent was not convinced. But Yousef, unlike Ajaj, did not create a scene, and smilingly asked for political asylum in the United States.

Immigration agents remember a lean, bearded man with piercing dark eyes and a beaklike nose. He was dressed in a three-piece, Afghan-style silk suit, the knee-length top of which had "enormously puffed" sleeves and flowed down over shalwar pants. He raised his right hand and solemnly swore that he would be persecuted if he was not permitted to stay in the United States.

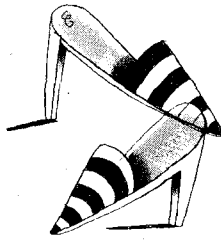
"What is your full true name?" the I.N.S. agent, Martha Morales, asked.

"Ramzi Ahmed Yousef," the bearded man replied—despite the fact that the airline ticket on which he entered the United States, and the Iraqi passport on which he left Pakistan, were in the name of Azan Muhammad. According to her testimony later in court, Morales suggested that "Yousef" be detained, but she was overruled by her superior. The immigration center was full, and the bearded man was told to appear before an I.N.S. judge for an asylum hearing on December 8th. He thanked Morales and disappeared into the streets of New York.

Ajaj was sent directly from J.F.K. to jail, and he remained there until two days after the World Trade Center was bombed. He was later arrested and tried, along with three accomplices, for his role in the bombing. All four were convicted, and each was sentenced to two hundred and forty years in prison.

DESPITE their debt to the C.I.A., which funded and supplied the operation that created them, many of the children of the jihad, like "Ramzi Yousef" and Ajaj, harbor an intense hatred of the United States. They object to its support not only of Israel but of what they perceive to be corrupt secular Middle Eastern regimes. Clearly, this hostility was not what the C.I.A. had in mind in 1979, when it mounted what became the biggest covert operation sponsored by the United States since the Vietnam years.

The civil war in Afghanistan today is fought by leaders who were supported by Washington, none of whom are by nature democratic, and all of whom to a



greater or lesser extent are fundamentalist in religion and autocratic in politics. It was with them that "Ramzi Yousef" spent his formative years.

According to Pakistani intelligence sources, the man known as Ramzi Ahmed Yousef is a Pakistani tribesman from the southwestern province of Balochistan. His real name is Abdul Basit Mahmud Abdul Karim. His father had emigrated to Kuwait, where he worked as an engineer, and where Abdul Basit was born in the oil town of Fuhayhil in April of 1968. The population of Fuhayhil was about forty per cent Palestinian when Abdul Basit was growing up, and both he and at least one of his younger brothers speak Arabic with a distinctive Palestinian accent. When I asked a Palestinian friend from Fuhayhil to estimate which of the many political groups who had sought refuge there—including radical Palestinians, Iraqi Communists, and members of Egypt's Muslim Brotherhood—had the greatest impact on the city's large immigrant community, he replied, "The Palestinian Marxists and the Islamists."

Few people in Fuhayhil remember Abdul Basit's father, Muhammad Abdul Karim, but according to those who know him in Balochistan he is not particularly religious or politically sophisticated. He is said to have only two passions—Baloch nationalism and an abiding hatred of Islam's minority Shiite sect. In the early nineteen-eighties, Muhammad was introduced to the puritanical Wahhabi school of Sunni Islam and to a fundamentalist group closely associated with it, known as the Salafis. Wahhabism is the dominant form of Islam in Saudi Arabia. According to the doctrine of the Salafis, Shiites are infidels. The most extreme members of the group believe that Shiites should not simply be shunned or converted; they should be killed.

These were the views that young Abdul Basit—later Ramzi Yousef—absorbed. He was a bright boy who did well in school, especially in physics, chemistry, and math. He also had a proficiency for foreign languages. As a teen-ager, he was tall and handsome, with jet-black hair, and he began to grow a beard, not for religious reasons, as many of his schoolmates did, but because it made him appear older and more debonair. In October of 1984, he received what officials now believe was the first of many

Pakistani passports, on which he later travelled across three continents—sometimes in disguise and sometimes not, but always first class. This first passport, however, was issued in his real name. He was only sixteen, and although he was already imbued with his father's anti-Shiite vitriol and his Palestinian classmates' revolutionary zeal, he had no reason to conceal his identity.

In 1986, Muhammad Abdul Karim moved back to Balochistan with his family. Balochistan had by then become a key staging area for the jihad in Afghanistan. Cacophonous, uncontrollable, and ruled largely by irascible martial tribes, the province had plenty of guns for hire. The C.I.A. used Baloch tribesmen as guides, scouts, drivers, and trackers, and for logistical support. For years they had been travelling back and forth, without documents and without passports, across the highly porous borders that divide their traditional homelands, sometimes smuggling arms and drugs, sometimes blowing up rail lines and power plants in Khomeini's Shiite Iran.

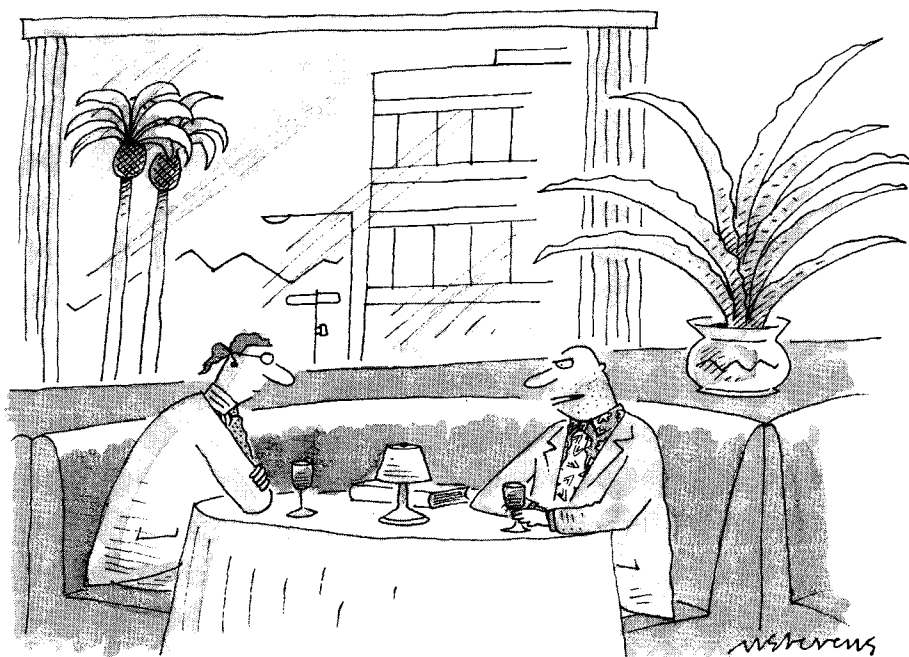
Turbat, where Abdul Basit's family settled, is a town of a hundred thousand, with a booming black-market economy. It is near the Makran coast and is a transit center for Pakistan's flourishing heroin trade. When I visited Turbat in 1989, some four thousand Iranian Baloch were encamped in the hills above the town,

fully armed and supported by Iraq. Relics, in a sense, of the Iran-Iraq war, they were running cross-border operations into Iran.

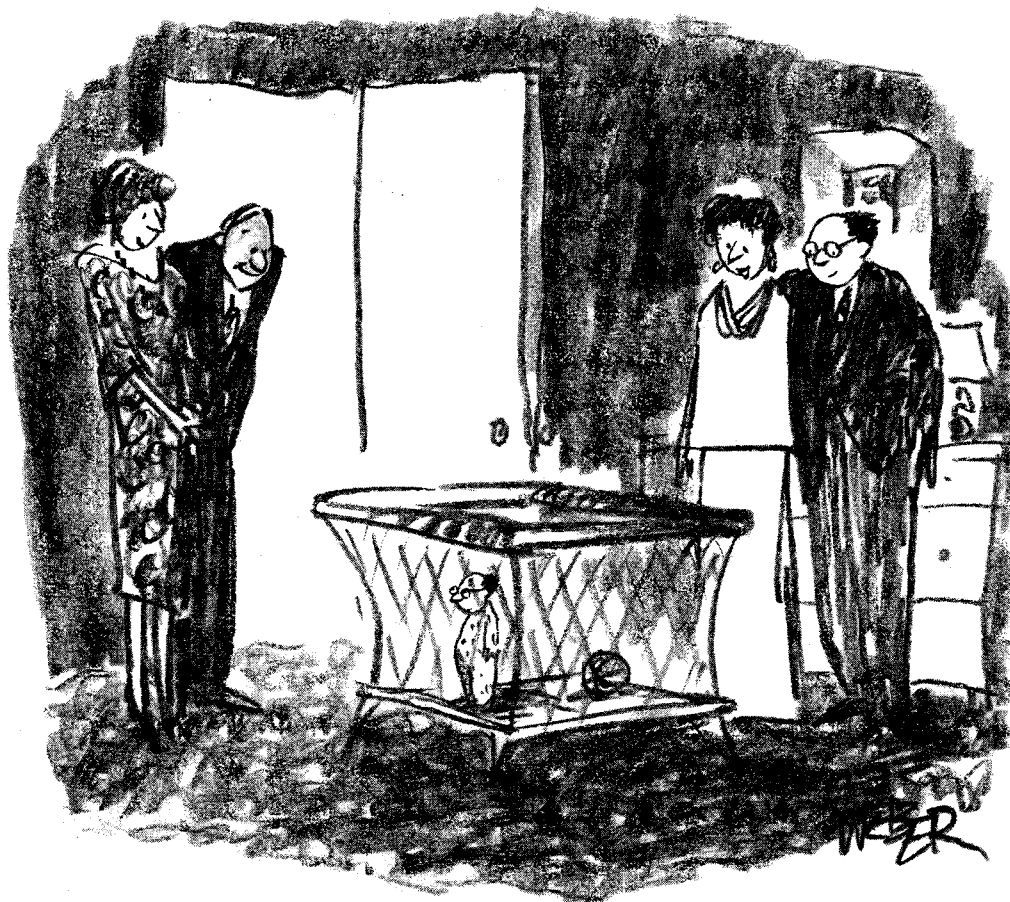
Now Pakistani officials, who had ignored the Iranian Baloch for years—as they had ignored the drug smugglers along the Makran coast, many of whom at one time were also supported by Iraq—are busy trying to establish whether, on their return from Kuwait, Muhammad Abdul Karim and his teenage sons had either dabbled in smuggling or joined the Iranian Baloch in the hills. For, if they had, this could provide a link between "Ramzi Ahmed Yousef" and Iraq—a connection that American investigators have been attempting to establish for the last two years. But each time they have cobbled together a theory it has collapsed.

IN the fall of 1987, Abdul Basit left Turbat to enroll in an electrical-engineering course at the West Glamorgan Institute of Higher Education—now the Swansea Institute—in South Wales, and in 1989 he received a degree there. These two years, during which he perfected his English, gave him his only experience of living in the Western world, except for the months he spent in New York in the winter of 1992.

On returning to Pakistan, Abdul Basit joined his father, one of his uncles, and



"There are two ways we can go here—one per cent of the gross or ninety-nine per cent of the net."



"I disagree. I think he looks like his father."

at least two of his brothers in Peshawar as an eager recruit for the jihad. The family's links were primarily with the Islamic Alliance and Professor Abdurrah Rasul Sayyaf, the radical anti-American cleric of the University of Dawa and Jihad. Sayyaf was, like Abdul Basit's father, a Wahhabi, and was lavishly funded by Saudi Arabia. Of the twenty-five thousand or so non-Afghan Islamic militants from some thirty countries around the world who fought in the jihad, the largest single number fought with Sayyaf. And it was with them that Abdul Basit became a seasoned fighter. He adopted the nom de guerre Ramzi, but some of his fellow-fighters knew him as Rashid. His electrical-engineering background served him well, and he became a skillful builder of enormous bombs. According to those who know him or are studying him now, he carries the scars of battle with flamboyance and style. He is described, variously, as being partly blind—or at least light-sensitive—in his right eye; as having burn marks on his feet; and as having fingers, or fingernails, that are

disfigured or deformed—all byproducts of his bomb-making.

Long after the sixty or so C.I.A. and Special Forces officers who had been overseeing the jihad from Peshawar went home, Abdul Basit and his friends continued their work. They used the Khyber Plaza—a cream-colored apartment building on University Road, one of the city's main thoroughfares—as their headquarters, planning and executing what investigators now believe were terrorist acts that reached from Karachi to the Philippines and perhaps to Bangkok. And, most prominently, to the streets of New York.

"THEY'RE a real disposal problem," a Western diplomat remarked to me one afternoon as we chatted on the veranda of his Peshawar home. We were discussing what he called the "nostalgic jihadis," the Islamic militants who had stayed on after the Soviets left. "These jihadis range from absolute Islamic fanatics or anti-Communist ideologues to those who came just because they

thought it was a good thing, or were looking for adventure," he said. "They are basically well educated, many of them university graduates. They're in a sense like the Abraham Lincoln Brigade that went off to fight in the Spanish Civil War. But, when that war was over, those volunteers went to Paris to write."

Thousands of Islamic volunteers came to the jihad, without passports and without names, from the Palestinian organization Hamas; from Egypt's Gama'a al-Islamiya, whose spiritual mentor is Sheikh Omar Abdel-Rahman, now on trial in Manhattan for seditious conspiracy to wage a "war of urban terrorism against the United States"; from Algeria's Islamic Salvation Front; and from the Philippines' Moro Liberation Front. Others who came and went included Mir Aimal Kansi, a now thirty-year-old fugitive who is accused of killing two C.I.A. employees and wounding three more when he suddenly opened fire on them as they sat in their cars at

a congested traffic intersection outside C.I.A. headquarters, in Langley, Virginia, in January of 1993. Like Abdul Basit, Kansi is from Balochistan, and, like him, he is thought to have fought in the jihad—with the forces of Rasul Sayyaf. Over the past two years, agents from the C.I.A. and the F.B.I. have conducted a series of abortive raids, in Peshawar and Balochistan, in attempts to capture him, but he has always been forewarned, and quietly slipped into Afghanistan.

Some of the foreign jihadis have gone to Bosnia, or have infiltrated across frontiers to fight in the civil war in Tajikistan or in the insurgency against India in the disputed border state of Kashmir. Still others fought and went home, where many are now engaged in open warfare with secular governments.

Perhaps the single most frightening consequence of the jihad is that the new jihadis and the old leaders of the C.I.A.'s war have access to more than five hundred "missing" Stinger anti-aircraft missiles. Stingers are among the deadliest weapons in the world. They were given

to the mujahideen by the C.I.A., and today they are reported to fetch well over a hundred thousand dollars each on the black markets of Pakistan and the Middle East. Some of the missiles, which are capable of destroying aircraft at a range of three miles, have been bought by the revolutionary government in Iran; others appeared in a military parade in the tiny Sultanate of Qatar. Two Stingers were bought by Islamic fighters in Tajikistan, and another two were purchased by a militant separatist group in the Philippines, Abu Sayyaf, to which Abdul Basit has been linked.

SOON after Abdul Basit walked out of J.F.K. Airport in September of 1992, he appeared in Brooklyn, in a primarily Arab neighborhood along Atlantic Avenue. He told most people that his name was Rashed, and said he was from Iraq, but not everyone in the neighborhood believed him; certainly the Iraqis didn't. Not only was his accent Palestinian when he spoke Arabic (and Indian or Pakistani when he spoke English, they thought) but he didn't know anything about Baghdad—not even about the fish restaurants along the Euphrates, or the central market. One of his landladies, an Iraqi, was suspicious of him from the start. She tried to find his passport, but his briefcase was usually hidden away, and it was always locked.

Abdul Basit had a mission, investigators say: putting together a team of Islamic extremists from Brooklyn and Jersey City, all of whom were linked to the Afghanistan jihad, and turning their wildest fantasies of holy war into a nightmarish reality on American soil. Investigators believe that he was sent to the United States at someone's behest, and had not previously known any of the men who were recruited for the bombing. It may be that outraged supporters of Sayyid Nosair, who was charged with the 1990 murder of Rabbi Meir Kahane, acquitted, and then sentenced to seven to twenty-two years in prison on weapons charges relating to the crime, had something to do with it.

"To these guys, Nosair was a saint," one investigator said to me, "and we think his sentencing is what crystallized it all. These guys wanted to do something to lash out. I doubt that they knew what—but they began casting their net about. One of them"—Mahmud Abou-

halima, a Brooklyn taxi-driver from Egypt who fought in the jihad and was Sheikh Omar's chauffeur until the two had a falling out—"travelled to the Middle East and to Pakistan. And there's a very good likelihood that it all came together in Peshawar, in the spring of 1992."

It is perhaps not surprising that Abdul Basit's first known stop in Brooklyn was the Alkifah Refugee Center, which had been set up from Peshawar by Sheikh Abdullah Azzam, whose efforts to internationalize the jihad had been generously funded by Saudi Arabia. For Muslims in the United States, the center had become a matrix of fundamentalist passion. It also may have been, according to a ranking Egyptian government official and several investigators, a front organization for the C.I.A. during the jihad: money is said to have been laundered through it, weapons transferred, and Arab-Americans recruited and trained. Over two million dollars a year was sent from Alkifah to the Afghan battlefields.

Abdul Basit also frequented the mosques in Brooklyn and Jersey City where Sheikh Omar—who had arrived in the United States two years earlier—preached his fiery message of jihad. And it was from among the followers of the Sheikh, all of whom were active at Alkifah, that the team that blew up the World Trade Center was recruited: two Palestinians; Mahmud Abouhalima, the Egyptian taxi-driver who may have cast the original net; and three or four others who were never brought to trial, either because they had left the country or because their lawyers plea-bargained out of court, or because they remain unknown.

From the start, the plot and the accused plotters didn't seem to match. The plot was ambitious, but the execution was amateurish. There were bomb-making mistakes and premature explosions, and in January of 1993 Muhammad Salameh—who was ultimately convicted of driving the rented Ryder van that carried the bomb into the Twin Towers garage—crashed his car, with Abdul Basit in the passenger seat, which led to Abdul Basit's hospitalization for over a week.

"It would never have happened without Ramzi Yousef," one investigator told me. "He built it, he organized the whole

thing." And then he slipped away, leaving behind many unanswered questions. At the trial of his four alleged accomplices, early in 1994, none of the central mysteries were addressed: Who ordered the bombing? What was the motive? Who financed it?

Abdul Basit flew out of New York on February 26, 1993, the day the bomb went off. The plane on which he travelled may even have flown over the World Trade Center and the clouds of acrid black smoke that punctuated the sky.

"Is he an evil genius or a streetwise kid from Turbat who was very lucky?" I asked one American investigator.

"I go for the evil-genius theory," he replied. "The times he has tripped up—including when he was captured—were all by accident. He always got away with everything he was involved in. And, tempting as it must have been for him to see the apocalypse at the World Trade Center, he was on the plane that night. If he were just a street-smart kid, I'm not sure he would have had that kind of discipline."

MUCH about Abdul Basit is anomalous. All his causes have been Islamic, but he is not particularly Islamic himself. He rarely attended Friday prayers, a fellow-fighter in Peshawar said, nor did he fast during Ramadan, and he seemed to savor particularly the more indulgent aspects of night life in Manila, where in the year preceding his arrest he spent a considerable amount of time. One of his friends, a graduate student at Islamabad's International Islamic University, told me that in his view the most extraordinary thing about Abdul Basit was that he seemed to enjoy learning about new cultures, new people,

new languages—and then, with the same enthusiasm, blowing those cultures up.

Not only was Abdul Basit the alleged mastermind of the World Trade Center bombing but, according to the indictment brought against him in New York on March 22nd, he had, in December of last year, planted another of his bombs aboard a Philippine Airlines flight (it killed one passenger and wounded several others); and he was about to embark on a far more ambitious plan to blow up a number of American airliners. That plan was aborted in January, when he and



some friends from the group called Abu Sayyaf mixed a witches' brew of chemicals in the kitchen sink of a rented Manila apartment and caused a minor explosion and fire. Abdul Basit fled, but he left behind a lot of chemicals, and also all his carefully worked-out plans and his phone directory, on a computer disk. Revelations from the disk included plans to assassinate Pope John Paul II on his visit to Manila and to carry out a kamikaze-style plane crash into the headquarters of the C.I.A.

Abdul Basit had also left behind the name Ramzi Ahmed Yousef, which, after all, had been no more than a name on an Iraqi passport used for a specific operation. In some circles, he was known as Abdul Basit again; in others, there was a string of new aliases on new passports used to move between Peshawar and Manila, Afghanistan, Bangkok, and the Middle East. It was to Manila, however, that he most often returned, and where he was spending an increasing amount of time with the Abu Sayyaf group, some of whose members he had come to know well during the jihad, when they fought together with Professor Rasul Sayyaf.

The fighters attached to Sayyaf have become increasingly active in Pakistan recently—particularly in the port city of Karachi, which is the country's financial and political heart and has come to resemble Beirut in many ways. More than a thousand people have been gunned down in its streets in the past fourteen months, either in religious or ethnic warfare or in turf battles between drug barons and racketeers or in an increasingly vengeful proxy war between Iran and Saudi Arabia. Abdul Basit's principal alliance in Karachi was with the S.S.P.—the Sipah-e-Sahaba Pakistan—a militant group of Sunni supremacists with a huge stockpile of arms, its own training camps, and an ideology that emphasizes the "termination" of Shiites. For Abdul Basit, according to his friends, this was one of the most attractive things about the S.S.P., since it embodies the visceral anti-Shiitism he was raised on; in fact, Pakistani intelligence sources say that one of its underground commanders is his father, Muhammad Abdul Karim.

The elder Abdul Karim, who is now fifty-eight, has for the past two years

moved between Pakistan and Iran, crossing the tribal border in Balochistan, whether as a saboteur or as a drug runner or as a combination of the two is still unclear. Abdul Basit seems to have sometimes travelled with him, and has been credited—as "Ramzi Yousef"—in a newspaper in Pakistan with blowing up a Shiite shrine in the Iranian city of Mashad last June. Some seventy people were wounded and at least twenty-four were killed.

ABDUL BASIT's life as one of America's most-wanted men came to an end almost as suddenly as it began. His alleged co-conspirators in the World Trade Center bombing had implicated "Ramzi Yousef" when they were arrested, and the F.B.I. had on several occasions laid elaborate plans to capture him in Pakistan, but each time he had been alerted and had disappeared, either into Karachi's underground or across the border into Afghanistan.

No one from the F.B.I. or other agencies of the United States government or from Pakistan's various intelligence services had ever seriously considered the possibility that someone from Abdul Basit's circle of friends would betray him, but that is what happened. Another member of Sayyaf's group, a South African Muslim graduate student named Ishtiaq Parker, turned him in. Parker may have wanted a two-million-dollar reward that the F.B.I. had posted. Or he may have feared that Abdul Basit would punish him because he had refused to carry a bomb aboard an American jet. Or, having been implicated as a suspected terrorist himself, he may have agreed to testify against Abdul Basit in exchange for immunity.

On the evening of February 6th, his last night of freedom, Abdul Basit spent most of his time in his room at the Su Casa Guest House in Islamabad, tinting his hair and making at least two bombs. Had he looked out his window, he probably would have seen a dozen agents from the F.B.I., the State Department's Bureau of Diplomatic Security, and Pakistan's I.S.I. They were hoping that Abdul Basit would lead them to his friends. Ultimately, he did. When he was not working on his hair or stuffing explosives into two toy cars, he was on the

phone—a phone that was not equipped for long-distance dialling. Calls had to be placed through the hotel receptionist, and no sooner had Abdul Basit's numbers been connected than one or another of the agents outside would dart into the lobby and take the number down. Three of the calls were to Abdul Basit's Peshawar neighborhood, University Town.

By the time I arrived in Peshawar, Abdul Basit's arrest and the telephone calls had rocked the city's militant Islamic underground. On the day of my arrival, six foreign jihadis were arrested in security sweeps. Arrest warrants were issued for two of Abdul Basit's brothers, Abdul Mu-neim and Abdul Karim, and for a maternal uncle of his, whom police in Peshawar later identified as Zahid Sheikh, the regional manager of the Swiss-based charity Mercy International. Surprisingly, no one made any mention of Muhammad Abdul Karim, the father of Abdul Basit. He seemed to have vanished into the murky Karachi underground.

ABDUL BASIT has pleaded not guilty to all the charges against him, and is now awaiting trial in a heavily guarded cell in the same Manhattan prison that holds Sheikh Omar Abdel-Rahman. Abdul Basit is reported to have said that he is an "admirer" of the Sheikh, and the source of that admiration is of abiding interest to the F.B.I., which has thus far been unable to establish a link between them, other than the fact that Abdul Basit allegedly recruited followers of the Sheikh, and that both men served American interests during the C.I.A.'s jihad in Afghanistan. The lack of any known connection between the two has put federal prosecutors into something of a predicament. How can the United States government, in two separate trials, charge two different men with being the mastermind of the World Trade Center attack?

The F.B.I. continues to be so nervous about Abdul Basit's bomb-making skills that he is not permitted a television set in his cell. Recent indications are that he is not adapting well to prison isolation. Some six weeks after his arrest, he released an eight-page diatribe to the press in which he said that Palestinians had a right to attack the United States for its support of Israel. "Since the U.S. government, every year, sends military and

financial aid worth hundreds of millions of dollars to Israel," he wrote, "all Muslims have the right to regard themselves in a state of war with the U.S. government." His court-appointed lawyer maintained that this was not a confession, but the statement is clearly prejudicial, and offers a motive for the bombing of the World Trade Center. It also indicates that Abdul Basit's defense at his trial will be political.

On April 12th, Abdul Basit spoke again, this time to an Arabic-language newspaper, *al-Hayat*, which is owned by a Saudi prince. Abdul Basit proclaimed his innocence in the Trade Center bombing but then, in a bizarre twist, said that the target of the bomb was not the towers at all but a "Zionist official" who presumably worked there, and that it was a perfectly "legal act."

F.B.I. officials have enjoyed Abdul Basit's shifting moods, thinking that he may inadvertently reveal who sent him from Peshawar to New York in 1992 and who financed his operation once he was here. There had been tantalizing hints of ties to Iraq: Abdul Basit's two Iraqi passports and, at one time, his claim to Iraqi nationality; the fact that another suspect in the bombing "fled" to Baghdad; and Saddam Hussein's history of funding covert networks, including the Iranian Baloch in the hills of the Makran Range. Saddam Hussein had a motive for the bombing—revenge. The attack on the Trade Center occurred on the second anniversary of his defeat in the Persian Gulf War.

Abdul Basit is not an Iraqi, of course, and the other suspect's journey to Baghdad may not have been a "flight." Abdul Rahman Yasin, one of Abdul Basit's roommates in Brooklyn, had cooperated with the F.B.I. to the extent of giving agents a tour of the converted garage where the bomb was made, and even though he is now wanted by the F.B.I., the agency has never requested his extradition from Baghdad, where he lives quite openly in his family's home.

And what of the anniversary of the Persian Gulf War? The bombing of the World Trade Center was planned to occur considerably earlier, but—what with all the mishaps that ensnared the motley group, including the crash of Salameh's car, which in itself delayed the bombing for at least two weeks—frus-

trated investigators now concede that they no longer see an anniversary link. The Iraqi connection seems particularly dubious if one believes, as most investigators now do, that the key to the bombing lies in Peshawar's militant Islamic underground and with the children of the Afghan jihad. Saddam Hussein, one of the Arab world's most secular leaders, conspicuously distanced himself from that war.

Since all the groups to which Abdul Basit and his father have been linked—including Sayyaf's Islamic Alliance and the S.S.P.—fought in the jihad and received financial backing from Saudi Arabia, I asked one ranking American investigator if he considered it plausible that Saudi funding, even if it was indirect, had enabled Abdul Basit to build the World Trade Center bomb. He paled slightly, and then replied, "If it was ever established that one of our major allies, for whom we've gone to war and sacrificed American lives— If a definitive link was ever made to such a government, I can only tell you there will be hell to pay."

FOLLOWING Abdul Basit's extradition from Pakistan, nervous officials waited for retaliation, but the next month passed quietly. Then, on March 8th, exactly a month after Abdul Basit was taken to the United States, a white Toyota van from the United States consulate in Karachi that was ferrying three American staff members to work was ambushed as it stopped for a traffic light on one of Karachi's busiest boulevards. Four masked men jumped out of a stolen cab and sprayed the van with seventy-six rounds of Kalashnikov fire.

In a city that is considered the most anarchic on the Indian subcontinent—and one of the most dangerous in Asia—the list of possible suspects was long. But the prevailing view among investigators is that the attack, which killed two of the three Americans, one of them a communications expert from the C.I.A., was in retribution for Abdul Basit's extradition to the United States and had been organized and planned by an underground commander of the S.S.P., somewhere in Karachi or in Balochistan. Abdul Basit's comrades in the global jihad seem not to have abandoned him. ♦



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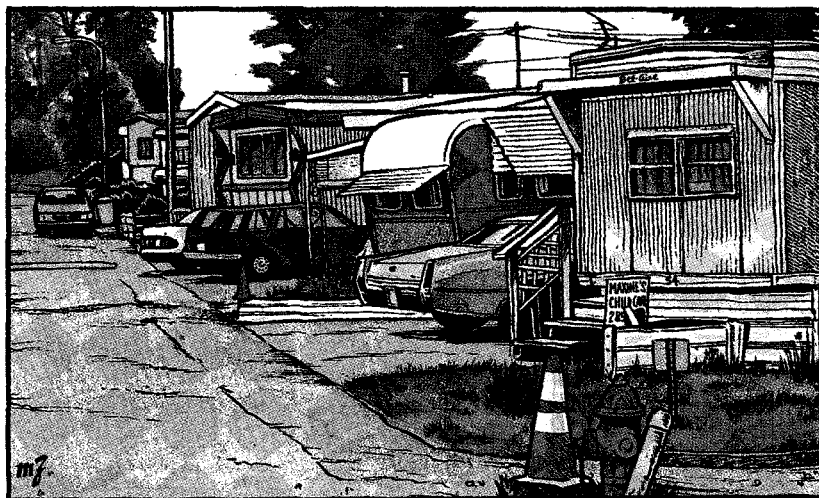
WE JUST UP AND LEFT

Who lives in trailer parks today? Families, the elderly, migrants, wanderers—and people who, for one reason or another, want to get lost in the margins.

BY SUSAN ORLEAN

A GUY known as the Catman lived in Portland Meadows Mobile Home Park for a while; he had a hundred cats and a mouse-colored trailer, which he parked in Space 19, near a knobby maple tree. This happened to be prior to the animal-weight restriction—that is, the rule that residents in the park could not own a pet that weighed more than twenty pounds. None of the Cat-

in the park only a few years, but everyone could hardly wait for him to go; when he finally did, he pulled his trailer out and then sowed broken glass and planted pieces of barbed wire and crisscrossed fishing line all over his parking space. Some people stay for ages and are nearly unseen. They could disappear and no one would look for them, because no one would notice they were gone. Last



man's cats weighed more than around ten, but if you added them together they would probably have weighed close to a thousand, and if the twenty-pound rule had been in effect they might have required some sort of waiver. This is all academic, because before the rule was enacted the Catman had hitched his trailer to his pickup and packed up his animals, and in a matter of minutes all hundred and one of them were gone. In Portland Meadows, as in all trailer parks, people come and go. Everyone everywhere comes and goes, but people who live in trailers live in a constant state of possible mobility. Some people come to Portland Meadows, on the outskirts of Portland, Oregon, and then leave after no time; some people stay too long. A man who hated everyone and used a battery-operated bullhorn for normal conversation stayed

April, the park newsletter noted one of the hazards of being invisible: "We must request that persons PLEASE not be getting inside the dumpsters. . . . A person could be knocked out trying to get into or out of a dumpster by a slip of the hand or foot and *not* be discovered before the dumpster is emptied." Some people who live in the park, though, make a big impression. A phony blind priest with a Great Dane seeing-eye dog lived in the park for just a couple of months, but no one will forget him: he had lots of high-spirited friends who used to visit, and who didn't seem to mind at all that he wasn't really a priest, that the dog was blind, and that the priest, in fact, was the one with excellent vision.

Victor Nicolaevich Gorbachev, who told me he is Mikhail Gorbachev's cousin, lives in Portland Meadows, in a

MARK ZINGARELLI

crumbly camper with busted pipes. He works as a driver for Space Age Fuel. He has lived in the camper since shortly after he arrived in America, except, he said, for five months he spent in prison. He has moved the camper three times—from Fairbanks to Phoenix to San Francisco to Portland. He says that life in Alaska, Arizona, and California was not particularly pleasant, but he loves Oregon, and for the moment he is planning to stay. Drifting in a house with a license plate is something that Victor Gorbachev considers distinctive about the United States. "In America, the houses are light as wood and you move them around," he says. "In Russia, our houses were made of bricks."

Portland Meadows is in a saucer of land rimmed by the Columbia River, the Willamette River, and the stagnant, coffee-colored Columbia Slough. Downtown Portland is a few miles south. To the north and the east lie the snowy tops of Mt. Adams, Mt. St. Helens, and Mt. Hood. To the west are a race-car track and a horse track and the bundled black strands of the railroad tracks. It is an empty-feeling landscape of big, homely things—big trucks, big truck stops, a big toy warehouse. In 1915, when the park opened, it was called Portland Auto Camp, and on advertising placards its address was given as "Union Avenue and North Edge City Limits." The park lies low. The land it sits on is two feet below sea level. It may be the lowest point in Portland. It is part of the Columbia River floodplain; several times in this century, it has been under water. Jim Benson, who manages the park with his wife, Jan, says, "We're way down. We're really down in a hole." Now the address is 9000 Northeast Martin Luther King, Jr., Boulevard, but from the road there is no sign of the park, no front gate or portal: there is only a steep-pitched driveway, unmarked and unremarkable, that looks like one of the narrow off-ramps that truck drivers use when their rigs are running away. At the bottom of the driveway are a speed bump and a pothole, and then the asphalt levels off and the park spills out in every direction, like a puddle. Except that it is older and bigger, Portland Meadows is a lot like any other trailer park. It has some two hundred trailer spaces, a beauty parlor, and a dusty box of a building called the

Country Store. It has an office and a laundromat. It has a dozen narrow lanes that even have names—Main Street, A Street, Twelfth Street. At any given moment, several hundred people live here. Some are single, many are divorced, some are old; there are babies and children; there are people living on welfare and people with more money who just like low-maintenance living that they can take on the road. There are Elkhart Travelers and Airstreams and cab-over-campers, bulky Detroiters and Travelers and double-wide longs. None of this is visible from the road. I lived in Portland for five years and drove up and down this block of Northeast Martin Luther King, Jr., Boulevard a million times and never saw anything to suggest that scores of lives were unfolding a few feet below me. People find their way here, anyway. One recent afternoon a boyish-faced man with wheat-colored hair stopped by the trailer-park office. "You got any trailers for rent?" he asked.

"No rentals," Jan Benson told him. "You rent the space but not the trailer. I'm sorry, honey, you have to own your own."

"I've been motelling it for two months," the man said, jiggling his keys. His eyes had pink edges. He leaned on the counter, musing a pile of Post Office change-of-address forms and flyers advertising pizza delivery and one noting the next meeting of the Portland Meadows Mobile Home Park Bible-study group. "I come here from Missoula. I been bouncing from place to place. It's me and my two kids."

Jan clucked at him soothingly. She is as big as a fullback, with thin, streaky hair and flushed cheeks, and the tiniest, twangiest voice you've ever heard. "Why don't you buy yourself a trailer, hon?" she said. She pulled out a map of the park. "Let's see. No. 86 is for sale, she can't pay her rent, she's deceased is why. Sixty-five is for sale—they're wanting more acreage, and our spaces aren't that humungous. Sixty-three is a repo, seventy-three is a repo."

"What kind of money are they wanting?" he asked.

She went over prices—four thousand for an old single-wide of about eight hundred square feet, ten thousand for something bigger. She told him the rent for a space was two hundred and sixty dollars a month. It is probably the cheapest possible way to live in Portland,

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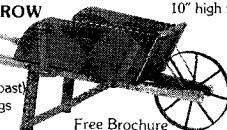
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"Dennison. Court-ordered reconciled party of two."

and buying a trailer is certainly the cheapest possible way to live that would allow you to own something. He said he liked the idea of owning. Then she mentioned that all applicants in the park have to obtain and submit a police report detailing any criminal record they might have.

"Let me be totally honest," he said. "I been to prison. Eight years ago, though, and now I'm all done with my supervised parole."

"It'll probably be O.K.," Jan said. "But we have to visually see the report before we can rent to you." They talked a moment more about his parole, about his bouncing around from motel to motel, about how he'd come to Portland to settle some legal matters and that he didn't know if he would stay very long, but that if he bought one of the trailers he could take it along with him no matter where he wandered next. Then Jan mentioned the twenty-pound rule—the restriction on the size of pets in the park. He listened, and a broody look crossed his face.

"I'm just thinking," he said, after a moment. "How would that apply to a Rottweiler puppy?"

DREAMERS come up with dreamy names for trailer parks. In Oregon, there is Shady Rest, Cedar Shade,

Cherry Grove, Rockwood, Fir Haven, Tall Firs, Stark Fir, Pine Cove. There are trailer parks with restful, poetic names in every state in the country. Often, nothing about them is actually bucolic. Chaos and sadness always visit poor people's lives, but some trailer parks like Portland Meadows seem to attract extra tragedy—tornadoes seek them out, fires race through them, shootouts take place in them. People I met in parks in Oregon seemed matter-of-fact about disaster. One morning, I drove from Portland Meadows to Carver Mobile Ranch, which is about twenty miles south. It is a more serene place, full of retirees. The endpoint of the Oregon Trail is a few miles down the road. A portion of the old trail lies just behind two of the trailers. I had been invited to drop in on a weekly crafts group that meets in one of them. When I arrived, the women in the group were stitching needlepoint Christmas trinkets. I sat next to a woman named Edith, who was working on a Santa Claus paper-towel holder. She had springy brown curls and a narrow chest; her elbows were pointed and bony, and she poked them out as she stitched. She and her late husband used to work in a trailer factory in Loveland, Colorado, and they lived in a trailer then, too.

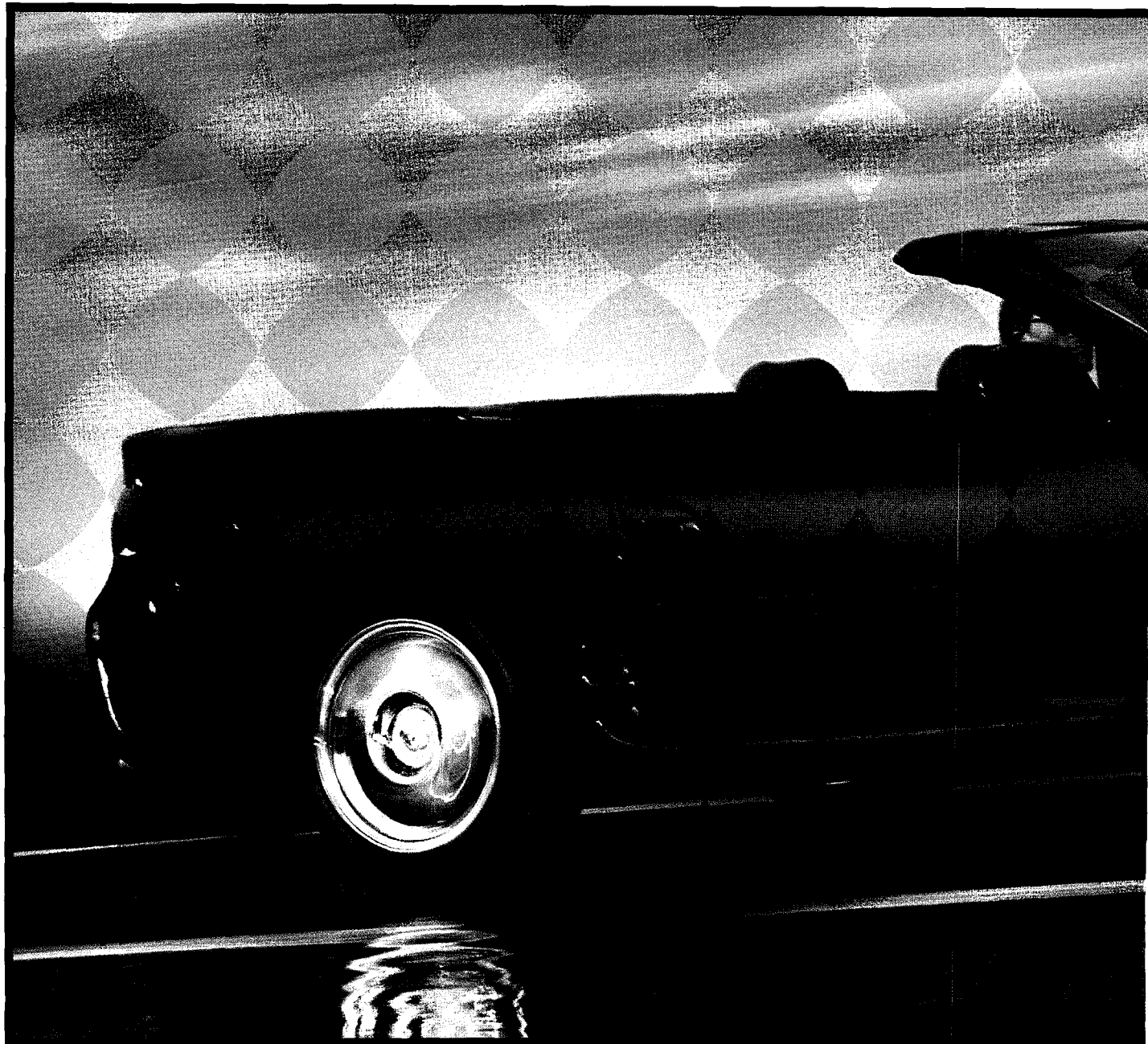
"When the wages dropped in the sixties, we just up and left," she said. "Up and left." She eventually got to Oregon and went to work at a packinghouse, and then a pottery factory, and then a cherry-packing plant, and then a printing press. Before she and her husband got out of Colorado, a storm hit their trailer. She said, "We were blown over, and we couldn't get out. We were tipped over onto our side, and I opened the door and I was looking upwards. But that wasn't so bad. We were used to it. The wind would get to blowing all the time, and then the hitch would flap and the dresser drawers would come wide open." The women then began reminiscing about which of their neighbors had been washed out in the '64 flood or blown away with the Columbus Day windstorm in '62. "That time, there were three trailers smashed together," one

woman was saying. Edith looked up from her stitching and said, "Not yours, though, I remember. Yours got wrapped around the light pole."

Trailers are cheap housing, and cheap housing often looks rough and plain and worn out, but trailer parks, on top of that, look lonesome. In the West, trailer parks are often set outside the city on bare sheets of land; the sweep of the sky, the walls of mountains, the vacancy around them make them look tossed down at random, and as insubstantial and easy to crush as a pile of cardboard boxes. John Bunnell, the sheriff of Multnomah County, whose jurisdiction includes Portland Meadows, told me that trailer parks are populated with elderly folks and migrant workers and people with no money who need shelter, but that he mostly thought of trailer parks as places to go if you want to get lost, so they are the first places he heads when he's looking for a suspect. He said that because trailer parks are isolated and secluded, they harbor a lot of crime, like drug dealing and prostitution; law-enforcement people have nicknamed the worst parks "Felony Flats." Portland Meadows, he said, had been cleaned up recently, but for years it was famous for its vice. He said that trailer parks are exactly where he would have gone looking



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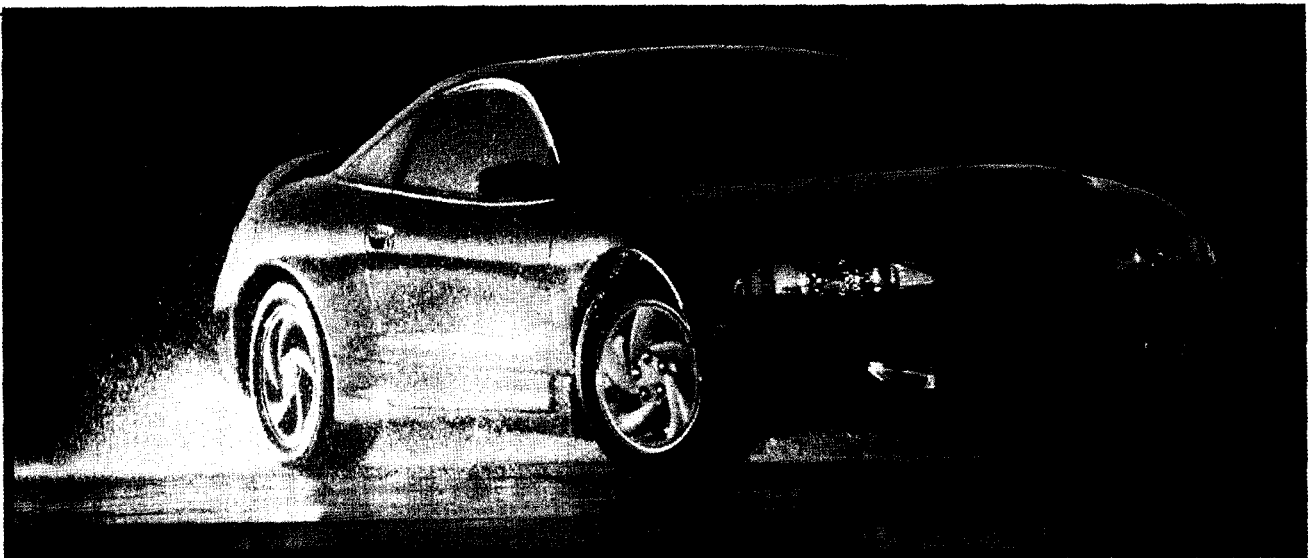
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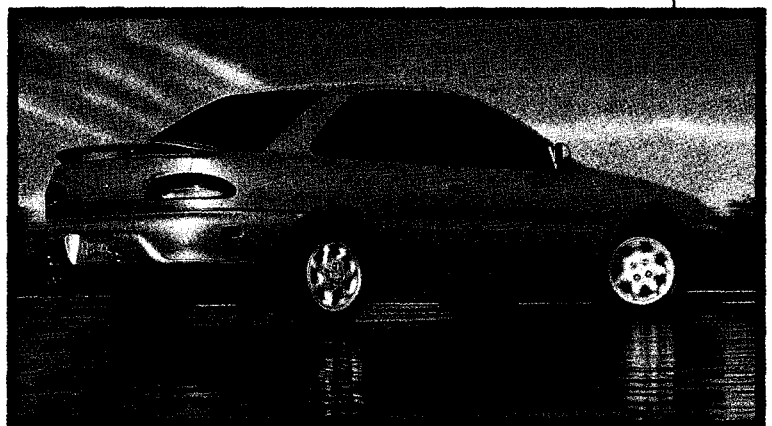


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for someone like Timothy McVeigh, someone who wanted to live in the margins, to be self-contained, to conduct business unnoticed. Then he added that he never passes a trailer park without getting the creeps, because the first crime scene he ever investigated was in a park near Portland: in the middle of the night, a drunk, half asleep in his trailer, had heard a noise, grabbed his gun, and fired. The bullet pierced the wall of the trailer as if it were cutting through a cracker; it struck a three-year-old boy, who was peeing outside, and killed him.

It takes only twenty minutes to unhitch a little trailer and get it on the road. It takes only a couple of hours to unhitch and mobilize a big one. A strong wind can blow a trailer loose in a second or so. Trailers are hardly attached to anything. In a park, small ones sit on their wheels; large ones sit on blocks. Sometimes they are secured by chains to a chunk of concrete sunk six feet below ground, which trailer people refer to as a dead man.

JIM BENSON was doing some maintenance work around the park when I arrived, so I rode in his pickup as he made his afternoon rounds. We bumped along, past a tan Buddy, a cream-and-brown Lamplighter, a turquoise Vagabond with an Astroturf-carpeted porch, a Traveleze with two American flags and bumper stickers saying "Support America" and "No Cash on Premises." A school bus had just dropped the trailer-park kids off, and three little girls with pale shaggy haircuts were chasing behind us on bikes. Jim pointed to different trailers as we passed them: "That one's horse people, they left it behind to sell it. This one's a truck driver. That next is a shipyard fellow, retired. This is a trucker, been here a month only. This one's a truck driver and his wife, her dad owned the trailer before and now they got it, so they're second generation. This one's— I don't know them, they're people that keep to themselves. This one's a young woman and her son. That one's a fellow who owns five other trailers in the park and rents them. In that double-wide shorty, that's a couple that has a boat, a trailer, a van, a dog, and a lot of kids, and they home-teach their kids. This one's a lady who's been here thirty years, and this one's Art Powers,

and he's been here probably thirty-five. Art's wife just died. She fell, and when they went to the hospital she said, 'Dad, I won't be coming home,' and she didn't."

A wide woman who was crouched in front of her trailer stood up and waved as we drove by. She was wearing green shorts and a mechanic's jacket. Her hair was piled and twisted like a French cruller. Jim banged on the brakes when he saw her, and then rolled down his window. The woman rested her elbow on his side mirror. "Just look at two-forty's yard," she said to Jim. "It sure looks pretty."

"They're getting there," Jim said. "Two-forty-one's not bad, either." The two of them looked up and down the row of trailers. After a moment, Jim said, "What are you up to?"

"To tell you the truth," she said, "I'm out here murdering."

"Sugar ants," Jim said, nodding. "Murder some for me, will you?"

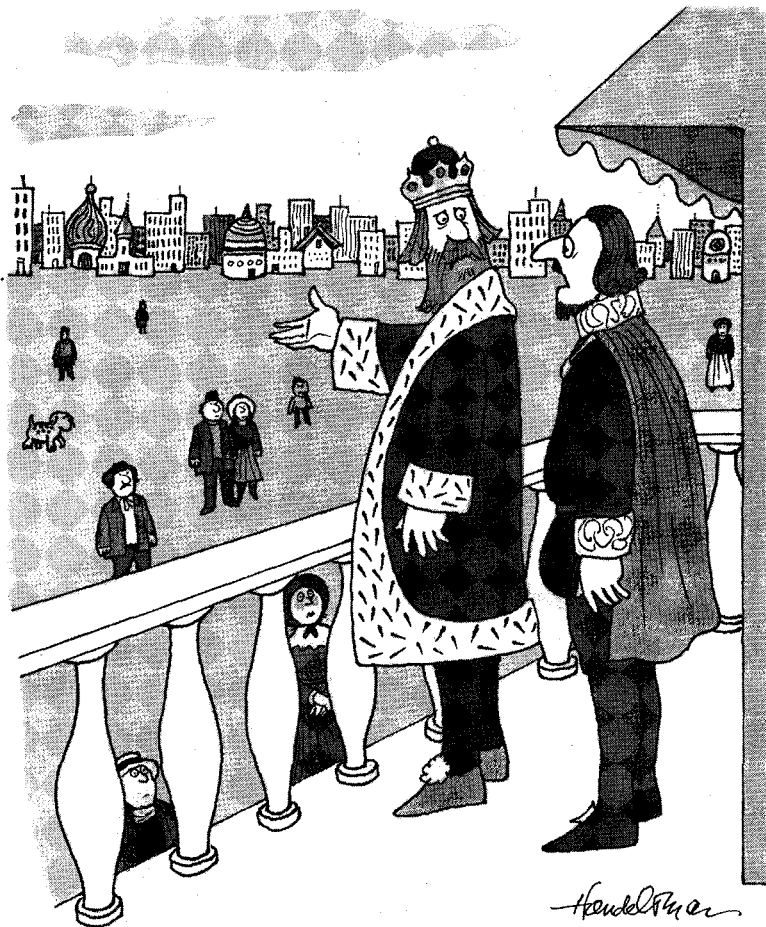
A long-haul trucker was working in his garden, tearing out a dead rhododendron bush and putting a new one in. The plot of land was about the size of a tablecloth. The trucker told me that he lived in the trailer with his bartender bride. His family had lived in Oregon for five generations. "We owned all the land from here to the mountains," he said. "We were into building. My family built half the houses in southeast Portland. I lived in a house in southeast for a while, but it got too built-up for me. Everyone pays attention to your business, and I don't like that. You can't even cut a shrub without getting a permit." His trowel crunched the dirt. He said that several roads and one neighborhood in the city had been named for his family, and that his grandfather eventually sold all his land to the Port of Portland for three cents an acre. "I own my trailer, and I can go when I want to," he said. "But, as far as land, I don't even have a sliver."

A bulky man in a plaid shirt was sitting in his trailer with the door open, and from my seat in the pickup truck I

could see his living room and kitchen and even what he was watching on TV. I got out and went over to his open door. He said he didn't want to talk to anybody, and then he started telling me that his trailer was the exact same brand as Lucille Ball's trailer in a movie called "The Long Long Trailer," which he saw once when he was messing around watching TV. I asked him where he'd been living before he got his trailer, and he said, "In a motel, I guess." He was watching a daytime talk show about women discovering that their boyfriends are transvestites, and every few minutes he would stop talking to watch the show for a moment, and then he would exclaim, "Now, would you get a load of that!" He told me he'd moved into the motel after he got divorced, and moved into a camper after that. "Then I bought a little bitty travel-trailer, and moved here, and then I traded up for this one. I had a little poodle at the time, and she went crazy when she saw this much space." The poodle had been run over by someone backing a trailer out, and he hadn't got another dog, because the whole thing made him too sad. Hanging above the television set were two framed photographs of racehorses, and I asked about them. "Well, I never had any interest in horses," he said. "The park's right by the track, but that made no matter to me. But in 1987 I was talking to my neighbor and he was a race-tracker, and I told him that I was looking for an investment, and he said, 'Buy a horse,' and well, you know what? I did. I was sober at the time, too."

On my way back to the office, I saw a man I had noticed around the park buying candy in the Country Store or just loafing around outside his trailer. He told me his name was Paul May. He had a blocky upper body and long graying hair and a frozen, startled look in his eyes. Most days when I had seen him, he was wearing a black cowboy hat decorated with plastic animal teeth, a souvenir sweatshirt from New York City, and jeans. I told him I'd seen him around, and he said, "I saw you, too. I spent two and half years in Vietnam. I got an extra set of eyes." He told me that his stepdaughter from his first marriage hadn't talked to him in years, and he wondered whether it had something to do with the fact that he'd fought in Vietnam. He had been in the park for





*"It's as big a turnout as we could manage, Sire.
There's so much cynicism these days."*

only a month. He was staying in a ratty old trailer that someone who had been evicted had left behind. His own trailer hadn't yet arrived. It had been his grandmother's trailer, and she had recently died, so he was having it hauled here and was going to share it with his brother. Paul said he was a floor-care maintenance man working a graveyard shift, and that his brother was a forklift operator. His grandmother's trailer had three bedrooms and two baths, and he said it was beautiful. He used to be an eighteen-wheel long-haul truck driver, and, after he got divorced, he decided to just live in his truck or on the road. Then, for a while, he tried living in an apartment in Oregon City, and he hated it—hated having somebody over his head, underneath him, and on both sides. Trucking, he said, ran in his family. His mother, who is seventy-two, is a long-haul interstate driver. "She just got a new truck, she and her husband," he

said. "They'll be driving it coast to coast." Paul asked me where I lived, and I said New York. He whistled and said, "That's pretty spendy living. I like to save my money." Right now, he was saving his money to buy gifts for his girlfriend. He said, "I like buying her things that make her feel special. She works really hard. She's an exotic dancer, and she has a little boy, and she's scraping to make things happen." For Mother's Day, he had paid to send her and her mother to Glamour Shots, a service where for a fee you get a fancy makeup session and then a photo session. Now he said he was planning to surprise her with a diamond ring and tickets for an all-expenses-paid trip to Mexico by herself—both of which he thought would help her decide to make a commitment to him. He said he was ready for the relationship. I asked where his girlfriend lived. "I'm not precisely sure," he said slowly. "I know it's some kind of neighborhood."

I walked up the path to a trailer that belonged to a young woman named Celina, who worked as Jan's assistant manager until she got pregnant. Jan told me that Celina had recently broken her leg trying to do the Hokey-Pokey on roller skates, and also that she had her hands full with her baby, so I thought she'd be home, but the trailer was shut tight. The windows were high slits, and they were curtained; there was no way even to peek in. The trailer seemed more than closed—it seemed sealed and seamless and impenetrable. I knocked anyway. My knock rattled the door and made a flat, metallic sound, as if I were knocking on a can of tuna.

HOW Jan and Jim came to manage the trailer park is a roundabout story. Jan was explaining to me once how fast an old trailer can burn down, and then told me a story about one night when she was the assistant manager here. She and Jim were asleep in their trailer when they got a call about a fire. Jan called the fire department, and as she went out the door to check out the burning trailer she tripped and fell and hit her head hard, and then got up and steadied herself and continued. She arrived at the burning trailer, saw that no one was inside, went looking for the tenant, found her at her parents' trailer, broke the news to her, and then, while heading back to the fire, noticed a couple of people sleeping in a doghouse beside another trailer. She then briefed the fire department, comforted the hysterical tenant, and reported the squatters in the doghouse to the police. Only about twenty minutes had passed, but by this time the trailer had burned to the ground. Nonetheless, Jan considered the evening a success: when the manager's position opened up, she decided that if she could handle so many things in the middle of a crisis, all the while dizzy-headed from a fall, she ought to apply for the job. It keeps her busy. "We've worked like Trojans to make the place better," she says. "And not everyone's easy to deal with. But as a manager I'm not allowed to cuss people out or hit them. It's considered unprofessional behavior."

The week I spent at Portland Meadows fell at the beginning of the month, when rent was due. There was a lot of turnover, because some people weren't making their rent, and because the

horse-racing season had just ended and all the track people who'd been living at the park had left for the southern Oregon circuit. In the laundromat, a sign was still up, saying "No Washing or Drying of Horse Blankets, Thank You. The Management." New people were moving in. A forklift operator had just bought a trailer from one of the horse people who'd had a losing season. One afternoon, he came into the office while I was talking to Jan, waving a syringe with a crusty-tipped hypodermic needle. He was holding it with a pair of pliers. He said he'd found it while he was cleaning the trailer. "Second one, Jan!" he exclaimed. Then, still waving the pliers, he started chatting about the race-car track just west of the trailer park. "Some of the big drivers come through here," he said. "I like being around them. I got some cars myself. I run Bumpin' Bombers, they're like jalopies. There's Street Stocks, Limited Sportsmen, Late Models, fantastic stuff."

The phone rang. It was someone from one of the trailers calling to tell Jan that there was a woman running around the park dressed only in her underwear. "We can't allow that," Jan said into the phone. "This is a family park." She clamped the receiver with her shoulder, reached for another phone, and called the police, saying, "Yes sir, this is Portland Meadows Mobile Home Park. We have an individual walking around here just in her panties." While she was talking, I flipped through the new park newsletter. There was a calendar showing a happy face on Sundays and a sad face on the day that seventy-two-hour-late rent notices would be sent out, and a puzzle with hidden words in a grid of letters; some of the hidden words were neighbor, maintain, fix, weeds, trash, rats, rent, manager, pain, bugs, garbage, mailbox, hog, and notice. At the counter, a man with lank black hair stood with his arm draped over the shoulder of a weary-looking woman with chopped blond hair and a soft, saggy chin. When Jan hung up the phones, he said, "Jan, this is my long-term sister. She's looking for a For Sale."

Jan said, "We have quite a few. Especially because this is the time of the racetrackers' leaving out." She started

reading the list of trailers for sale. She was interrupted by a woman who came in to ask if she knew a way to remove a tattoo which wouldn't cost a fortune. Jan suggested blemish concealer or bleach water. The woman said, "Well, bless you," and left. The phone rang again; now the nearly naked woman was partially clothed but still roaming around the trailers. Jan called the police with an update and then went back to reading the list of trailers for sale. Kathie Eyler, Jan's assistant manager, had been writing up eviction warnings, and she put her pen down and listened. She has been in the park eight months. Her husband works in construction and is an ordained minister—he runs the Bible-study group in the park. She had lived for years in North Dakota on a sheep ranch thirty miles from anything. Her husband used to own his own company, but it went bankrupt, and then they moved in their trailer four times in four years. "Don't get a single-wide," she cautioned the couple. "Ours is a single-wide, and some parks won't take a single-wide. I don't know what we're going to do, because we want to take ours with us when we retire."



The Avon man came in with a delivery for Jan. The postman came in. "Space 23?" he asked, holding up a wrinkled envelope. Jan said they were gone. Another envelope. "Space 98?" Gone, moved back to southern Oregon to work on a potato farm. Another envelope. Gone, but just to another space in Portland Meadows. I had talked to the guy who'd moved to the other space; he had told me that he'd bought a trailer after living in Chicago, and then moved around for work or to follow better weather or when the mood struck him. He worked now as the assistant manager of a quick-repair auto shop. He said at first he worried that everything about the trailer would be strange—even just getting used to living in something shaped like a shoebox. He worried that it would be noisy, but he said he was used to noise. He said, "After all, I spent years listening to clowns playing bumper tag at midnight in the city of Chicago." He said it was now twelve years since he'd had a real house, and he thought he'd miss something about his old neighborhood and his old life, but he didn't. ♦

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE MYSTERY OF SANDIA CAVE

Some experts quietly sensed that something wasn't quite right with twenty-thousand-year-old Sandia man, who revolutionized American archeology when he was found by the legendary Frank Hibben. Then Sandia man began to vanish.

BY DOUGLAS PRESTON

ON May 6, 1940, *Time* reported news of an event that shook the world of archeology: Frank Hibben, a thirty-year-old scholar with the University of New Mexico, in Albuquerque, had uncovered in a cave in New Mexico's Sandia Mountains evidence of the oldest human culture in the New World. At that time, the key to an archeological site lay in its stratigraphy—the layering of artifacts with such things as bone, charcoal, and sediments. After five years of excavation, Hibben reported that the stratigraphy of Sandia Cave had proved “outstanding.” The first layer consisted of the usual cave debris: dust, pack-rat middens, and bat guano. Below that, student diggers with his expedition had struck a hard stalagmitic crust. In a preliminary report, Hibben described this layer as resting “absolutely unbroken over the whole of the cave floor.” It was a terrific stroke of luck—as if, thousands of years earlier, the entire site had been entombed in concrete. As Hibben wrote in his 1946 book “The Lost Americans,” when the student diggers laid open the crust with sledgehammers and pickaxes “it was like opening the lid of a gigantic sardine can, whose contents would give you all the evidence you wanted for the earliest history of the New World.” Underneath the crust they found a layer of artifacts mingled with the bones of extinct animals, he recounted, and these artifacts belonged to the Folsom people, who thrived in the Southwest perhaps ten thousand years ago and hunted bison with a spearpoint that had a unique, “fluted” shape. The Folsom people, whose culture had been discovered with great fanfare in the nineteen-twenties, were the earliest known human beings in the New World.

But Hibben and his colleagues kept digging. Below the Folsom level, they struck a smooth layer of yellow ochre,

devoid of artifacts. The ochre was a fine-grained sedimentary deposit, laid down during a period of wetness in the cave, whose exact origin was mysterious. What lay beneath this layer was fabulous: the remains of an entirely unknown culture, thousands of years older than Folsom. Hibben theorized that the Sandia Cave people, as he named them, lived at least twenty-five thousand years ago and were big-game hunters. The bones of their prey—mammoth, mastodons, bison—lay scattered about, mixed with spearpoints, scrapers, and other tools. And the spearpoints were peculiar. They had a “shoulder,” or notch, flaked into one side—presumably to provide a place to haft the point to the spear’s shaft—and they looked like nothing that had been found in the Southwest before. Indeed, Hibben noted, these Sandia points bore an extraordinary resemblance to a European type of spearpoint, called the Solutrean, that had been found in France and Spain.

An archeologist could hardly have discovered a better site: the only thing missing was the bones of Sandia man himself. In fact, it was almost too good to be true, for the archeological community had been eagerly hoping for two discoveries—a pre-Folsom people and a connection to the Old World—and Sandia Cave provided both. The Sandia point fitted right in between the Old World Solutrean and the New World Folsom: it had a single shoulder, like the Solutrean, but some of the Sandia points also showed the fluting characteristic of Folsom—a technique known only in the New World. “It was the missing link that everyone had been looking for,” one archeologist told me. It implied that Sandia man, the earliest American, had a European origin.

Sandia man had a revolutionary impact on New World archeology. Text-

books were revised. By the end of the nineteen-forties, every student of American archeology learned first about Sandia man—or the Sandia complex, as the culture was termed. In 1961, Congress declared Sandia Cave a National Historic Landmark, and a bronze plaque was affixed below it, noting that the site possessed “national significance in commemorating the history of the United States of America.” Today, Sandia Cave is a tourist site, with a parking lot, paths, signs, railings, and a spiral staircase leading to the cave itself. After all, if Hibben’s twenty-five-thousand-year-old dating is correct, Sandia man represents a culture twice as old as any other generally accepted human culture in the New World.

The University of New Mexico, which was already respected for its archeological work, became renowned, and Hibben himself became one of the country’s most celebrated archeologists. He was no slope-shouldered professor. Photographs of the young archeologist show a strikingly handsome man with a square, rough-hewn face, brilliant blue eyes, and a Hemingway physique. He had a deep, vibrant voice, which thrilled the lecture hall, and a wicked sense of humor. Many say he was the most mesmerizing lecturer in the university’s history. During his years of teaching—he formally retired in 1975, but continued to lecture, carry on research, and excavate—he probably inspired more young students to become archeologists than anyone else in the country.

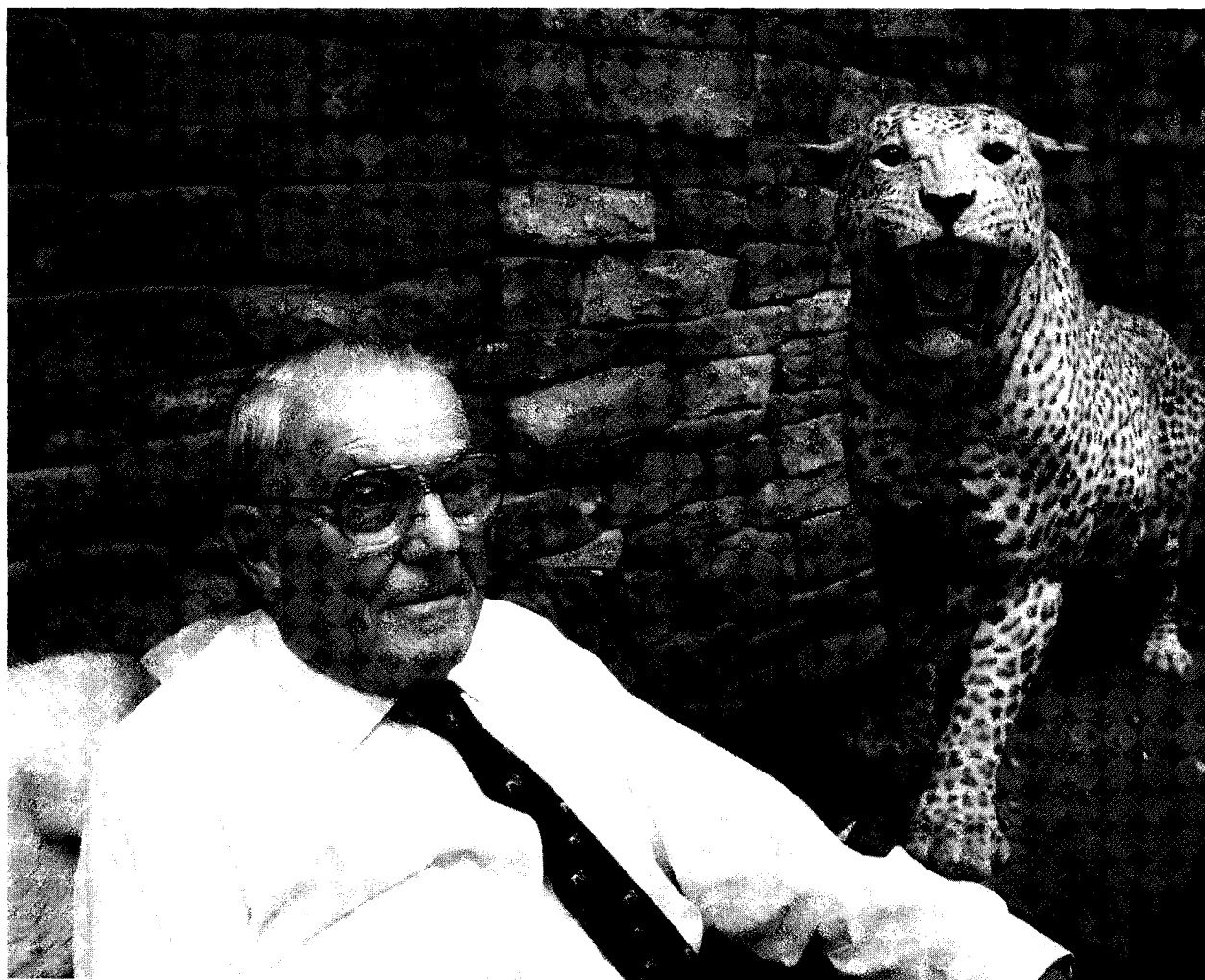
One former student, Dave Snow, recalled that when Hibben taught hominid evolution he would start the lecture by “grabbing the doorjamb and swinging into the classroom like an ape, and then leap up on his desk and make ape-like sounds.” Snow laughed at the memory. “It may be corny as hell, but if

you're a student it makes you think and remember. When I saw the Indiana Jones movie, the first thing I thought was, Jesus, this is Frank Hibben." George A. Agogino, an archeologist who worked with Hibben, remembered him as "the most charming person you're ever going to meet," and went on to say, "He was the only person out in the field who would go over to everyone in their individual sleeping bags and ask if they

For sport, Hibben went big-game hunting in Africa and Asia, and he was considered one of this country's finest shots. He still regales people with stories of the chase. One of his favorites is of a lion that attacked him in Somalia; he killed it and then rode eighty miles by camel to Mogadishu to get medical help for his broken back. Often, Hibben ends the story by pointing to a trophy on the wall and saying, "That's the one over

would sometimes disappear for a week or two and come back looking jet-lagged and dropping hints about secret missions for the State Department or private meetings with such people as Henry Kissinger. When he took students to archeological sites in New Mexico, he sometimes wore safari gear, enhanced with a leopard-skin hat and epaulets, and carried a large gun.

He was not as well liked among some



Hibben at his home in New Mexico. His discovery of Sandia man sixty years ago was the first of a number of brilliant finds, but it has raised many questions in the field.

were perfectly comfortable before he would go to sleep. He usually had a lot of venison that he had shot, and he was a great cook. He used to have these things for breakfast he called black-eyed Susans, which consisted of a piece of toast with a hole cut out and an egg in the middle." Hibben loved to entertain students in his home as lavishly as if they were visiting dignitaries—something that was particularly well remembered and deeply appreciated by his Depression-bred students.

there, with the smile on his face." He shows guests a gigantic, man-eating leopard in his sitting room—allegedly the world-record specimen—and tells the harrowing story of how he stalked and killed it. He reminisces about hunting ibex and leopard with the Shah of Iran, shooting argali in the Altai Mountains of Outer Mongolia, and tracking mountain lions in the backcountry of New Mexico with Ben Lilly, the last of the mountain men.

According to his colleagues, Hibben

of his colleagues as he was by his students, but one reason may have been jealousy. Most archeologists could barely meet the rent on their chipboard bungalows; Hibben, who had married into money, lived in a large adobe house on the edge of campus, attended by servants. While other archeologists lectured at ladies' teas and garden clubs, Hibben hobnobbed with oil millionaires, senators, and governors. Most archeologists could barely write a literate sentence; Hibben churned out eight books and

numerous spirited articles, some of which became classics in the field. He made charming and witty appearances on numerous television shows (including "What's My Line?" and "To Tell the Truth"), and was featured in a twenty-eight-part ABC television series called "On Safari with Frank Hibben." Most archeologists labor for years at obscure sites; Hibben always seemed to strike archeological gold.

Sandia Cave was only the first of several brilliant discoveries. Soon after, Hibben launched an expedition to Alaska seeking proof that Folsom man had migrated from Asia. In "The Lost Americans," he told of braving vicious storms and high seas to land his boat in a remote inlet known as Chinitna Bay, and went on to reveal that there, below a smoking volcano, he had made a stunning discovery. "The glitter of flint among the dull pebbles in the sand caught our eyes," he wrote. "There was a familiar shape among the litter of material at the bottom of the bank. It was as though we had never left New Mexico at all. There was no doubt about it. Lying face up, with its characteristic groove and outline revealed at a glance, was a Folsom point! . . . We had backtracked Folsom man almost to his starting point."

As Hibben and his team ranged up and down the shoreline, they found "everywhere" flint chips and bits of burned charcoal. But that was not all. "Protruding here and there from the bank, or shattered in sodden fragments on the beach, were the bones of mammoth. Mammoth gave us the time; the flint points gave us the picture. Here was a camp site of ancient men who had killed and eaten now-extinct animals." They made a quick survey before violent weather drove them from the bay.

"What we had found in a whole summer's cruise to Alaska could be contained in an old hat," Hibben wrote. "The implications involved, however, were epic-making. We had demonstrated that man came to the New World by the front door, across the Bering Strait, and had lived first in Alaska. . . . The first American was no longer a mystery." There had been, Hibben theorized, two early waves of human migration to the New World—Sandia was

the first and Folsom the second—and both had ended up living in Sandia Cave.

When I visited Professor Hibben one morning last year, I found him, at eighty-three, quite active. He had recently gone on safari to Africa, and he was still lecturing, researching, and writing. He seemed to be basking in a kind of autumnal glory. He had arranged for his house to go to the university on his death, to become an anthropological-research center, with a multimillion-dollar endowment. Richard Peck, the university's president, had told me that to his knowledge it was the largest private gift in the school's history. "Frank made our Anthropology Department renowned. His generous gift means that people will appreciate his work for a long time to come. It's got to be especially satisfying that his work has received a high academic reputation but also has a financial worth that doesn't often go along with scholarship."

When Professor Hibben greeted me, he was wearing khaki shorts, oxfords, and knee-high socks, and looked like a British explorer dressed for tiffin. Many of his colleagues had described to me his "presence," but I was not prepared to meet an eighty-three-year-old man who radiated such granitic strength, charm, and intellectual brilliance. I could understand why rooms fell silent when he entered, why he still packed the biggest lecture halls on campus, why so many were still afraid of him. He was the grand professor in the prewar style.

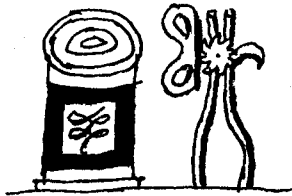
Meeting him should have been like meeting a childhood hero. When I was fourteen, I spent a summer in New Mexico on an archeological dig. We trenched into a prehistoric trash heap near Gallup and uncovered four Anasazi skulls from around 1000 A.D. and some pots—an experience that forever fixed in me a passion for archeology. All that summer, I carried around in my backpack a dog-eared copy of H. M. Wormington's "Prehistoric Indians of the Southwest," the definitive work on the subject. I could recite passages almost by heart: "The earliest culture of the Western Hemisphere, about which we have any information, is the *Sandia*." The Old World may have had its Peking man,

Neanderthal man, and Cro-Magnon man, but *we* had Sandia man.

Sadly, what had brought me to Professor Hibben's house was not a childlike hero worship but a journalist's obligation to record his responses to a number of serious allegations. Not long before, the subject of Sandia man had come up in a conversation I had with Tim Maxwell, the director of the office of archeological studies for the Museum of New Mexico. To my astonishment, Maxwell had cast doubt on the discovery. As he has said, "There have been a lot of rumors and allegations about Sandia man. It's not just that they question the interpretation. They question the—damn, how should I phrase this?—the *authenticity* of the archeological context."

SIXTY years have passed since the first Sandia point was unearthed in Sandia Cave, and many of the original excavators have died. I started a little archeological excavation of my own—digging up the original reports, talking to retired archeologists, peeling back the layers of history. And in the course of investigating various allegations about the site I came to feel that I had stumbled into a vipers' nest. The Sandia Cave controversy has unfurled against a field—Southwestern archeology—that is infamous for strife. In the entire discipline there may be no greater concentration of resentments and enmities. David Hurst Thomas, a curator at the American Museum of Natural History who has excavated major sites along the periphery of the Southwest, said, "I was always leery of getting into the mainstream there. It's common knowledge that Southwestern archeologists eat their children." In interviews, I often heard archeologists use such terms as "pathological liar," "mentally unbalanced," or "psychopath" to describe their colleagues. At other times, they would helpfully detail for me the sexual scandals, mental breakdowns, alcohol addictions, and job losses of their peers. The University of New Mexico Anthropology Department, as the leader in the field, was also the trendsetter for controversy.

I soon learned that questions had been raised about Sandia Cave from the beginning. In January, 1940, a paper entitled "A Chronological Problem Presented by Sandia Cave, New Mexico"



appeared in the journal *American Antiquity*. It had been written by Wesley L. Bliss, who had been a graduate assistant at the University of New Mexico in the late nineteen-thirties, and who worked on the earliest excavations in Sandia Cave with Frank Hibben.

In the article Bliss said that the layers in the cave had been mixed up by pack rats and other rodents—a stark contradiction of Hibben's assertion, in a preliminary 1937 report, that the stalagmitic crust was "absolutely unbroken" throughout the cave. This was no small quibble: a firm dating of Sandia man depended entirely on the layers' *not* having been disturbed. Bliss's statement threatened to discredit the discovery even before it was formally announced.

The University of New Mexico responded swiftly. The acting head of the Anthropology Department, Donald D. Brand, wrote a letter to *American Antiquity* attacking Bliss's article and reasserting that the stalagmitic layer had been unbroken. In a reply to Brand's letter, which was also printed in *American Antiquity*, Bliss stubbornly held his ground. "I emphatically reaffirm my statement concerning the rodent disturbances below the stalagmitic layer in the front portion of the cave," he wrote, in italics, and he went on, "At the time, I called these sundry evidences of rodent disturbances to the attention of Dr. Frank C. Hibben."

Hibben himself responded this time, firing a tremendous barrage of words: "Unauthorized . . . flagrant . . . misleading . . . grossly and lamentably misinformed . . . unfortunate . . . inaccurate, premature, and unsubstantiated." Hibben also wrote, "The assumption that the writer [Hibben] was collaborating with this student [Bliss] in the excavating of this cave is so presumptuous as to be preposterous." While Hibben had not refuted a single point made in Bliss's article ("The glaring errors of this unfortunate article Professor Brand has al-



"My dying wish is that you all take off your clothes and get in bed with me."

ready pointed out," he wrote), the response seemed to have the desired effect on everyone who read it. For a while, no more questions were raised about the cave.

I reached Bliss, who is eighty-nine, by telephone in Ojai, California, and learned that after Sandia he had gone on to a long career as a professor and archeologist. An anger nearly sixty years old came crackling over our bad connection like electricity.

"I think he's a son of a bitch," Bliss said of Hibben. "He was a Harvard graduate, and Harvard graduates, in case you didn't know it, are supposed to be something special."

"Hibben claimed that it was an unbroken crust," I said to Bliss.

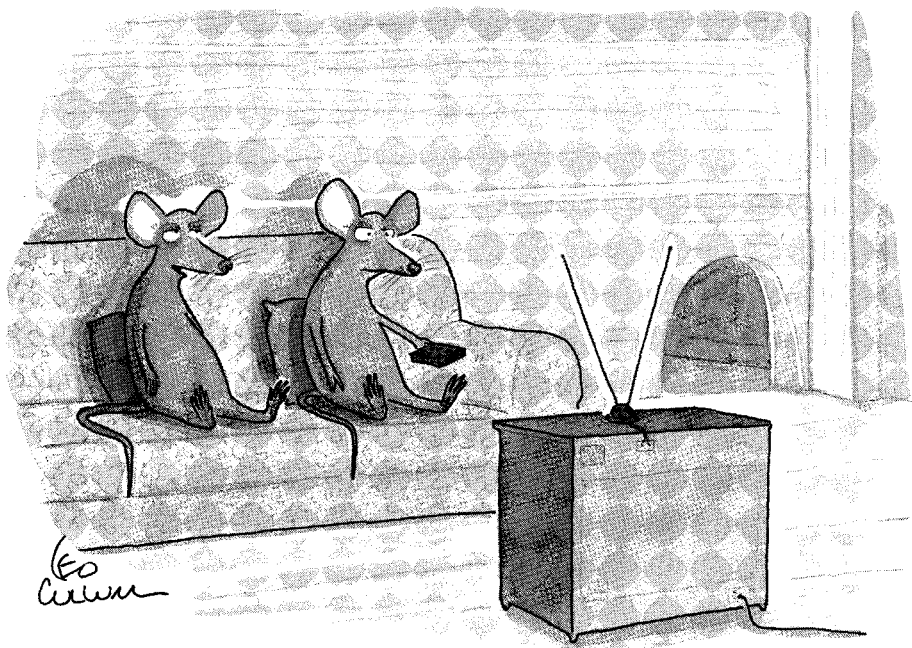
"Oh, he's nuts!" Bliss said.

Contrary to Hibben's assertions, Bliss had been intimately involved in excavating Sandia Cave and a nearby cave called Davis Cave. In the beginning, the excavation of Sandia Cave was informal—two eager young department assistants going to the mountains on weekends with some undergraduates to mess around in a cave. Exactly who was in

charge, and what their relationship was, was never spelled out. If it had been thought an important site, it is doubtful that either Hibben or Bliss would have been in charge; a professor would have taken over.

Then, Bliss told me, at the close of the 1936 field season Hibben staged an archeological coup. Bliss went up to the site, and Hibben simply told him to get out. Either Bliss did not protest very vigorously or the university's Anthropology Department sided with Hibben. The informality of the setup did Bliss in. Hibben also had justification for taking over Sandia. Initially, Bliss, as the more experienced digger, was given first choice of the two caves and selected the more promising-looking Davis Cave, which turned out to be sterile. Hibben worked on Sandia Cave. Bliss later worked in Sandia, but not as much as Hibben.

By the time Hibben took over the site, things had changed. He had become one of the most promising young archeologists ever to attend the university. He had been accepted by Harvard into a doctoral program to study with the great physical anthropologist Earnest



"That's the catnip channel. We had to take it to get the cheese channel."

Hooton. He had married a wealthy socialite. Bliss was a "dirt" archeologist, not a theoretician, and he did not show anywhere near the kind of promise that Hibben did, nor did he have connections or money. Although the first Sandia point was found when Bliss was still on the site, most of the important discoveries were made after Hibben took over.

FRANK CUMMINGS HIBBEN was born in 1910, in Lakewood, Ohio, to a respectable family of modest means. During the Depression, he was accepted at Harvard, but, for monetary reasons, went to Princeton, where his cousin John Grier Hibben was president. He graduated in 1933, and went to the University of New Mexico to take a master's degree in zoology; his thesis was a survey of mountain lions. In New Mexico, he was taken up by a wealthy older couple, Arthur and Eleanor (Brownie) Pack, who lavished attention on him. Arthur Pack ran *Nature* magazine and was deeply involved in conservation and wildlife research. (A forest in upstate New York is named after his father.) They also owned a vast spread in New Mexico known as Ghost Ranch—a place made famous by the paintings of Georgia O'Keeffe, a longtime ranch resident. Hibben lived with the Packs on the ranch and went with them on their travels.

Alden Hayes, a retired archeologist

who has known Hibben for about sixty years, explained to me what happened: "Arthur Pack grubstaked Frank. He financed Frank's work on mountain lions. While he"—Hibben—"was prowling around that part of the world, he kept stumbling over Indian ruins, and they kind of fascinated him. Arthur Pack's wife, Brownie, also fascinated him."

In his memoirs, Arthur Pack recalled how "every table in our house except the kitchen was spread with pottery shards." One day, he came home and found his wife gone, having run away with the student, who was twelve years her junior. She had left a note that, Pack wrote, "brought my world crashing down about me." She and Hibben were married on June 5, 1936, and to the marriage she brought a large amount of money and two stepdaughters. Hibben invested their money with remarkable shrewdness over the years and built up a considerable fortune, even as they lived extravagantly and travelled around the world. Today, his office contains well-thumbed stacks of *Barron's* and the *Wall Street Journal*.

"He spent enough time following those lions around with cowboys through the brush on horseback," Hayes recalled. "He picked up a wonderful repertoire of cowboy songs and the ability to tell a long, complicated, understated 'windy' with a Western drawl. He was a hell of a good storyteller, and a good

fireside singer. He had an awful lot of charm. You could see why Brownie left old Arthur Pack."

STRATIGRAPHY was the only way to date a Paleo-Indian site in 1940, but by the late forties a far more powerful method was being developed: carbon-14 dating. In 1951 or 1952, Hibben, in an effort to confirm the early date for Sandia, began shipping off to a new radiocarbon laboratory at the University of Michigan bone and ivory fragments that he identified as being from Sandia Cave. The early carbon-14 method was crude, time-consuming, and expensive. The carbon in the bone was turned into carbon-dioxide gas, and then its faint natural radioactivity was measured with a Geiger counter. The first trial failed, because the radioactive cloud from an atomic bomb that the United States had detonated on Bikini Atoll passed over Michigan while the test was in progress. Reliable results finally came back on a sample of mammoth ivory. They showed a date of twenty thousand-plus years, the extreme lower limit of the instrument. It appeared to be a stunning confirmation of the earlier, geological dating.

Once again, Sandia man made news across the country. *Time* ran another article. The *Times*, under the headline "MAN IN AMERICA '20,000 YEARS AGO,'" quoted Hibben as saying that there was "incontrovertible proof" that man existed in America that long ago.

Hibben published the results in the journal *Science* in 1955. In the article he said that the carbon dates merely confirmed others, which had been determined by an independent expert some years before. He wrote, "In 1948, two specimens of charcoal from fire hearths of the Sandia level of Sandia Cave were submitted by Kirk Bryan of Harvard University to . . . the University of Chicago for C¹⁴ dating. . . . From these two samples, tentative dates of 17,000-plus years ago and 20,000-plus years ago, respectively, were derived.

"Bryan was emphatic that these dates should not be published at the time, because of the inadequacy of the samples and the possibility of a considerable error."

A problem with this statement was that the University of Chicago radiocarbon laboratory, which was the only one in the world before 1951, had no records of any submissions from Kirk Bryan of

Sandia Cave material. (Bryan died in 1950.) One of Bryan's colleagues wrote to *Science* demanding that Hibben's statement be retracted: "None of Bryan's intimate associates, including reputable archeologists and geologists, some of whom were deeply concerned with the development of radiocarbon dating, can recall having heard Bryan mention the samples or the dates to which Hibben refers. Furthermore, Bryan's records have been searched and no reference to the alleged Sandia samples has been found."

Hibben beat a hasty retreat: he recast what had been an unequivocal statement into a vague misunderstanding. "In regard to the two samples of charcoal from Sandia Cave collected by the late Kirk Bryan," he responded, "there has been a dearth of evidence as to where and how Bryan dated these samples. I am in agreement . . . that these dates should be removed from the record." He added that this did not "invalidate the dates determined . . . from mammoth ivory from Sandia Cave."

But there *were* doubts about the mammoth ivory, which did not make the letters column of *Science*. Rumors began to circulate that the mammoth ivory had not come from Sandia Cave at all, and these rumors have persisted for forty years. In many conversations I had with archeologists, I heard the same rumors, and I was able to track two of them to their sources.

The first allegation could be traced back to James Hester, the former state archeologist of Colorado, now a professor emeritus at the University of Colorado. In 1952, Hester says, he was an undergraduate at the University of New Mexico, working as Hibben's assistant. "He was trying to get an early date on Sandia Cave," Hester told me, "and supposedly we were shipping specimens from Sandia Cave to a dating lab" at the University of Michigan. "At the same time, it seemed like he was doing things that were fraudulent."

Hester continued, "When I was working as his museum assistant, he told me that he wanted me to ship some tusk

fragments he had in a cigar box." The next day, Hester said, "when I came back into the lab I saw that yellow ochre had been sprinkled all over them." Why someone might have done this was clear: a characteristic shared by all the Sandia specimens was that they were impregnated with this unusual yellow ochre. "Being at that time—what?—something like twenty years old, I decided the least controversial way to handle this was to just wash all the yellow ochre off and mail it," Hester said. "It seems to me that he got a date of about twenty thousand." This, then, was probably the tusk material whose dating was reported in the national press.

On another occasion, Hibben gave Hester some horse teeth to mail off for dating; Hibben said they were from Sandia Cave. As Hester sorted the teeth, he discovered a label on one with the word "Mousterian." The Mousterian people were a Middle Paleolithic culture of Eurasia, and if one was looking for a twenty-thousand-plus carbon-14 date Mousterian would do just fine. "I think I just didn't get around to mailing it," Hester said.

"How could Hibben have been so careless?"

"I have no idea," he said. "I was just

an undergraduate, and I wasn't about to confront him with it."

"Do you believe that this was actual fraud?"

"That would be one fairly logical conclusion," he said dryly. "Or it may well be that a lot of what he did at Sandia Cave was simply not rigorous."

(Hibben, for his part, says he doesn't recall Hester's having worked for him.)

The second rumor I tracked to Lewis Binford, who is Distinguished Professor of Anthropology at Southern Methodist University. Binford, a brilliant theoretician, is considered to be one of the most influential archeologists of his time. He is credited with being the father of "the new archeology," an attempt to bring more rigorous scientific methods into the field. "He has inspired a lot of controversy, not only because of his revolutionary ideas but because of his very abrasive personality," one archeologist told me. Binford and Hibben have a history of personal and professional disagreement.

Early in his career, Binford worked as assistant to a physicist in the C-14 laboratory at the University of Michigan. "Part of my job was to take care of all the samples and make sure all the information was correct," he told me. One of the



"We brought a video of a wedding we liked."

samples that came in, he said, was a mammoth tooth, ostensibly from Sandia Cave. The tooth was studded with concretions that included pea gravel. In the report on Sandia Cave, Binford said, "there was . . . not a bit of mention of pea gravel. There was no way that mammoth tooth could have concretions full of pea gravel if there was no pea gravel in the deposits. So I wrote Frank Hibben a letter saying that we were trying to make sure there was no mixup on what was being dated. And since he had sent in a lot of material—not just from Sandia Cave—was it possible that he had mislabelled the tooth." Binford received a letter from Hibben saying, in Binford's words, "that he was very sorry. That he *had* probably mixed up the samples and that I was correct—that the one with the pea gravel couldn't have come from Sandia Cave, and he'd gone back and was now sending specimens that were unequivocally from Sandia Cave." Enclosed was a box of mammoth-tusk fragments.

The mammoth-tusk fragments had a scaly crust of calcium carbonate. Calcium carbonate has an important quality: when it precipitates out of water, it often traps a unique blend of other minerals. If two specimens contain an identical blend, they probably came from the same place. (The tests are not conclusive.) Binford did a quick test on the mammoth-tusk fragments and the mammoth tooth with pea gravel that Hibben had originally sent.

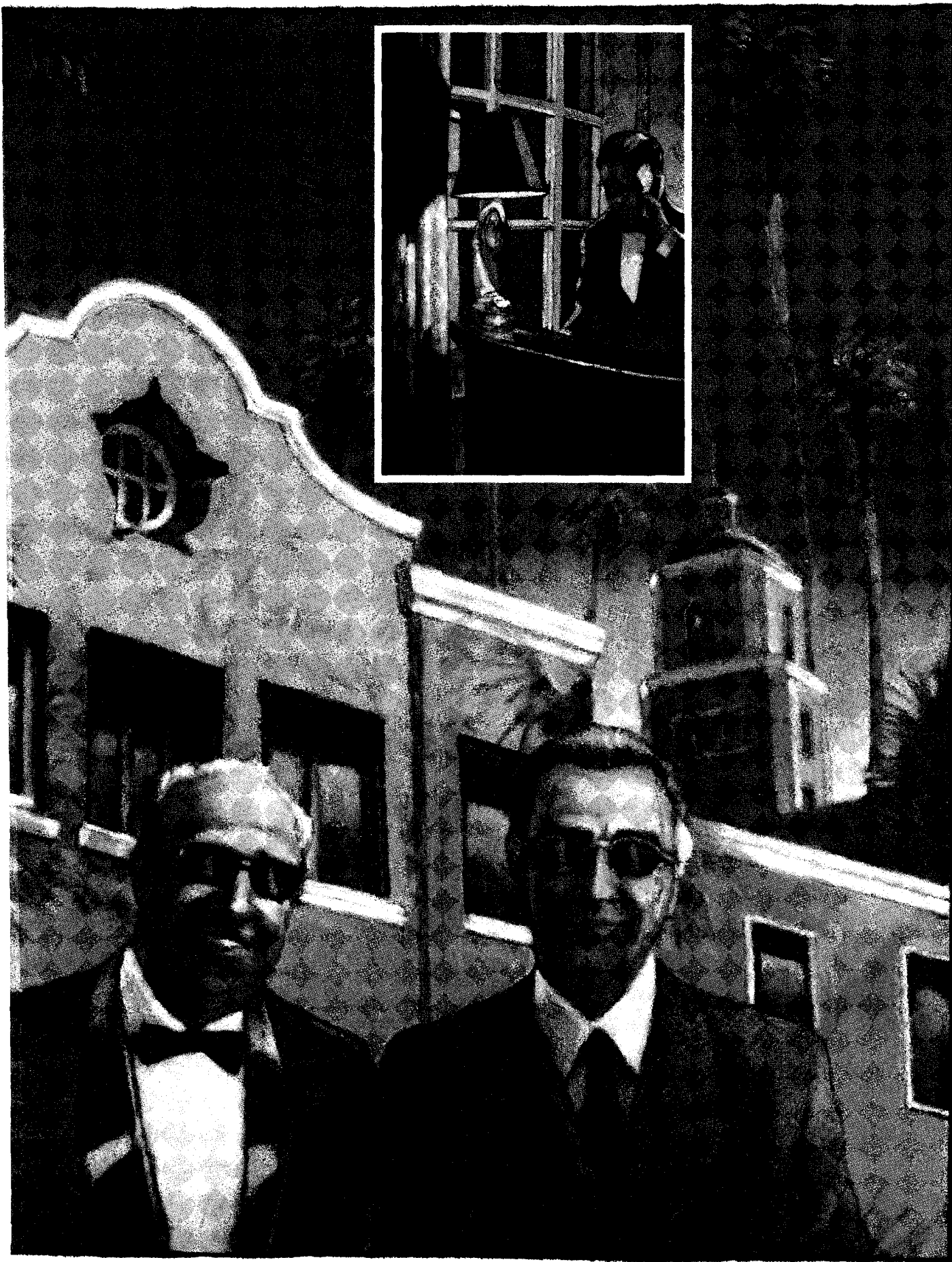
What he found was puzzling. As Binford recalls it, Hibben's letter stated that the original mammoth tooth sent to the lab had *not* come from Sandia Cave. But Binford's tests revealed that the calcium carbonate on the tooth was the same as the calcium carbonate on the tusk fragments, which Hibben claimed *were* from Sandia Cave. In other words, the tests indicated that the tooth and the tusk fragments very probably came from the same place.

Binford wrote Hibben back, saying that he had tested the material and found these inconsistencies. "Hibben got angry and called my boss and said, 'I don't know who this person is and what the hell he's doing with my specimens.'"

In any event, they tested the tusk fragments and got the famous twenty-thousand-plus date. But that wasn't the end of the story. Hibben didn't want any of his specimens back. Binford kept the



FACELIFT: After a two-and-a-half-year makeover costing more than a million dollars, the



everly Hills Hotel reopens this week, and Nino Osti (left), maitre d' of the Polo Lounge, and Kerman Beriker, general manager, are back in action.

mammoth tooth with the pea gravel as a paperweight. Many years later, in 1968, he went to teach at the University of New Mexico. Two years after moving to Albuquerque, he began building a house. The drivers for the company supplying concrete for the job told him that they often found old bones in their gravel pits. "So one Sunday this truck driver came by and picked me up and we went to the gravel company's pits down in the Rio Grande Valley," Binford recalled. "What I saw immediately were these huge bands of this pea gravel that was exactly like what I had found on the mammoth tooth."

Binford said he collected some of the gravel from the pit and gave it and the mammoth tooth to a chemist at Los Alamos National Laboratory. A geological test was performed on both specimens. The pea gravel was, Binford recalled, the same.

To make a complicated story simple, Binford, using the calcium-carbonate test, determined that the mammoth tooth had probably come out of the gravel pit. (Hibben himself agrees that that is "almost certainly" the case.) Binford had also shown that the twenty-thousand-year-old "Sandia Cave" tusk fragments apparently had the same calcium-carbonate crust as the tooth. Therefore, those celebrated tusk fragments are likely to have come from the same place as the tooth: the gravel pit.

In his opinion, was Sandia Cave a fraud?

"Yes," Binford said. "But who it may have been in Frank's little network—which would, of course, include Frank—there's no way to say for sure. . . . There's no certainty that Frank did this, but it's hard to imagine that he excavated the site and he didn't know that these things weren't there. . . . Frank had a reputation in Albuquerque for—it would be kind to say—*stretching* things."



IN the decade following the reported discovery at Sandia Cave, no other Sandia sites were found and no other Sandia points turned up in an archeological context. (The word "context" is critical: a flint point taken out of context—that is, out of place—is worthless to archeology and cannot be dated.) This

was odd, since other important Paleo-Indian discoveries in the Southwest have normally been followed by a flood of corroborating finds. Then, in June of 1954, Hibben announced that he had discovered another Sandia-man site.

It was situated on a remote ranch in the Estancia Valley of New Mexico, on the shores of a dry lake bed about fifty miles from Sandia Cave. Hibben had heard about the site from a man named Kenneth Kendall, who had been collecting flint points in the area for years. Hibben explored it with a graduate student named William Roosa. According to Roosa (whom I spoke with not long before his death last year), almost immediately upon their arrival they spied a mammoth bone sticking out of the sand. Hibben knelt down and quickly uncovered a beautiful Sandia point snuggled up against it. He turned to Roosa, saying, "Here's your dissertation."

Roosa excavated the site under Hibben's direction, and it yielded a number of Sandia points in association with mammoth bones. Several archeologists, however, had their private doubts about the site; for one thing, Kendall, in all his years of collecting in the area, had never found a single-shouldered Sandia point.

The Lucy site, as it was called, after a nearby train station, augmented rumblings about Sandia man. Roosa told a few people at the time that he was suspicious about how easily Hibben had found the first Sandia point—that he was worried it had been planted. As Roosa uncovered more Sandia points, rumors began to fly that Hibben was planting points at the Lucy site for Roosa to find. When I spoke to Roosa, however, he said he eventually became convinced that the Sandia points at Lucy

had *not* been planted. His dissertation treats the Sandia points as genuine artifacts.

IN the early nineteen-sixties, the Sandia rumors prompted two scientists to reexamine the Sandia Cave site in an attempt to verify Hibben's work. One was George Agogino, who is a professor emeritus in anthropology at Eastern New Mexico University, and who discovered the famous Hell Gap early-man

site; the other was C. Vance Haynes, Jr., Regents Professor in the Department of Anthropology and Geosciences at the University of Arizona, who is considered to be the finest Paleo-Indian geochronologist in the country. "If you think you've got early man, Haynes is the man to convince," one archeologist told me.

Haynes said to me, "Frankly, when I went into Sandia Cave, I had no question that everything was as told." But, he added, "I came out of that cave the first time we were up there and I said, 'George, I don't know what in hell's going on in that cave. There's *something* wrong here.'"

Their report, "Geochronology of Sandia Cave," published in 1986 by the Smithsonian Institution as part of its *Contributions to Anthropology* series, said that the cave layers were very different from Hibben's description of them. This was not a stratigraphically "well-defined" site. Under the supposedly "continuous" stalagmitic crust and under the ochre layer, Haynes told me, they found a "labyrinth" of recent rodent tunnels that were "chucky-jam-full of piñon nuts and acorns, pieces of corncobs . . . fragments of charcoal, pieces of old newspaper, cigarette butts, and matches. . . . There were even unmentionables in there—condoms and whatever." Some of this material, obviously, could have accumulated after Hibben's excavation, but carbon-14 dating showed that rodents had been digging in and mixing up the cave layers for "at least thirteen thousand five hundred years." (Pack rats, in particular, are known for fanatically shifting objects about in their vast nests.)

Haynes reported that uranium-series dating showed that the layer of yellow ochre had to be more than two hundred and twenty-five thousand years old. (He recently told me that newer tests have pushed the date back to three hundred thousand years.) Also, extensive testing of bones from the cave resulted in dates of less than fourteen thousand years. There was a good reason for this: the cave had been sealed and free of animal life from at least three hundred thousand to about fourteen thousand years ago. Therefore, the *entire* "Sandia level" lying under the yellow ochre—bones, tusk fragments, teeth, and artifacts—must have been transported from above. And Sandia man, if he existed, could be no more than about fourteen thousand years old.

These findings cast additional doubt

AUDITION

Porfirio drove Mami and me to Cook's mountain village to find a new pantry maid. Cook had given Mami a tip that her home town was girl-heavy, the men lured away to the cities. We drove to the interior, climbing a steep, serpentine, say-your-last-prayers road. I leaned toward my mother as if my weight could throw the car's balance away from the sheer drop below. Late morning we entered a dusty village of huts. Mami rolled down her window and queried an old woman, Did she know of any girls looking for work as maids? Soon we were surrounded by a dozen señoritas. Under the thatched cantina Mami conducted interviews—a mix of personal questions and Sphinx-like intelligence tests. *Do you have children, a novio? Would you hit a child who hit you? If I give you a quarter to buy guineos at two for a nickel, how many will you bring back?* As she interviewed I sat by, looking the girls over; one of them would soon be telling me what to do, reporting my misbehaviors.

Most seemed nice enough, befriending me with smiles, exclamations on my good hair, my being such a darling. Those were the ones I favored. I'd fool them with sweet looks, improve my bad reputation. As we interviewed we heard by the creek that flowed nearby a high, clear voice singing a plaintive lullaby... as if the sunlight filling the cups of the allamandas, the turquoise sky dappled with angel-feather clouds, the creek trickling down the emerald green of the mountain had found a voice in her voice. We listened. Mami's hard-line, employer-to-be face softened with quiet sweetness. The voice came closer, louder—a slender girl with a basket of wrung rags on her head passed by the cantina, oblivious of our presence. *Who is she?* my mother asked. *Gladys,* the girls replied. *Gladys!* my mother called as she would for months to come. *Gladys, come clear the plates!* *Gladys, answer the door!* *Gladys!* the young girl turned—Abruptly, her singing stopped.

—JULIA ALVAREZ

on whether the twenty-thousand-plus-year-old mammoth-tusk fragments came from the cave. But they raise an even more curious question: with everything in the cave having been churned up for a staggering hundred and thirty-five centuries, how was it possible that *all* Sandia points—nineteen of them—were somehow carried by rodents to the bottom layer only? Surely pack rats do not distinguish between projectile points and other cave junk.

I posed the question to Haynes. "Don't think we didn't ask ourselves that same question," he said, referring to himself and Agogino. "It's very, very strange." He said some archeologists

suggested that this was evidence that the Sandia points had been planted. Haynes explained that this was not his view. He felt there had been *some* kind of very old site in the cave, but what, exactly, we will never know.

Agogino and a graduate student, Dominique E. Stevens, looked into the published record on Sandia Cave. Their analysis, which was meticulous, revealed a number of gross inconsistencies—what they termed "a fog of literary contradiction and confusion." They found, for example, that "certain stratigraphic discrepancies exist" between Hibben's preliminary 1937 report and a final report he'd done in 1941. They found

so many inconsistencies in the data indicating the sites of crucial artifacts that it was impossible to say precisely *where* they had been unearthed.

"I was a friend of Hibben's," George Agogino said. "He's not a sleazy little fraud. He's a person who could charm his way into anything. And he probably charmed himself into believing things that weren't really there. I'm sure he believed that Sandia Cave was twenty-five thousand years old."

If the geological dating was incorrect, and the stratigraphy was in doubt, and the carbon-14 dates were questionable, what evidence is left that Sandia man existed at all? The distinctive single-shouldered Sandia points. *Somebody* made them.

I called Dr. Bruce Bradley, a senior research archeologist at the Crow Canyon Archeological Center, a leading research and educational organization in southern Colorado. Bradley is one of the top experts in the country on prehistoric lithics—tools made out of flaked stone. He told me he had examined the Sandia points, which are housed at the University of New Mexico's Maxwell Museum, about

twelve years ago. "Several things really impressed me," he said, measuring his words very carefully. "When you get a collection of stuff that's found together in an assemblage, there's sort of a special look that they have. They've all basically gone through the same weathering conditions, especially if they're in a place like a cave or kill site. Even if there are different flints and obsidians, you get this homogeneous *feel*. It's like they *go* together."

The various Sandia points did not look to Bradley as if they belonged together. He explained that some looked as if they had been lying on the surface for a long time, weathered and polished by windblown sand, while other pieces

looked very "fresh," as if they had been long buried and protected from weathering. Also, they were made from many different kinds of materials. Strangest of all, they were manufactured by the use of radically different chipping techniques. Some showed fine pressure flaking and others crude percussion flaking, and still others were fluted—yet all these techniques were used to create the same single-shouldered form.

Bradley had then looked at the Sandia points under magnification. "Two of them clearly showed modern alteration," he said. "One of them has the little shoulder that looked like it was made by grinding the edge with a grinding wheel. You could see these little facets that looked like somebody had taken it and put it on a Carborundum wheel. That was very suspicious. The second one I saw with what looked like modern modification on it had very abrupt flaking toward the shoulder, very steep. Under magnification, I looked at those flake marks and I saw little remnants of steel or something like that—little streaks. It's exactly the kind of effect you get if you take a nail to the edge of an arrowhead and reflake it.

"It's fairly clear that all the pieces were old pieces with the exception of the modern modifications on two of them." Bradley was at pains to point out, "I'm not saying anything about the collection except what I can say from what I saw. I

don't want to imply anything. . . . This is really just impressionistic." But when I asked him for his personal opinion, he said, "I think it's a hoax. But this is total, pure speculation."

He went on, "They needed an assemblage of artifacts that looked as Solutrean as you can get, and I think the motivation was to try to bolster the theory that Clovis"—a slightly older culture than Folsom—"originated as Solutrean, and the thing that's most distinctive about Solutrean is the shouldered point. If you could prove that Clovis originated in southwestern Europe and came across the Atlantic—my goodness!" Then he added, referring to the possibility of a hoax, "I have no way of knowing who did it."

I hunted down other Paleo-Indian-lithics experts who had examined the points. None had published their findings—some, perhaps, for the simple reason that they were afraid of having to spend years in court defending a libel suit. Some people I talked to kept emphasizing that Sandia man and his points are still known from only two sites—Sandia Cave and Lucy—and that both sites were excavated by the same man.

"Have there been any other finds of Sandia projectile points over any geographical area?" asked James B. Griffin, a research associate in the Department of Anthropology at the Smithsonian Institution and an emeritus professor from

the University of Michigan, who worked in the radiocarbon laboratory that dated the Sandia specimens. "If you answer that question, I think you've got the *final* answer on Sandia Cave." He has also noted, "Nowhere in the country, in the years of *intensive* archeological work that has taken place, has anything comparable to the Sandia complex ever turned up."

These leading experts on Paleo-Indians and Southwestern archeology who have examined the remaining Sandia Cave points were willing to go on the record regarding the authenticity of the Sandia assemblage:

Jim Judge, a professor of anthropology at Fort Lewis College, in Durango, Colorado, and a former director of the Chaco Project, a monumental research project done in Chaco Canyon, one of the most significant Anasazi sites in the Southwest: "Some are original artifacts, some are reworked artifacts."

Robert York, a Western archeologist who has worked for twenty-five years for various federal agencies: "A couple of the points looked to me like reworked Agate Basin"—that is, much more recent points that were tampered with in modern times. But, he noted, "Others look like they may be authentic."

David Meltzer, a professor of anthropology at Southern Methodist University: "Boy, it's a strange bunch of critters in those boxes. It's hard to make sense out of that site. . . . I don't buy it."

Lewis Binford: "I felt [two of the points] were archaic points that had a shoulder put in them."

There are a lot of ambivalent feelings about suggesting that a colleague has salted a site, the most heinous of archeological crimes. Dennis Stanford, the chairman of the Department of Anthropology at the Smithsonian Institution and a former student of Hibben's, typified this ambivalence: "There were some of those"—Sandia points—"in the cave that were not planted. In fact, I don't know that *any* were planted." Stanford accepts the antiquity of some of the material. "I think there's some early stuff there, because of the differential cave etching"—microscopic surface pitting caused by wet, acidic conditions commonly found in caves—"and they may be extremely old, because of the degree of acid weathering." But the context, he said, is less convincing. "I'm highly suspicious of the Sandia points as



"This time, I'm skipping love and looking for value."

a type, because you don't see them anywhere else other than Lucy—but, of course, Hibben had his hand in that as well." Stanford said that he likes Hibben. "And I hate to denigrate and assassinate his character. But it's hard to trust his work, because there are so many inconsistencies."

Where do the inconsistencies come from?

"Sloppy work, maybe. I'm trying to figure out what to say to you. Well, I really wouldn't want you to print what I think of it."

What about the rest of the single-shouldered points? Are they real? There is little doubt that they are genuine prehistoric Indian points, but they might have been planted in the cave. If they were, even though they may be thousands of years old, they are just as fake as a point chipped out yesterday. Archeology is like real estate: location is everything. (Archeologists call this "provenience.") This is the allegation that has been raised about the Sandia layer—that perhaps genuine artifacts from elsewhere were put there. In fact, more than one archeologist expressed the view that the Folsom layer in Sandia Cave may also be a "put-up job," in the sense that genuine Folsom points from elsewhere had been introduced into the layer above Sandia—the best way, in the days before carbon-14 dating, of proving the Sandia level was earlier.

Single-shouldered points are not unique. They have turned up over the years in many areas. Archeologists do not call them Sandia points, because they clearly come from many different cultures and time periods. They are not like Folsom or Clovis points, which belong to a single culture. Those who have examined these odd single-shouldered points have found that most of them appear to be accidents: points that were broken and resharpened in antiquity, or points that had a knot of stone in them that resisted flaking, or broken double-shouldered points. That a whole slew of such points—all different from each other—should be found in a single layer in a cave, without a lot of other types of points, is curious, indeed.

Obviously, we can never know with certainty what went on in Sandia Cave twenty-five thousand years ago (or in the



"Is something troubling you, Charles? It's not like you to run over a pedestrian."

years since). It should be remembered that most of those who actually dug in the cave as students feel that the assemblage of points is genuine. These people include Hibben's nemesis, Wesley Bliss. While he questioned much that Hibben did in the cave, he felt that the points had really been there. One of the original excavators, Ernst Blumenthal, also no friend of Hibben's, told me, "I was there when those things were found. I don't believe for one minute this b.s. about Frank salting the cave." He said he thought that it would have been too difficult for Hibben to plant the artifacts.

Another archeologist, Richard S. MacNeish, who has raised a storm of controversy himself by reporting evidence of New World human beings even older than Sandia man, also argues that the points are real. "I think Frank Hibben has been much maligned in this matter. . . . Some people get their reputations ahead by crawling over the dead

bodies of the people they knife in the back."

WHEREVER ancient people camped, they spent time flaking and resharpening their flint tools. Just as a modern hunter cleans his rifle upon returning home, ancient hunters would attend to their points. If Sandia Cave were a typical Paleo-Indian campsite, one might expect to find hundreds of waste flakes. But at Sandia Cave only six provenienced waste flakes were found at the entire Folsom level and only seven at the Sandia level.

What's more, the sizes of the artifacts in Sandia Cave appear to confound the laws of statistics. All the sediments in the cave were screened through quarter-inch mesh. Normally, one would expect a smooth distribution of artifact sizes starting at just over a quarter inch and going on up. Yet almost nothing found in the cave—either at the Folsom or the

Sandia level—is between a quarter inch and an inch in size.

One archeologist has noted that the sixty-two provenienced artifacts that came out of the Folsom and Sandia levels are made of fifty-three different materials. Only three types of flint have so far been identified from this collection: one was local and two came from outcrops in Texas two hundred and sixty and three hundred and sixty miles away. This is unusual but not impossible; Paleo-Indians did carry and trade flint over long distances. Hibben himself now says, "To my eye, the Sandia Cave collection . . . is a mixed bag, possibly due to the fact that the original occupants of Sandia Cave were itinerants and not residents. The collection would seem to indicate roving bands of small numbers of hunters."

North American Paleo-Indians, in general, did not seem to like living in caves, preferring to camp in the open. Cave sites are rare. And Sandia is a particularly unpleasant cave—a cramped, slanting hole in the rock, where you have to stoop and sometimes crawl on your belly in order to get around. That people lived in it might be understandable if it were the only cave in the area. But just a hundred yards from Sandia lies the much more pleasant and livable Davis Cave. (The Sandia excavators themselves lived there during the summer season.) And Davis Cave, as Bliss found, was sterile. Hibben speculates that Sandia Cave could have been much larger in Pleistocene times, and says that Kirk Bryan, of Harvard, believed that the cliff face has receded several metres since that era, "carrying away much of the original cave and much of the contents with it." He adds, "Dr. Bryan envisioned the original site as a fairly roomy cavern of several metres' width and at least four or five metres' depth with easy access from the terrace below. The present cave was used as a depository for garbage and debris."

Many of the important artifacts from Sandia Cave, including eight of the nineteen Sandia points, are missing from the Maxwell Museum, where they were kept. (This may mean nothing at all; museums often misplace items over the years, and Hibben says that when he returned to New Mexico in 1946, after serving in the military during the war, "many of the specimens of the Sandia

SHOWCASE

DREAM ROLES

BY BRENDAN LEMON

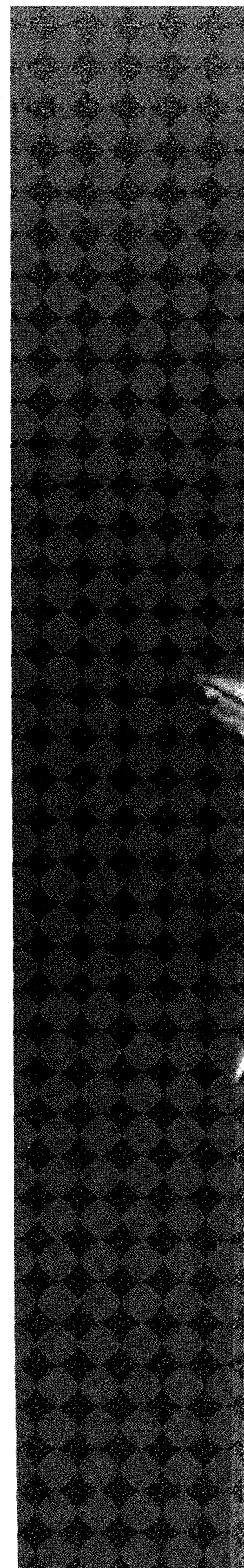
THE prime joy of London theatre-going at the moment is found neither in a hydraulic set in the West End nor in a tough political allegory at the Royal Court but in the mien of Alex Jennings, whose comic expressions in the Royal Shakespeare Company's spare new "Midsummer Night's Dream" have helped make the production, directed by Adrian Noble, a critical and popular success. It is a production that eschews woody glades. "You don't have a lot to hide behind, except for the odd light bulb," says Jennings, whose summer schedule also includes Angelo in "Measure for Measure," for the R.S.C., and the title role in "Peer Gynt," at the Young Vic.

In "Dream," Jennings is cast dually as Oberon and Theseus, and he is by turns sportive, whimsical, and droll. Pity Puck when Jennings is around: as Oberon peering imperiously over hapless mortals, he has only to lift an eyebrow to rivet our focus. Ever since his legendary performance as Gloumou, in a 1988 production of Ostrovsky's "Too Clever by Half," Jennings has held regal rank not only onstage but off. While other English artists of his generation (Fiennes, Day-Lewis) have crossed over to America and film, Jennings, with his resonant, gravel-edged voice and flexible, character-laden face, has remained in England, waiting with valiantly disguised impatience for a chance to work abroad.

At last, with "Dream," he has it. After the play finishes its intermittent run at the R.S.C.'s London home, the Barbican, in early November, Noble hopes to film it. In January, "Dream" will kick off an American tour that includes Broadway. Jennings would like to tour in "Peer Gynt," too. "It's about being center stage for three hours," he says. "I like that." ♦

PHOTOGRAPH
BY RICHARD AVEDON

*Alex Jennings, London,
March 16, 1995.*





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collection—notes, photographs, etc.—were missing or in disarray.”)

Another oddity is that most of the points found in Sandia Cave were whole. For Paleo-Indian campsites, one archeologist told me, the ratio is more like fifty fragments to one complete point. Tony Baker, a nonacademic specialist in prehistoric lithics who has assembled one of the finest scientific collections of points in the Southwest, said, “Any time anyone shows me a complete Paleo point, the hackles go up on my neck, and when they show me two complete Paleo points then I *know* something is wrong. A complete Paleo point is very, very rare.”

Only one other site that Hibben discovered has been scrutinized as carefully as Sandia Cave. That was the Folsom campsite he reported in Chinitna Bay, in Alaska. In 1978, a team of geologists and archeologists took a float plane in to Chinitna Bay to investigate.

“We went in believing we were going to find a very old site,” E. James Dixon, the chief archeologist with the expedition, said to me. “We were *shocked*.”

There was no site: no flint chips, no fire hearths, no mammoth bones, absolutely no evidence of a Paleo-Indian camp. Nor is it likely there could ever have been such a site. A meticulous analysis of the area, including extensive carbon-14 dating, proved the layers where Hibben had reported finding the mammoth bones to be only a few hundred years old. Indeed, that entire section of Chinitna Bay was no more than five thousand years old, while mammoths had become extinct in Alaska at least ten thousand years ago.

When Dixon asked Hibben if he might examine the mammoth bones, Hibben said they had been lost. The report of the paleontologist who identified the mammoth bones had also been lost. And the famous projectile point was missing.

“Some people said, ‘Well, what did you expect?’” Dixon remarked to me.

Sandia man exists in a kind of limbo. In the past two decades, most references to the Sandia complex have quietly disappeared from many textbooks; others have footnoted it as controversial or of questionable age. “You can still find textbooks with Sandia at the bottom of the chart,” Dennis Stanford said. “But it hardly ever gets mentioned any longer.” Most professors simply stopped teaching it. Nevertheless, Sandia man lives on in the minds of countless scholars, educated amateurs, and archeological enthusiasts. He is like a dinner guest who arrives unexpectedly, proves himself an embarrassment, and is politely ignored but will not go away. “I think right now it’s the general mood of most archeologists to just ignore it and move on,” Stanford told me. “If there was nothing there and everything was just planted, then so what? If there *was* something there that was misrepresented, then that’s a problem. But we’ll never know, will we? Unless Hibben signs a confession.” And he roared with laughter.

HIBBEN is still a prominent and powerful figure in New Mexico. He is close friends with a former governor, and has even gone digging with him. Many top educators and state legislators

took his courses at the University of New Mexico, and the local newspapers love him. He has served in several political positions, including commissioner of the New Mexico Game and Fish Department. Many still fear Hibben. A state employee who was involved in preventing Hibben from renewing an excavating permit got a call from the lieutenant governor.

When I visited Hibben in person, it was with some trepidation. His house, tucked behind an adobe wall on a quiet side street off the university campus, was large but unpretentious—on the outside. Then a servant opened the door to reveal an enormous bull-elephant head, which must have weighed half a ton, glaring from the far wall. Exotic trophies—from dik-dik heads, no bigger than a cat, to the heads of rhino, lion, hippo, and Cape buffalo—bristled from every surface. The prize leopard dominated one room, rising up with a great snarl from an outcrop of fake rocks, his pelt faded by the New Mexico sun. A brace of Masai lion spears leaned against a far wall. In a manner reminiscent of castles imported from Europe by American tycoons, some of the walls themselves were built with stone blocks from Anasazi ruins.

Frank Hibben walked slowly in to greet me, as solid and square as a prizefighter. We sat down at the dining-room table, and he called for his files.

I asked about the dozen or so argali heads mounted on the wall, and the conversation immediately turned to Roy Chapman Andrews, whose books on exploring in Mongolia we had both read in our youth.

“I traced some of Andrews’ trail when I got to Outer Mongolia,” Hibben said. “I had an assignment from the U.S. government to go into Lop Nor. . . . I was planting a device to monitor Chinese atomic tests at Lop Nor. I’m not sure this has been declassified. I hope so. My instructions were to get as close to Lop Nor as possible and leave it at a high point.”

On the pretext of a hunting trip, he explained, he flew into the Soviet-dominated part of Mongolia, carrying the device with him. In Kobdo, he gave his official interpreter “the slip” and met up with a Chinese Mongol who knew the Altai Mountains. They outfitted an expedition and went into the Altai by



“You picked the wrong religion, period. I’m not going to argue about it.”

Bactrian camel. Working their way through the mountains, the two secretly crossed the Sino-Soviet border and rode several hundred miles into China, getting the device as close as they dared to Lop Nor. "I put it on a butte and pulled up the antenna—a red light went on," Hibben said. "I was pretty glad to get rid of it." As they headed back to the Soviet border, he said, he and his guide were attacked by a Chinese patrol on camels. "We came out from behind this ridge. . . . They were four or five hundred yards from us, and they were cutting us off. They began to shoot, and we could see the bullets kicking up the dust. . . . They cut in behind us and stopped, and then my camel began to show signs of distress—they had shot him through the stomach. . . . He fell and his shoulder pinned my foot and hurt it. . . . I got on the baggage camel and so we straggled back and we travelled all that night."

After this entertaining digression, I brought the conversation around to Sandia Cave. What, I eventually asked, did he think of the Haynes-and-Agogino report?

"They were rank amateurs at the time," Hibben growled. "Both of them became experts—self-styled experts. . . . And what I've done is to simply wait until they find another site. In other words, why argue about this site? We excavated to the best of our ability and interpreted it the very best we could. Now, go and find your own site."

What about the doubts concerning the Sandia points?

"I don't think there's any substitute for doing it yourself. If you're there with your own trowel, your own respirators, digging in those levels, there's no substitute for it. When you're looking at that stuff right there, you can interpret it better than any armchair expert back in the library. And if the interpretation isn't correct we'll change it as we get new evidence. . . . I'm not going to defend myself. Let them find their own sites."

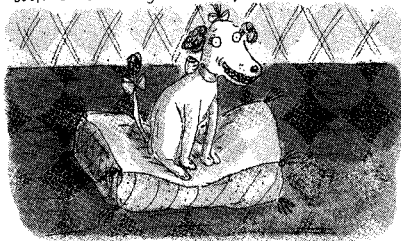
What about the Mousterian label that James Hester found on the horse tooth supposedly from Sandia?

"It could have been. We were dealing with European materials at the same time."

PRESCHOOLS FOR DOGS

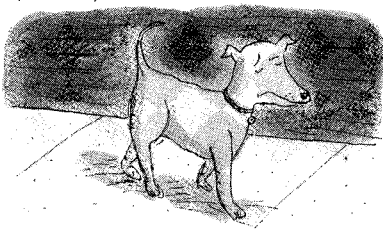
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A very prestigious school for girl puppies. Neatness, quietness, and how to look cute while sitting on a pillow are stressed.



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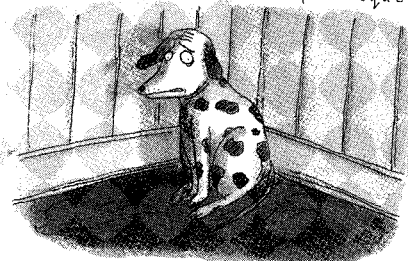
The Red Bandanna

A progressive school for young dogs of both sexes, with an emphasis on creativity, freedom, and self-esteem.



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For the puppy with discipline problems, there's just no other choice. Video upon request.



R. ChonJ

I told him the story of Lewis Binford and the mammoth tooth with the pea gravel.

"Lew Binford wasn't here at the time of Sandia Cave. I'm not trying to discredit Binford—and then, of course, I became very good friends with him. He was thrown out of Michigan, because he was a disturbing influence. . . . Then he went to Chicago and was thrown out of there, because he was a card-carrying Communist, which he certainly was. And after that we were going to hire him, and I went to all the lengths I could to prevent his being hired here, because I'm very patriotic. . . . He's a very tempestuous character. . . . I'm just surprised. I thought Lew had mellowed. Maybe he's still bitter because I tried to keep him out of here. I thought we'd sort of kissed and made up, but apparently not. . . . Because that's a vicious story."

(Binford, in fact, received his Ph.D. at Michigan and left for a job at the University of Chicago. As for Hibben's charge that Binford was thrown out of Chicago for being a Communist, Binford told me, "My left-wing views had nothing to do with leaving. That was not an issue at Chicago. Hibben is some-

where to the right of Attila the Hun—he was the kind of person who thought Roosevelt was a Communist. I was not a Communist." When I asked Binford if he had an axe to grind, he laughed. "I'm not out to get Hibben. I just always thought of him as this giant curiosity. It's my understanding that for many years Hibben held the record for doing the classwork for a Ph.D. at Harvard in the shortest period of time. So here was an undeniably brilliant man. I used to wonder, Why did he go through all these *charades* to make himself important?")

"There are archeologists," I said at one point in my conversation with Hibben, "who imply that you committed fraud in Sandia Cave."

"Well, I was afraid all this would come up."

Later, he added, "I don't like that word 'fraud,' and if it appears with somebody connected with it, I'll retaliate. I'll reply legally."

He also said, categorically, "I've never falsified anything in my whole life. As a matter of fact, quite the contrary. I've always left a major part of anything I've excavated for somebody else to look at

and interpret with modern methods, which I perhaps don't have."

HIBBEN expressed some surprise at the questions, and felt he had been ambushed. He also felt that it was unreasonable to expect him to answer questions on short notice about events that took place sixty years ago. I therefore drew up a list of questions and faxed them to Hibben for his considered reply.

He responded with a ten-page fax. The fax did not address some of the more serious issues, including the question of how all the Sandia points could have been found underneath the layer of yellow ochre, which has now been proved to be more than three hundred thousand years old. Hibben's most important point—and it was a substantial one—was that he was not alone in excavating the site. Two towering scientists of the time, Frank H. H. Roberts, a top archaeologist for the Smithsonian, and Kirk Bryan, the Harvard geologist, were intimately involved in the excavations. "Dr. Bryan," Hibben wrote, "was in attendance on a daily basis at the excavation of Sandia Cave and Dr. Roberts almost as often. . . . If Dr. Bryan or Dr. Roberts would have had any questions about the stratigraphy or the disposition of the artifacts, they had ample opportunity to correct the Sandia Report before it was published." If this were true—that Roberts and Bryan excavated the cave side by side with Hibben—it would put the Sandia Cave controversy in a very different light.

The record, however, contradicts Hibben's assertion. Bryan's final report on Sandia Cave, published in the same monograph with Hibben's, starts, "The present report is based on brief visits to Sandia Cave in 1939 and 1940." Bryan went on to say that the geological "facts" of the cave were "mostly obtained by Hibben's excavations and recorded by him." Vance Haynes researched Bryan's involvement with the cave and said that interviews with Bryan's widow and a perusal of the late geologist's notes showed that he probably paid only two visits to the cave during the entire five-year excavation.

I asked Ernst Blumenthal, who worked on the Sandia Cave excavation in 1939 and 1940, whether Frank Roberts had dug in the cave.

He answered, "Frank Roberts? Bullshit. . . . Frank is dead, so you can't ask him."

ANTICIPATION

I think he ought to practice,
but he won't; he ought to get used to things.
It's death, I say; get ready.
But he goes on talking about life.
He liked it here, he had a good time.
You would, too, he says, if you'd relax.
I can't, I tell him, this is too much for me.
For me, too, he says, but so what. He's not dead yet.
I've lived by pretending what's coming
is already here. I said my wife was gone
months before she left. Anticipation—for me
that was the key. But he goes on eating peaches,
planning for spring, hooking the holes of his life
to the cleats of the future. It won't come,
everyone can see this. Death's
taking over the property. I look up,
and the sky's a huge blueprint
for an estate about to be built,
and I don't know the first thing about hammers
or nails. I roll him to the window
so he can see, but to him the sky is delight,
and the clouds are just puffs and white china dogs.

—CHARLIE SMITH

"How many times did he come to the cave in total?" I asked.

"My guess would be twice."

"And then Kirk Bryan, the geologist?"

"Kirk was there once or twice, but he was not digging. . . . Believe me, I lived in the cave just to the north of Sandia Cave, Davis Cave. I slept there, we ate there, we were there every day."

Daniel McKnight and Charles Lange, two student workers during the last summer of the excavation, don't recall seeing either man visit the site.

Thus, there was essentially no independent examination of either the archaeology or the geology of the cave by Roberts or Bryan. The diggers were almost exclusively students. Donald Brand, the man ultimately in charge of the work, was an anthropologist who specialized in geography.

In his fax, Hibben asserted, "I left intact approximately 30 percent of the entire fill along the north wall of the cave . . . for future study," but, he claimed, relic hunters destroyed those deposits during the Second World War.

While Agogino recalls a small, three-foot-long block of material some sixty feet back from the entrance, in the ster-

ile part of the cave, other witnesses have dismissed Hibben's claim out of hand. Blumenthal called the assertion "bullshit." Hibben's published site maps show that the cave was cleaned out, wall to wall, floor to ceiling, for twenty-four metres from the entrance. Vance Haynes said that his meticulous inspection of the cave in the early nineteen-sixties turned up no evidence that such a strip had ever existed. McKnight and Lange are also quite positive that the cave was cleaned out going way back, and that almost nothing was left. "My impression was that we dug it out from wall to wall," Lange said.

In his fax, Hibben said, "As to James Hester working in my laboratory during the Sandia Cave years, I do not recall his being there. . . . At any event, I was in Africa working on Paleolithic remains there during the time that the Sandia material was sent to . . . the University of Michigan."

Concerning the issue of Wesley Bliss's involvement in Sandia Cave, Hibben wrote, "At no time was I a partner of his nor was he on my regular excavating crew. Bliss excavated at least once on his own and Dr. Brand . . . told him to cease and desist." Hibben said that the "exca-

vation permit was issued in my name."

Again, the written record and the recollections of people show that these statements are not true. According to a 1942 article by Douglas Byers, who was asked by *American Antiquity* to investigate the controversy between Bliss and Hibben, the two men explored the cave together and filed a mining claim on October 18, 1935, in the names of Bliss, Hibben, and three others. (In those days, archeologists often posted a mining claim to mark a site on public land.) Furthermore, Byers wrote, on November 7, 1935, Donald Brand "applied for a permit to conduct archaeological and paleontological excavations in the caves, stating that he was to be in general charge of the work and that Wesley L. Bliss was the individual in charge of field work." Byers further stated that "Mr. Bliss and Mr. Hibben were leaders of separate field parties. . . . During the academic year 1936-1937, actually from October to January, Mr. Bliss was in charge of the work at Sandia Cave." All these facts are supported by the recollections of those who were involved in the discovery and excavation of the cave, including Wesley Bliss himself. Everyone recalled that Bliss was intimately involved until Hibben "elbowed Bliss out," as Lange put it.

Hibben defended his work in Chinitna Bay by noting that "my examinations were superficial and from the surface only. We were based upon a boat offshore and the tides were running 30 feet or more." He also said that "the shore was eroding very rapidly at that time."

This doesn't explain where the mammoth bones, flint chips, fire hearths, or Folsom projectile point came from—or where they went. The geologist with Dixon noted that the shore was actually *rising* from the sea. With the use of Hibben's own photographs, Dixon's team was able to get within a few feet of the exact place where Hibben said he found the mate-

rial and determined that "little erosion of this shoreline" had occurred. Everything, Dixon said, appeared to be intact and precisely as Hibben described it—except that there was no evidence whatever of Paleo-Indian occupation. In case they were at the wrong spot, they closely examined miles of adjacent shoreline.

Finally, Hibben defended the uniqueness of the Sandia site by saying that the Clovis and Folsom people were also known from more or less "unique" sites. This is wildly incorrect: there are some twenty-five or thirty documented Folsom sites and ten or so Clovis sites.

I LEAVE Interstate 25 at the northern end of the Sandia Mountains. The road passes the old Spanish town of Placitas—a cluster of adobe houses and double-wides—and turns to dirt with a great lurch. Fat cottonwood trees crowd the shoulders, forming a green tunnel that echoes with the rippling of Las Huertas Creek. The sun shines through the leaves as if through stained glass, and they chatter softly in a rising breeze.

The parking lot is marked with a sign: "Sandia Cave Man Trail." The trail itself dips into a copse of oaks tangled with poison ivy and then rises again, emerging along an arid slope dotted with

snakeweed and piñon. To the northwest, a view opens across the Rio Grande. The cave lies ahead, a black hole in the cliff. I climb the spiral staircase up the precipice. The words "SICK" and "LOVE ME MO" are scratched into the ironwork.

An iron cage projects from the cave mouth. I enter the cave, crouching under the low ceiling. The walls are covered with obscenities and unintelligible gang graffiti. Cigarette butts are scattered about the cave floor, and a crushed Pepsi can lies in a pool of muddy water. About fifteen feet inside, the cave is bricked up. There is a faint tang of urine.

I turn around and look back through the cave mouth. It is like staring through a dead eye into the world. Across Las Huertas Canyon, the synclinal thrust of the Sandia Mountains rises to meet the blinding blue sky. The mountain slopes are studded with brilliant-green aspens and darker stands of spruce and fir. A red-tailed hawk moves into my field of view, teetering on an updraft. There is no sign of human life. The view has remained unchanged for millennia.

I wonder: Twenty-five thousand years ago, did someone really stare from this hole to see these same mountains, these same skies? ♦



"Tim, I'm having a problem with your marriage proposal."

ANNALS OF SELF-ESTEEM

BOOKS AS FURNITURE

Why do people in upscale mail-order catalogues always look so comfortable with themselves? The secret seems to lie in all those old and learned books that so artfully furnish their lives.

BY NICHOLSON BAKER

ON the cover of a recent mail-order catalogue from a place called The Company Store, a man and a woman in white pajamas are posed in the middle of a pillow fight. But there isn't one feather in the air, because The Company Store, of La Crosse, Wisconsin, sells new pillows—not stale, corrupt, depopulated pillows from some earlier era of human insomnia but fresh, unashamedly swollen dream bags corpulent with clean, large-cluster white goose down of a quality that only European white polar geese can grow. The Company Store also sells things like new flannel blankets, new bed wedges, and new baffled-box comforters. They are not in the business of selling beat-up editions of forgotten nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century books.

But in another way The Company Store is in fact a used-book seller—or at least the people there are committed book propagandists—since more than twenty old volumes appear in the pages of the catalogue. On top of a pile of five folio-folded Wamsutta sheets in Bluette, Black Cherry, Ivory, Sunset, and Onyx, there sits a worn oblong shape that looks to date from about 1880, with a pair of wire-rimmed glasses resting on it—glasses that might be used to read the pages they surmount. Sadly, it isn't quite possible to make out the title on the book's spine. But the title in another picture in this catalogue—a very small photograph on page 66—does, just barely, cross the threshold of decipherability. The catalogue designer has reversed the negative, so that the letters are backward, and the words they spell are partly covered by a finger, but if you look closely you can still identify which book, out of all the books that have ever been published, is lying open face down on a white-pajamaed thigh—the thigh, it seems, of the woman who was first seen

pillow-fighting on the cover. Now she is alone, lost in a fiction-inspired reverie, leaning against a vertical pillow prop with low, stumpy arms that is helping her sit up in bed: one of those readers' pillows that my wife and her college friends used to call “husbands.” The woman is in the middle of reading “The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus,” published in 1904 and written by someone named Mary E. Waller.

I went to a big library and took the elevator to the lowest level of the underground stacks, and found there a copy of “The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus” identical to the one in the picture. The novel is about an unsophisticated high-altitude apple farmer named Hughie, who lives in the Green Mountains of Vermont, on the fictional Mt. Olympus—or Mt. 'Lympus, as the locals call it. A falling log has left Hughie crippled in some serious and vaguely Hemingwayesque way, so Hughie, with marriage now out of the question, teaches himself wood carving, aided from afar by cultured friends. They forward him trunkfuls of books and reproductions of European art: he reads Carlyle and George Sand and Browning and Bret Harte, and he stares attentively at a photograph of Michelangelo's “David”; and, little by little, under this mail-order tutelage and influence, Hughie succeeds in elevating himself from limping amateur whittler to Olympian panel artist and wainscoteur. One of his correspondents, Madeline, on her way through northern Italy, sends him a set of carved black-oak bookshelves. She writes him, “I like to imagine all those books you have been gathering and making yours on these special shelves.”

I've been thinking about bookshelves myself lately, and imagining the shelves one might fill by searching through mail-order catalogues for the books they use as props (often searching at extremely

close range: part of the delight comes in figuring out, with the aid of tiny clues and keyword computer searches, the identity of a book whose title at first seems totally illegible), and I've been thinking, too, about what our mail-order catalogues and our bookshelves, those two affiliated regions of cultural self-display, reveal about the sort of readers we are, or wish we were. We are not, clearly, whatever The Company Store would have us believe, casual bedtime consumers of the novels and travel books of Mary E. Waller. “The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus” went through at least twenty-three printings after 1904, according to the copyright page—which would have made it a big book for Little, Brown—but my copy was last checked out on January 19, 1948, and was returned on January 20th: too promptly, one suspects, to have been read. The model in the white pajamas and I could be the only two people who have read, or pretended to read, this work in several decades. And yet a very small image of it has been delivered by bulk-rate mail to thousands of households. In another picture in the catalogue, the pajama woman is asleep, embracing a seventy-two-inch-long body pillow: she is dreaming, needless to say, of disabled mountain men and the bookshelves full of Carlyle that taught them everything they know; “The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus” waits on her bedside table.

Nor is The Company Store alone among mail-order catalogues in giving prominence to the old or little-known work of literature. I counted thirty-six hand-me-down books, none with their original jackets on, in fifteen different settings, in the Crate & Barrel catalogue for the spring of '95. The books lie open on chairs, on hammocks, on the floor, as if whoever was reading them had left off briefly to check the status of an earth-



These books have made it—made the leap from library catalogue to mail-order catalogue. They're survivors.

toned lentil soup; on their pages rest studiously haphazard placeholders—a shell, a twist of ribbon, an apple, a daisy. The Crabtree & Evelyn catalogue for spring offers a pair of three-and-a-half-ounce containers of Southampton Rose Home Fragrance Spray, which is a kind of high-brow air freshener, for seventeen dollars; its dignity is enhanced, and its price defended, by its placement next to a fancily bound Italian biography of Queen Elizabeth from 1965, whose title, translated, is “Elizabeth I of England: The Virgin with the Iron Fist”—itself not such a bad name for an air freshener. On page 28 of the spring Tweeds catalogue, a woman wearing a nice cotton sweater holds open an unidentifiable clothbound book bearing visible, and quite beautiful, mildew stains. In one of the latest J. Crew catalogues, there is a literary interlude on page 33: a man in shorts and plaster-dusted work boots, sitting in a half-remodelled room—on break, apparently, from his labor of hammering and gentrifying—is looking something up in

what close inspection reveals to be a *Guide Bleu* to Switzerland, probably from the forties, in French.

WHAT is it with all these books? Isn't the Book supposed to be in decline—its authority eroding, its informational tax base fleeing to suburbs of impeccably edged and weeded silicon? Five minutes with the tasteful Pottery Barn catalogue of March, 1995, may be somewhat reassuring. A closed universe of about fifty books circulates decoratively in its pages. The Pottery Barn catalogue's library may have been selected for the alpha-wave-inducing beige and blue-gray and dull red of its bindings, but the actual titles, which are nearly but not quite unreadable, sometimes betray reserves of emotion. In the tranquillity of a cool living room, a cream-colored book entitled “Tongues of Flame” appears, minus its jacket, on a shelf of the Trestle Bookcase, near the Malabar Chair. Then it shows up in some peaceful shots of iron end tables. Next, on the page that

offers what the Pottery Barn's furniture-namers call a Library Bed—a bed whose broad panels suggest the careful wood-working found in old English libraries—a historical novel called “A Rose for Virtue” makes its quiet entrance, underneath a handsome ivory-toned telephone. Three pages later comes the big moment, the catalogue's clinch: for, lying at the foot of the Scroll Iron Bed, open face down on the cushion of the Scroll Iron Bench, as if it were being read, is a half-hidden volume that can be positively identified as “Tongues of Flame,” and leaning fondly, or even ardently, against it, at a slight angle, is “A Rose for Virtue.” Whether the rose's virtue survives this fleeting flammilingus, we are not told; it's enough to know that the two books, after their photographic vicissitudes, are together at last.

So I went to the library again, and checked out “Tongues of Flame.” It's a collection of short stories, by Mary Ward Brown, which was published by Dutton in 1986. (There is also a novel called “Tongues of Flame,” by Tim Parks, set in England, that came out in 1985, but the large pale-gold letters on the binding of the Dutton edition are unmistakable.) The title story is about a married woman who wants to help a stuttering drunk reform his life by taking him to church. Her program seems to work at first, but one evening the preacher delivers a sermon so potent it sends the alarmed man right back to the bottle; in a matter of hours, his clumsy cigarette-smoking has set fire to the church. “Save the Bible!” hollers one of the parishioners as the flames rise from the roof, and it is eventually saved. The author writes:

The wet pulpit, with the Bible still on it, had been brought out into the churchyard. Pews sat haphazardly about. Songbooks, Sunday School books, and Bible pictures for children were scattered on the grass.

Were it not for the color-coordinating book lovers at Pottery Barn, I would never have read Mary Ward Brown's short story—and it's worth reading, more flavorful, perhaps, for having been found circuitously. Nor would I ever have troubled to de-

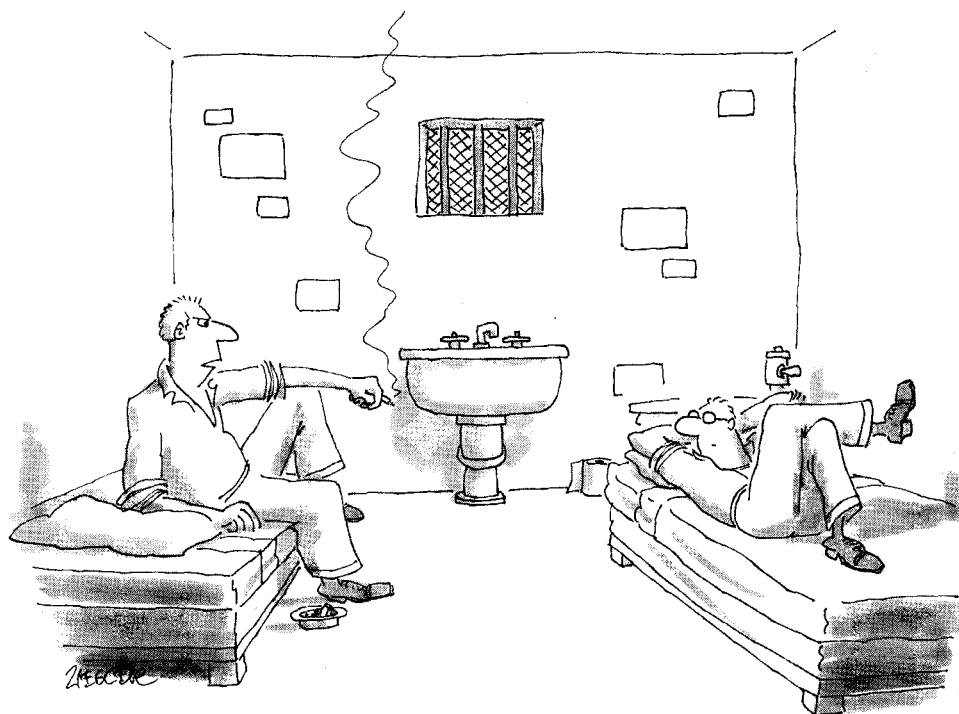


“Ooh! Bummer!”

termine which hymn it is that contains the simple but stirring phrase “tongues of flame.” It’s from “Father of Boundless Grace,” by the prolific Charles Wesley (Methodist, brother of John Wesley, and inspirer of William Blake), and it was probably written sometime in the seventeen-thirties:

A few from every land
At first to *Salem* came,
And saw the wonders of Thy hand,
And saw the tongues of flame!

And if I hadn’t read “Tongues of Flame,” I might never have been reminded of the story of another, bigger book fire. It took place in London on Saturday, October 23, 1731, at two o’clock in the morning. What was to become the library of the British Museum—a set of about a thousand books and manuscripts, which included the collection of the old Royal Library, along with the fabulous accumulation of Robert Cotton—was shelved, far too casually, in a room in a house in Westminster, and was overseen (according to Edward Miller’s “That Noble Cabinet”) by the son of the by then aged classical scholar Richard Bentley. The room below the library caught fire; tongues of flame found their way up through the wainscoting and reached the backs of the bookcases—or book presses, as they were often called—and, as the conjoined libraries began to sigh and crackle, the Speaker of the House of Commons, who lived nearby and had hurried over when he heard the clamor, plucked warm and smoking bundles of ancient parchment off the shelves and tossed them out the window to save them. Like Chuck Yeager, smoke-smirched but ambulatory after his plane crash at the end of “The Right Stuff,” Dr. Bentley himself emerged from the conflagration with the Codex Alexandrinus, the priceless fifth-century manuscript of the Greek Bible, in his arms. He was dressed in his nightgown, but he had apparently taken a moment, in the name of scholarly dignity, to slap on his wig. A hundred and fourteen books were ruined or lost that night—some of them “burnt to a Crust,” many of them irreplaceable—and a number of the ones that had been flung out the window to safety were swept together into heaps of shuffled and water-



“What with current restrictions on punitive damages, I had no recourse but to shoot the son of a bitch.”

damaged pages and boxed away. Librarians didn’t succeed in restoring order to some of the surviving fragments until a century later.

And if I hadn’t been reminded of that British Museum fire I wouldn’t have been moved to reread the great book-fire scene in Mervyn Peake’s novel “Titus Groan,” published in 1946, which uses some of the elements from the mythical prehistory of the British Museum. Here’s how Peake describes the passing of Lord Sepulchre’s library at Gormenghast:

The room was lit up with a tongue of flame that sprang into the air among the books on the right of the unused door. It died almost at once, withdrawing itself like the tongue of an adder, but a moment later it shot forth again and climbed in a crimson spiral, curling from left to right as it licked its way across the gilded and studded spines of Sepulchre’s volumes. This time it did not die away, but gripped the leather with its myriad flickering tentacles while the names of the books shone out in ephemeral glory. They were never forgotten by Fuchsia, those first few vivid titles that seemed to be advertising their own deaths.

Fuchsia and the others escape out the window, and the next morning we view the library’s desolate remains:

The shelves that still stood were wrinkled charcoal, and the books were standing side

by side upon them, black, grey, and ash-white, the corpses of thought.

Umberto Eco seems to have been inspired by this scene, right down to its studded book spines, and inspired, too, by the story of the British Museum fire, in writing the description of burning books which ends his big book “The Name of the Rose.” “Now I saw tongues of flame [*lingue di fiamma*] rise from the scriptorium, which was also tenanted by books and cases,” says Eco’s narrator. And then, revisiting the ruined abbey years later, he reports:

Poking about in the rubble, I found at times scraps of parchments that had drifted down from the scriptorium and the library and had survived like treasures buried in the earth; I began to collect them, as if I were going to piece together the torn pages of a book. . . .

Along one stretch of wall I found a bookcase, still miraculously erect, having come through the fire I cannot say how. . . . At times I found pages where whole sentences were legible; more often, intact bindings, protected by what had once been metal studs. . . . Ghosts of books, apparently intact on the outside but consumed within.

How thoughtful of the Pottery Barn catalogue to send its customers back on this short but fiery thematic mis-



"Your mom wants to buy you a drink."

sion, and at the same time to rescue Mary Ward Brown's "Tongues of Flame" from the prospect of absent-minded immolation—flinging it out the window, as it were, toward us, simply by photographing it. Bookstores and book reviews deal with new books, and even antiquarian-book sellers can only align old books on their silent shelves, where they wait for buyers. But the junk-mail catalogues—sent out by the hundreds of thousands to people who never asked for them but nonetheless look through them from time to time and puzzle over the versions of life they present—go further, extending to past books the courtesy of present inclusion, and surrounding printed fiction with life-size fictional rooms that resemble our own real rooms except that they are a good deal neater, costlier, and more literate.

We know that it's a lie. One of the larger pieces in the Pottery Barn catalogue is the Sierra Armoire, made of wormwood and machine-flagellated pine. The armoire, pictured with one of its double doors ajar, is stuffed with a miscellany of books whose bindings

glimmer from its shadows: a textbook of pathology from before the Second World War, an original hardcover of Bellow's "Adventures of Augie March," Paul Horgan's "Citizen of New Salem," a bound German periodical from 1877, and also—so deeply shadowed that only its width and the faintest hint of a typeface give it away—"Tongues of Flame." There isn't a self-help book or a current best-seller to be seen, because the men and women who live in the rooms of the mail-order catalogues never read best-sellers. In fact, they never read paperbacks. Next to the picture, the description says, "Long before there were closets to house clothing, linens and books, armoires did the job."

Well, this is true. Bookcases, or book cupboards, were called armaria as early as the first century, when some books were still published—that is, multiply copied—on rolls (*volumina*), and stored on their sides, with little tags hanging from their ends which bore their titles. Seneca, who died in the year 65, rather scornfully mentions book-bearing armoires inlaid

with ivory in his essay "On Tranquillity of Mind." And in one of the earliest surviving pictures of a book armoire, found in a manuscript called the Codex Amiatinus, from the eighth century (but possibly copied from an earlier, now lost manuscript, the Codex Grandior), the books, large and bound in red, lie flat on the shelves, with the doors of the armarium open. The picture is reproduced in John Willis Clark's "The Care of Books," a monumental history of the bookcase, first published in 1901. Professor Clark also quotes from the Customs of the Augustinian Order, which required that the armarium be "lined inside with wood, that the damp of the walls may not moisten or stain the books," and that it be "divided vertically as well as horizontally by sundry shelves on which the books may be ranged so as to be separated from one another; for fear they be packed so close as to injure each other or delay those who want them."

In English, the word "armarium" relaxed into "almerly" or "aumbry," as in this sixteenth-century account of life at Durham Cathedral:

And over against the carrells against the church wall did stande certaine great almeries of waynscott all full of bookes, wherein did lye as well the old auntyent written Doctors of the Church as other prophane authors with dyverse other holie mens wourks, so that every one dyd studye what Doctor pleased them best.

Eventually, armoires came to look more like modern bookshelves, shedding their cupboard doors, but thievery and misshelving led to the collateral invention of another deterrent: book chains. The books were flipped around, with their fore-edges rather than their bindings facing outward on the shelf; rings were clipped or riveted to their front covers; and these rings were linked to surprisingly thick, dangling, Jacob Marleyesque chains, some short, some several feet in length, whose other ends encircled iron rods that ran horizontally in front of a shelf or across the top of an angled lectern. Michelangelo designed a chained library. A bookcase historian named Burnett Hillman Streeter, who was a canon of Hereford Cathedral in the nineteen-thirties, and a loving restorer of its chained library, reports that libraries at Cambridge remained on leash until the early part of the seventeenth century, while at Oxford the practice persisted until 1799. Samuel Johnson would have

read chained books; and when Coleridge somewhere laments the impossibility of escaping the fetters of language—when he says, “Our chains rattle, even as we are complaining of them”—perhaps he has the memory of book chains specifically in mind.

So the Pottery Barn catalogue is invoking centuries of monastic and academic tradition when it observes that books were once stored in armoires, as were clothes and linens. But can its copywriter truly believe that anyone is now going to keep a book collection behind the closed pine doors of a nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine-dollar cupboard? No. Catalogue designers long ago learned for themselves and put into earnest practice the observation that one of Anthony Powell’s characters made when he drunkenly pulled a glass-fronted bookcase down on himself while trying to retrieve a copy of “The Golden Treasury” in order to check a quotation: “As volume after volume descended on him, it was asserted he made the comment: ‘Books do furnish a room.’” Catalogue designers know perfectly well that books, if we are fortunate enough to own any, should be out there somewhere, visible, shelved in motley ranks or heaped on tables as nodes of compacted linearity that arrest the casual eye and suggest wealths of patriarchal, or matriarchal, learnedness. Books entice catalogue browsers, readers and nonreaders alike, into furnishing alternative lives for themselves—lives in which they find they are finally able to perform that contortional yoga exercise whereof so many have spoken, and can “curl up with a good book.”

What, then, will the Pottery Barn’s armoire hold in practice? The catalogue copy quietly goes on to note that this piece of furniture is “roomy enough to hold a 20”-deep television or stereo equipment (holes must be drilled in back).” Now we see: it makes a nice decorative envelope for a TV—but it can’t be pictured performing that primary and perfectly legitimate duty, because that would interfere with the catalogue browser’s notion of him- or herself. What will make the browser pause and possibly lift the phone is the promise, the illusion, that the armoire is magical, that the spirit of those beautiful shadowy books in the picture will persist after delivery, raising the moral tone of the TV—in other words, that the armoire’s

bookish past will give the TV a liberal education.

It’s undeniable that books furnish a room, and it’s nothing to be ashamed of. They require furniture, in the form of bookshelves, but they are themselves furniture as well. “No furniture so charming as books, even if you never open them, or read a single word”—so Sydney Smith, one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review*, and a devoted Victorian reader, told his daughter as they had breakfast in his library. By chance, the book immediately to the right of “The Wood-Carver of ‘Lympos’” where I found it in the library was something called “Bits of Talk, in Verse and Prose, for Young Folks,” published in 1892, by Helen Jackson. She devotes a chapter to tips on making rooms pleasant to live in. She recommends sunlight first, and then color, especially the color red:

In an autumn leaf, in a curtain, in a chair-cover, in a pin-cushion, in a vase, in the binding of a book, everywhere you put it, it makes a brilliant point and gives pleasure.

She goes on:

Third on my list of essentials for making rooms cosy, cheerful, and beautiful, come—Books and Pictures. Here some persons will cry out: “But books and pictures cost a great deal of money.” Yes, books do cost money, and so do pictures; but books accumulate rapidly in most houses where books are read at all; and if people really want books, it is astonishing how many they contrive to get together in a few years without pinching themselves very seriously in other directions.

Hunca Munca and Tom Thumb, the Two Bad Mice in Beatrix Potter, try

their best to maneuver a doll-house bookcase holding a faux Encyclopædia Britannica, bound in red, into their mouse-hole, but it doesn’t quite fit. At the age of eighty and between Prime Ministerships, William Gladstone became fascinated with the problems of book storage, and during a visit to All Souls College, Oxford, he “launched out on his theme one evening in the Common Room,” in the words of one observer, “and illustrated his scheme of bookshelves by an elaborate use of knives, forks, glasses, and decanters.” Gladstone was not entirely sure how England was going to shelve all the books it produced without its citizens’ being, as he writes, “extruded some centuries hence into the surrounding waters by the exorbitant dimensions of their own libraries.” But one thing Gladstone was sure of: bookcases should be plain. “It has been a fashion to make bookcases highly ornamental,” he says. “Now books want for and in themselves no ornament at all. They are themselves the ornament.”

Books are themselves the ornament. A tenth-century Arabic-speaking scholar learned the truth of this proposition as he was browsing in the book bazaar in Córdoba, Spain. Córdoba was a literary capital; it held what was then the largest library in the world. Our scholar (whose name I don’t know) was looking for a particular manuscript that he hadn’t yet been able to find for sale. Finally, to his inexpressible joy, he came across a copy, written in an unusually fine script. He bid for it eagerly. “But,” he writes, always the auctioneer returned with a higher bid, until the price far exceeded the



actual value. Then I asked the auctioneer to show me the competitor who offered so much. He introduced me to a gentleman in magnificent garments and when I addressed him as Doctor, telling him that I was willing to leave the book to him if he needed it badly, as it was pointless to drive the price up higher, he replied: I am neither a scholar nor do I know what the book is about; but I am in the process of installing a library, in order to distinguish myself among the notables of the city, and happen to have a vacant space which this book would fill.

Books fill vacant spaces better than other collectibles, because they represent a different order of plenitude—they occupy not only the morocco-bound spine span on the shelf but the ampler stretches, the camel caravans of thought-bearing time required to read them through. If you amass a private library of hundreds of thousands of volumes, as the great Caliph Hakim II of Córdoba did before he died, in the year 976, you can feel confident that you have secured a kind of implied immortality: you die owning in reserve all the hours and years it would take those who outlive you to read, not to mention copy over, the words each book contains—and that bank of shelved time is your afterlife. And if you will your books to a cathedral library, or to a university, with the firm injunction that the books you give be chained in perpetuity (a stipulation that a number of English and Italian library benefactors included

in their wills), you can't truly die, or so you may secretly believe: you can't sink to infernal sub-basement floors or float off to some poorly lit limbo, because your beloved delegation of volumes, the library that surrounded you in life, and suffered with you, and *is* you, is now tethered firmly to the present; you will live on, linked by iron and brass to the resonant strongbox of the world's recorded thought. One testator of 1442 asked that his rare books be chained in the library at Guildhall, so that, he says, "the visitors and students thereof be the sooner admonished to pray for my soul."

But no deterrent, including chains, is a guarantee of immortality. Books can burn, and they can suffer depredations under various kinds of zealotry, and they can simply get sold off for cash or mutilated by misguided conservators. The particular manuscript that the tenth-century Arabic scholar coveted and couldn't afford (he doesn't tell us what book it was) was very probably a casualty of several attendant centuries of civil war and turmoil in Spain. A satisfyingly heavy blue tome from 1939, called "The Medieval Library," tells us that by the time Philip II of Spain was fitting out the library of the Escorial, not a single Arabic manuscript, nothing from the glory days of Córdoba, could be found anywhere in the kingdom. ("Fortunately, the

capture of a Moroccan galley in which a considerable number of Arabic books and manuscripts was found relieved the royal librarian's embarrassment," writes S. K. Padover.) In England, tens of thousands of manuscripts—works that would have been dusted with foxtails by dynasties of whispering attendants in the Vatican if they had been fortunate enough to escape there—perished during the suppression of the monasteries in the sixteenth century. They died slowly in some cases: used to polish candlesticks and boots, to wrap pies, to press gloves flat, or to repair broken windows. Manuscripts of Duns Scotus, who later became Gerard Manley Hopkins's preferred scholastic philosopher, were nailed to the walls of outhouses and torn off page by page, forced to become, as one proud library purger wrote, "a comon servant to evere man."

All this distant adversity has one positive effect, however: the books now on our shelves become more ornamental and more precious—regardless of their intrinsic worth—by the charged, Lindisfarnean absence of the books that could have influenced or improved them, directly or at many removes, but can't because they are lost. This explains why some of us, like eager high-school science students doing a unit on fruit flies, are drawn to study up close the short-lived images in catalogues or magazines, in search of tiny, attractively arbitrary points of literary embarkation. These books happen to be the books we have now. They've made it—made the leap from library catalogue to mail-order catalogue. They're survivors. I haven't yet ordered one of the tall revolving-shelf bookcases that the Levenger company, that very successful maker of "Tools for Serious Readers," sells, but I did recently look up the multivolume "Biographical History of Massachusetts," published in 1909, that Levenger has shelved for display in the revolving bookcase shown on the cover of its early-summer catalogue. I found, in Volume II, the story of Henry Albert Baker (no relation), a nineteenth-century dentist and lecturer on oral deformities, who in 1872 discovered the principle of the pneumatic dental mallet, a device used for forcing wads of silver amalgam into excavated molars. Baker, in the words of his biographer,

happened to have in his hands a tube such as boys use for bean-blowers. At the same



"Sue the bastards."

BACK

We stand inside the door,
Our feet tangled in bags,
And listen for the wind
Vowelling in the chimney
And the rosebush worrying
The kitchen screen. We feel
The old smells of damp and
Ashes on our cheeks, and dig
The light creaking down the
Stairs to count the sheeted
Chairs in the hall.

Then
Barney and Max, loosed from
Their box, shoot under the
Hall table, and wait behind
Their yellow lamps. A breeze
Sucks at the front door and,
Stiff as winter, it sighs
And bangs shut. The sound
Startles us, and sends
The cats up the stairs so
Fast they make two straight
Lines—one gray, one black.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

time he had in his mouth a round piece of candy which dissolved rapidly. He playfully put one end of the tube between his lips and accidentally the candy slipped into the tube. He covered the lower end of the tube with his finger to prevent it from dropping. As soon as he felt it touch his finger he sucked the candy back and to his surprise it flew up the tube with such force that he thought he had fractured one of his front teeth. He lay awake nearly all the following night trying to evolve a plan to utilize the force so mysteriously concealed. The next morning he was at the machine-shop bright and early and within three days he had the pneumatic mallet complete.

What could be more worth knowing than this? We could do worse than accept the reading suggestions that fall unsolicited through our mail slots.

THERE is a surprising further development in the history of the book and the bookcase. Not only is the book the prop of commonest resort in the world of mail order; but objects that resemble books—non-book items that carry bookishly antiquarian detailing—are suddenly popular. The book as a middle-class totem is in fashion to a degree not seen since Joseph Addison in 1711 encountered a private library con-

taining dummy books of "All the Classick Authors in Wood," along with a silver snuffbox "made in the Shape of a little Book." ("I was wonderfully pleased with such a mixt kind of Furniture," he wrote.) Catalogues now offer book-patterned ties, book brooches, and settees covered in trompe-l'oeil-bookshelf fabric. Pier 1 recently advertised a round glass-topped table whose base is a fake stack of nine large leather-bound books. The latest Horchow Home collection includes, for eight hundred and sixty-nine dollars, an entire coffee table made in the image of two immense faux books hewn from chunks of beechwood; the top one is pretending to be Volume I of an Italian edition of Homer. The catalogue for See's candies sells the Chocolate Classics, a book-shaped box of candy bars. The Paragon gift catalogue offers a fairly awful table clock with one fake gold-tooled book perched on top and two fake books underneath, bearing the legend, in gold script, "Times to Remember." Paragon also has an ex-libris frame for snapshots, in printed fabric, showing many shelves of black- and red-bound books—black and red being the colors, we remember,

of the poor scholar's books in "The Canterbury Tales." A catalogue called Ross-Simons Anticipations has a three-hundred-dollar mirror whose frame consists of several "shelves" of artificial old-style book spines, so that when you check your tie you'll be thronged with literary feelings.

And then there is the Eximious of London catalogue, which began appearing in American mail pouches several years ago. ("Eximious" is an archaic word meaning "distinguished" or "select.") It carries a four-volume set of book coasters (water-resistant), and a book pencil pot covered with precise replicas of Volume IV of an old edition of the collected works of Racine. I spoke with Cricket, of Customer Service, who told me that the Racine pencil pot was probably their best faux-book seller. And there is the so-called "scholarly magnifying glass with faux bookspine handle." The handle is a vividly lifelike mold taken from a book called "Ramsay's Poetical Works." It's a provocative choice. Allan Ramsay wrote verse in what to an American ear is intolerable Scottish dialect, but he also has the distinction of having opened, in Edinburgh, in 1725, the first circulating library—a place where, as in a modern video store, you rent what you can't afford to buy. Ramsay thus initiated the great change in the demography of readership which takes us from eighteenth-century Gothic chambers of sensationalism to the nineteenth-century coronation of the novel as the preëminent literary form, and, eventually, to the complete subordination of leather-bound books of poetry like Ramsay's own.

Finally, there is the Faux Book Cassette Holder. Several companies sell false fronts for cassettes, CDs, and videotapes, but this is the only one that made me want to read some Shakespeare. The product turns "an unsightly situation into a stunning bookshelf asset," Eximious says. "The mellow row of books looks exactly like a set of leather-bound antique volumes, because the resin mould was actually taken from such a set." What set is it? It's the Pickering's Christian Classics collection, published in the eighteenth forties by the bibliophilic William Pickering, who had a thing for miniature books, or what librarians call "tinies." His tiny of several Latin poets drew the attention of Gladstone himself, who noted with approval that it weighed only "an

ounce and a quarter." I couldn't put my hands on a copy of Saltmarsh's "Sparkles of Glory," the eleventh volume in Pickering's row, or on Hill's "Pathway to Piety," but I did read some of the ninth volume—Christopher Sutton's "Learn to Die," a reprint of a work first published in 1600, in black-letter type. Those embarrassing multicassette pop-music anthologies you may have bought (or, rather, I may have bought) on impulse, by phone, while watching Court TV—the ones with titles like "Forever '80s," or "The Awesome '80s," or "Totally '80s"—can now reside, shielded from inquisitors, behind the binding of a book that contains morbidly helpful thoughts such as this:

Seeing therefore, that on every side, wee have such urgent occasion, to passe the dayes of this wearysome Pilgrimage in trouble, and pensiveness of minde, may wee not thinke them thrice blessed, who are now landed on the shoare of perfect Securitie, and delivered from the burden of so toilesome a labour: May wee not bee refreshed, in calling to minde, that this battaile will one day be at an ende, and wee freed from the thorowes of all these bitter calamities?

As for beauty, Sutton writes:

Doe not some few fits of a feaver, marre all the fashion? The inconstancy of all worldly glory! All this stately and pageantlike pompe shall vanish away, and come to nothing, as if it never had bene.

Just the right note to strike in a cassette holder. As I read "Learn to Die," I began wondering whether Christopher Sutton had been spending time at the Globe Theatre: variations on phrases and metaphors from Shakespeare's late plays, especially from soliloquies in "Hamlet," kept cropping up. Even the opening words of the book—"That religion is somewhat out of joynt"—recall Hamlet's announcement that "the time is out of joint." So I got down a copy of "Hamlet," and soon saw that I was mistaken. It wasn't that Christopher Sutton had been hearing Shakespeare; it was that Shakespeare had been reading Christopher Sutton: "Learn to Die" came out in 1600, while "Hamlet" wasn't produced until about 1602. And yet Sutton isn't listed in any study of Shakespeare's sources that I checked, or in the Arden "Hamlet," or in the nineteenth-century variorum edition of "Hamlet" by Horace Howard Furness. Could the Eximious catalogue be giving us, for only fifty-one dollars and fifty cents plus shipping, an

admittedly minor but nonetheless significant and as yet undissertationed source for Hamlet's death-fraught inner sermons? Could a mail-order catalogue be sending us to graduate school?

It is a little disorienting, though—the wish to disguise one's cassettes or one's videotapes behind this extreme sort of leathery surrogacy. Better, truer, braver it would have been for Eximious to market a set of faux Penguin paperbacks, intermingled with a few faux Vintage Contemporaries. Our working notion of what books look like is on the verge of becoming frozen in a brownish fantasy phase that may estrange us from, and therefore weaken our resolve to read, the books we actually own. Hamlet, who was tolerant of bad puns, might have been tempted to point out that when a book turns faux it may cease to be a friend.

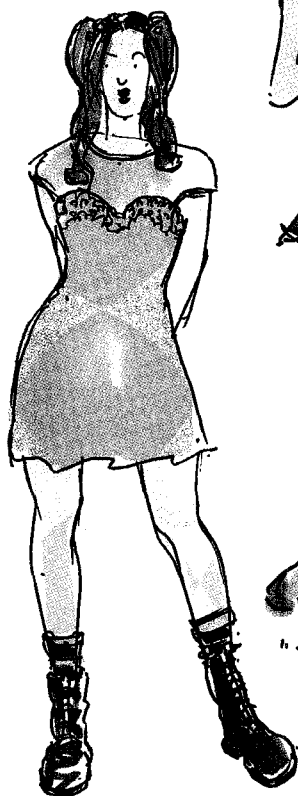
IF we momentarily resist the gold-filigreed-leather archetype, we may discover that the essential generous miracle of the bound book—which is the result of its covert pagination (that is, its quality of appearing to have only two surfaces when closed but in fact fanning forth dozens or hundreds of surfaces when opened)—is, right now, undergoing more technical experimentation and refinement and playful exaggeration than at any other time in its history. The book, considered as a four-cornered piece of technology, bound on one side, is still surprisingly young. Signs of its youth are to be found, naturally, in the children's section of the bookstore, where a brilliant corps of paper-engineers have lately made their mark. The children's section has third-generation pop-up books that arch and pose under the stress of page-turning like protégées of Isadora Duncan. There are lift-the-flap books, which carry subordinate pages on their pages, offering further surprises of surface area, and yet allow their flaps to be torn off without protest. (My son, who is one and a half, spends an hour each day reviewing his now flapless lift-the-flap books.) On these shelves you'll find letter-pouch books, like "The Jolly Postman," and up-to-date variations on the old textural pat-the-bunny and feel-daddy's-scratchy-face theme; you will encounter rows of miniature, stiff-paged Chunky or Pudgy books, and the foam-padded Super Chubby series from Simon & Schuster, and the patented

double-wide House Books from Workman Publishing, all of which boldly make a virtue of the necessary thickness of the non-virtual page. Even "Goodnight Moon" is now a board book. And there are books here with neo-medieval tabs to hold them closed, and real wheels to roll on, and books that have a hole in every page and a squeaking pig in their heart. There are books that are really toy kits with pamphlets, like "Build Your Own Radio," published by Running Press, which when opened reveals circuitry, not words; or the "Make Your Own Book" kit, with paper and binding glue; or consummations like "The Mystery of the Russian Ruby," which includes its own Sherlock Holmesian hinged bookcase disguising a secret stairway and a disappearing high-heeled foot; or the folio-size construct that calls itself a book, and is published by St. Martin's; a reputed book publisher, but that upon opening burgeons into a three-hundred-and-sixty-degree two-story Victorian doll house. Upstairs, near the fireplace, there is a small lift-the-flap book cupboard holding six weighty, untitled volumes.

Several times lately, stirred by this foliated ferment in the children's section, or by the confident bibliophilia to be found in the bulk-mail catalogues, I have stood before my own six undistinguished bookcases, and regarded the serried furniture they hold with a new level of interest and consideration. The best bookcase moment, I find, is when you reach up to get a paperback that happens to sit on one of the higher shelves, above your head. You single it out by putting a fingertip atop the block of its pages and pulling gently down, so that the book rocks forward and a triangle of cover design appears from between the paperbacks on either side. The book's emergence is steadied and slowed by the mild lateral pressure of its shelved peers, and, if you stop pulling just then, it will hang there by itself, at an angle, leaning out over the room like an admonishing piece of architectural detail; it will not fall. Finally the moment of equilibrium passes: the book's displaced center of gravity and the narrowing area it has available for adjacent friction conspire to release its weight to you, and it drops forward into your open hand. You catch the book that you chose to make fall. And, with any luck, you read it. ♦

THE LANGUAGE OF PROM DRESSES

BY MICHAEL CRAWFORD



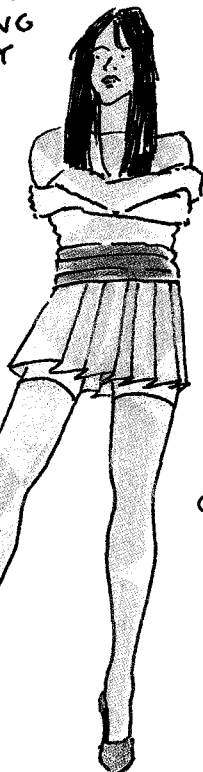
"LET'S DO
SOMETHING
MAJORLY
NOIR."



"THINK GLOBALLY,
PARTY LOCALLY."



"YOU DRESS LIKE A
POOL TABLE, YOU
FIGURE TO BE
SURROUNDED BY
REALLY COOL
GUYS."



"YOU THINK THIS IS
COMPLICATED? WAIT'LL YOU
SEE MY FACE JEWELRY."

"DON'T WAIT UP, MOM.
I'LL BE HOME BY AUGUST."

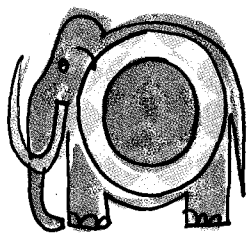
"HOW ABOUT A
SODA BEFORE WE GO?
MY PARENTS
ARE IN JAPAN."



FICTION

LOVE FAR FROM HOME

BY ITALO CALVINO



OCCASIONALLY a train sets off along the sea-front railway, and on that train there's me, leaving. Because I don't want to stay in my sleepy, cabbage-patch village, puzzling out the license plates of out-of-town cars like a kid down from the mountains sitting on the wall of a bridge. I'm off—bye, village.

In the world beyond my village there are other towns: some on the sea, others (why I don't know) lost in the depths of the lowlands or alongside trains that arrive (how I don't know) after breathless journeys across the plains. Every so often I get off in one of these towns, and I always have the look of the first-time traveller—pockets stuffed with newspapers, eyes smarting with dust.

At night, in my new bed, I turn off the light and listen to the trams, and then think of my room in my village, so distant it seems impossible that two places so far apart could exist at the same moment. And (where I'm not sure) I fall asleep.

In the morning, outside the window, there's much to explore. If it's Genoa, streets that go up and down and houses above and below and a rush of wind between them; if it's Turin, straight streets that never end when you look out over the railings of the balconies, and a double row of trees fading away beyond into white skies; if it's Milan, houses that turn their backs on you in fields of fog.

But it's always the same room in every town. It seems that the landladies send the furniture on from town to town as soon as they know I'm coming. Even my shaving kit on the marble dresser top looks as if I'd found it there when I arrived rather than putting it there myself; it has such an air of inevitability it doesn't seem mine at all. I could live years in a room, after other years in other and absolutely similar rooms, without ever managing to feel it was mine or making my mark on it, because my suitcase is always ready for the next

journey, and no town in Italy is the right town: no town has work to offer; no town would be good enough even if you did find work (there's always another and better town where you hope to go and work one day). So I put my stuff in the drawers exactly as it was in my suitcase, ready to be packed again.

DAYS and weeks go by, and a girl begins to come to the room. I could say it was always the same girl, because at first there's no difference between one girl and the next; they're all strangers, and you communicate with them according to a prescribed ritual. You have to spend some time and do a lot of things with this girl in order to understand the whys and wherefores; and then begins the enormous-discoveries phase—the real (perhaps the only) exciting season of love. After that—spending still more time and doing still more things with this girl—you realize that the other girls were like this, too, that you, too, are like this, that we all are, and that everything she does is boring, as if repeated in a thousand mirrors. Bye, girlfriend.

The first time a girl is coming to see me—let's say it's Mariamirella—I hardly do anything all afternoon: I go on with a book I'm reading, then realize that for the last twenty pages I've been looking at the letters as though they were pictures; I write, but really I'm doodling all over the white paper, and all the doodles together become the sketch of an elephant, which I shade in so that finally it turns into a mammoth. Then I lose my temper with the mammoth and tear it up: it's a mammoth every time, you baby!

I tear up the mammoth, and the bell rings: Mariamirella. I run to open the door before the landlady can appear at the barred toilet window and start shouting; Mariamirella would be frightened off. One day the landlady will die, strangled by thieves; it's written down, there's nothing anyone can do about it. She thinks she can save herself by not

going to open the door when they ring, not asking "Whoozzat callin'?" from the barred toilet window, but it's a pointless precaution. The typesetters have already prepared the headline—"LANDLADY ADELAIDE BRAGHETTI STRANGLED, KILLERS UNKNOWN"—and are only waiting for confirmation to lay out the page.

Mariamirella is there in the half-light, with her sailor's beret and its pom-pom, her heart-shaped mouth. I open the door, and she's already prepared a whole speech to make as soon as she's inside: it doesn't matter what she actually says, just that we talk without a break as I lead her down the dark corridor to my room.

It ought to be a long speech, so she won't get stuck in the middle of my room with nothing left to say. The room offers no prompts; it is hopeless in its squalor—the metal bedstead, the titles of unknown books in the small bookcase.

"Come and look out the window, Mariamirella."

The window is a French window with a waist-high railing but no balcony; you have to go up two steps to get to it. Outside, a reddish sea of tiles. We look at the roofs stretching off all around, as far as the eye can see, the stumpy chimneys puffing rags of smoke, the ridiculous balustrades on cornices where no one can ever look out, the low walls enclosing empty spaces on top of tumble-down houses. I put a hand on her shoulder, a hand that hardly feels like mine, feels almost swollen, as if we were touching each other through a layer of water.

"Seen enough?"

"Yes."

"Down, then."

We close the window and step down. We're underwater, we fumble with vague sensations. The mammoth roams about the room, ancient human fear.

"So?"

I've taken off her sailor's beret and tossed it on the bed.

"No. I'm off now anyway."

She puts the beret back on, I grab it

and throw it up in the air, and now we're running after each other, playing, with gritted teeth—love, this is love, a scratching, biting longing for each other. There's punching, too, on the shoulders, and then a weary, weary kiss: love.

Now we're smoking, sitting face to face, and the cigarettes are huge between our fingers, again like things held underwater, big sunken anchors. Why aren't we happy?

"What's the matter?" asks Mariamirella.

"The mammoth," I tell her.

"What's that?" she asks.

"A symbol."

"What of?"

"I don't know what of," I tell her.

"Just a symbol." Then: "Look. One evening I was sitting on a riverbank with a girl."

"Called?"

"The river was called the Po, and the girl Enrica. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I like to know who you've been with."

"O.K., so we were sitting on the grassy riverbank. It was autumn, in the evening, the banks were already dark, and coming down the river was the shadow of two men rowing standing up. In town, the lights were going on, and we were sitting on the bank on the other side of the river, and we were full of what they call love, that rough discovering and seeking of each other, that sharp taste of one another—you know, love. And I was full of sadness and solitude, that evening on the banks of rivers and their black shadows—the sadness and solitude of new loves, the sadness and nostalgia of old loves, the sadness and desperation of future loves. Don Juan, sad hero, ancient punishment—he was full of sadness and solitude and nothing else."

"Is it the same with me, too?" Mariamirella asks.

"What if you spoke a bit now, if you said what you know?"

I've started to shout with rage; sometimes when you speak you hear what might be an echo, and it drives you crazy.

Mariamirella says, "What you expect me to say about these things, you men—I don't understand!"

That's how it is: everything women have been told about love is wrong. They've been told all sorts of things, all

of them wrong. And their experiences—all imprecise. And yet they trust the things they're told, not the experiences. That's why they're so wrongheaded.

"I'd like, you see, among us girls . . ." she says. "Men: things you read, things whispered in your ear from when you're a little girl. You learn that *that* is more important than anything else, the aim of everything else. Then, you see, I realized that you never get to *that*, really to *that*. It's not more important than everything else. I wish it didn't exist at all, any of it, that you didn't have to think about it. Yet you're always expecting it. Maybe you have to become a mother to get to the real sense of everything. Or a prostitute."

There: it's great. We all have our secret explanations. You have only to reveal her secret explanation, and she's not a stranger anymore. We lie cuddled up together like two big dogs, or river gods.

"You see," Mariamirella says, "maybe I'm afraid of you. But I don't know where to hide. There's nothing on the horizon, only you. You're the bear and the cave. That's why I'm cuddled up in your arms now, so that you can protect me from my fear of you."

And yet it's easier for women. Life flows in them, the perpetuators; nature is sure and mysterious in them. Once there was the Great Matriarchy, and the history of peoples flowed as simply as that of plants. Then the conceit of the drones: there was a rebellion, and we got civilization. I think as much, and don't believe it.

"Once I found I couldn't make it with a girl," I tell her, "in a meadow on a mountain. The mountain was called Mt. Bignone and the girl Angela Pia. A big meadow, among the bushes, I remember, with a cricket jumping on every leaf. That trilling of crickets—so high, no escape. She couldn't really understand why I got up then and said that the last cable car was about to leave. Because it was a place you got to by cable car, and going over the pylons you felt yourself go empty inside, and she said, 'It's like when you kiss me.' That was quite a relief, I remember."

"You shouldn't tell me this sort of thing," Mariamirella says. "There'd be no more bear and no more cave, either. All I'd be left with was fear, all around."

"You see, Mariamirella," I tell her, "we mustn't separate things from thoughts.

The curse of our generation has been just that—not being able to do what we thought, or not being able to think what we did. I'll give you an example. Years ago—I changed my age on my identity card, because I wasn't old enough—I went to a woman in a brothel. The brothel was at Via Calandra 15 and the woman was called Derna."

"What?"

"Derna. We had the empire then, and the only novelty was that the women in the brothels were called Derna, Adua, Harrar, Dessiè."

"Dessiè?"

"Even Dessiè, as I recall. You want me to call you Dessiè from now on?"

"No."

"Well, to go back to that time, with this Derna. I was young, and she was big and hairy. I ran away. I paid what I had to pay and ran away. Going down the stairwell, I had the impression that everybody had come out to look and laugh at me. But that's not important: the thing is that as soon as I was home, that woman became something *thought*, and I wasn't afraid of her anymore. I began to want her, want her terribly . . . That's the point. For us, things thought are different from the things themselves."

"Right," says Mariamirella. "I've already thought of everything possible; I've lived hundreds of lives with my thoughts. Of marrying, of having lots of children, of having abortions, of marrying someone rich, of marrying someone poor, of becoming a high-society lady, of becoming a prostitute, a dancer, a nun, a roast-chestnut seller, a star, an M.P., an ambulance woman, a sports-woman. Hundreds of lives, with all their details. And they all ended happily. But in real life none of those things I think of ever happen. So every time I find myself imagining things I get scared and try to stop the thoughts, because if I dream something it will never come true."

She's a nice girl, Mariamirella; and by nice girl I mean that she understands the difficult things I say and immediately makes them easy. I'd like to give her a kiss, but I realize that if I kissed her I'd think of kissing the thought of her, and she'd think of being kissed by the thought of me, so I do nothing about it.

"Our generation must reconquer the things themselves, Mariamirella," I say. "Think and do things at the same time. Not do things without thinking

them through. We have to put an end to this difference between the things we think and the things themselves. Then we'll be happy."

"Why is it like this?" she asks me.

"Well, it's not like this for everybody," I tell her. "When I was a boy, I lived in a big villa, with high balustrades—as high as a flight over the sea. And I spent my days behind those balustrades. I was a loner as a child, and for me everything was a strange symbol—the spacing of the dates hanging from the tufts on the stalks, the crooked arms of the cactuses, the strange patterns in the gravel on the paths. Then, there were the grownups, whose job it was to deal with things, real things. All I had to do was discover new symbols, new meanings. I've stayed that way my whole life: I still live in a castle of meanings, not things; I still depend on the others,

the 'grownups,' the ones who handle things. But there are people who've worked at lathes ever since they were children, worked with a tool that makes things. That can have no other meaning than the things the lathe makes. When I see a machine, I look at it as if it were a magic castle—I imagine tiny men turning among the cogs. A lathe. God knows what a lathe is. Do you know what a lathe is, Mariamirella?"

"A lathe. I'm not sure right now," she says.

"They should teach everybody to use a lathe, instead of to use a rifle. A rifle is just another symbolic thing, with no real purpose."

"I'm not interested in lathes," she says.

"See, it's easier for you: you've got your sewing machines to save you, your needles and whatnot; you've got gas rings, typewriters, even. You've only got

a few myths to escape from, while everything's a symbol for me. But what is definite is that we've got to reconquer things."

I'm caressing her very softly.

"So, am I a thing?" she asks.

"Ugh," I say.

I've found a small dimple on one shoulder, above the armpit—soft, with no bone beneath, like the dimples in cheeks. I speak with my lips on the dimple.

"Shoulder like cheek," I say. It's incomprehensible.

"What?" she asks. But she doesn't care in the least what I say to her.

"Race like June," I say, still into the dimple. She doesn't understand what I'm doing, but she likes it and laughs. She's a nice girl.

"Sea like arrival," I say, then take my mouth from her dimple and put my ear there to listen to the echo. All I hear is her breathing and, buried far away, her heart.

"Heart like train," I say.

There: now Mariamirella isn't a thought Mariamirella plus a real Mariamirella—she's Mariamirella! And what we're doing now isn't something thought plus something real—the flight above the roofs, and the house swaying high like the palm trees from the window of my house in the village. A great wind has taken our top floor and is carrying it across the skies and the red ranks of roof tiles.

ON the shore by my village, the sea has noticed me and is welcoming me like a big dog. The sea, gigantic friend with small white hands that scratch the shingle: all at once it sweeps over the buttress of the breakwater, rears its white belly, and leaps over the mountains. Here it comes, bounding along cheerfully like a huge dog on the white paws of the undertow. The crickets fall silent, all the lowlands are flooded, and the fields and vineyards, till just one peasant raises his pitchfork and shouts. The sea disappears, as though it had been drunk by the land. Bye, sea.

Going out, Mariamirella and I run as fast as we can down the stairs, before the landlady appears at the barred window and tries to understand everything, looking us in the eyes. ♦

(Written in 1946. Translated, from the Italian, by Tim Parks.)



"Next, I will use a medium-point roller-ball pen with black ink and, on the anterior side of the upper-left quadrant, two centimetres below the binding staple, begin detailing in bold print the patient's previous medications and treatments relating to present indications for procedure and treatment, as required on this particular health-insurance form."

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BOOKS

WALT WHITMAN'S GHOST

Revisiting the streets that spawned an American masterpiece.

BY PAUL BERMAN

As late as 1961, the building in Brooklyn where Walt Whitman set several pages of type for the original edition of "Leaves of Grass" was still standing. It was on the corner of Cranberry and Fulton Streets (now called Cadman Plaza West), at the edge of Brooklyn Heights—a three-story red brick structure, plain and undistinguished except for a bronze tablet displaying Whitman's face surrounded by the aureole of his hair and beard. In 1855, the Rome brothers, friends of the poet's, ran a printshop in that building, and Whitman came in every day to help do the work on his book. Of course, by 1961 the printshop was long gone; a restaurant called the Managua Luncheonette was in its place. But there were still people who looked with reverence on the old structure and wished to see it survive the depredations of what was known in those days as "urban renewal."

A campaign on the building's behalf got under way. Names great (Arthur Miller, Marianne Moore) and small (e. e. cummings) lent their support. Jacqueline Kennedy expressed interest. A small, harmless misconception about the building—that it had once been Whitman's home, not just his printshop—crept into the public consciousness and lent further strength to the campaign. A group of a hundred and six students and faculty members from Smith College signed an emotional appeal based on that misconception, and the appeal duly made its way into the press.

But neither inflated claims nor powerful names were of any use. In the age of urban renewal, real estate was king, and down went the beloved old building in favor of an empty concrete plaza (considered the acme of architectural grace in those days) fronting a soulless middle-class housing development. The bronze tablet disappeared. And at the

site where "Leaves of Grass" was first printed not a blessed thing of Whitman's can be seen today except a number of small, immodest signs, tacked to a wall, that say with unspeakable taste, "Whitman Owner Corp."

Of the entire campaign only the tiniest ember can be said to have survived, and even that merely in the memory of the person who had led the failed effort. That person was Elias Wilentz, the proprietor of Greenwich Village's Eighth Street Bookshop, defunct now but in its day a popular place among writers. Wilentz, at the height of his preservationist fervor, had gone prowling through the scholarly back pages of a very fine Whitman biography from 1955, "The Solitary Singer," by Gay Wilson Allen, which contained a list of properties owned at various times by the Whitman family; and prowling through the back pages had led to prowling through Brooklyn's back streets, where Wilentz had come to believe that one other building associated with the poet might still be found. There was no point in trying to verify that belief or to nail down the exact address. New York City obviously didn't give a damn about its literary past; the demolition on Cranberry Street was the proof. Yet Wilentz savored his unverified hunch, and the years passed, and his savoring didn't fade away.

Anybody who has spent a little time over "Leaves of Grass" ought to be able to understand why one or another long-lost building associated with Whitman might excite a bit of feeling. Whitman intended his "Leaves" to be a statement of America's national purpose, a "new national text" (in the phrase of his latest biographer, David S. Reynolds), in some ways a counterpart of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, or, from his own time, the speeches of Lin-

coln—except that, unlike those statements, Whitman's took the form of an extravagant work of the imagination. In the original, 1855 edition, "America" was the book's opening word, and America's purpose, the preface explained, was (of all things) poetry: "The Americans of all nations at any time upon the earth have probably the fullest poetical nature. The United States themselves are essentially the greatest poem."

Of course, by poetry Whitman meant something more and other than metre and rhyme. He meant something akin to religion and ethics. He proposed his own commandments:

This is what you shall do: Love the earth and sun and the animals, despise riches, give alms to every one that asks, stand up for the stupid and crazy, devote your income and labor to others, hate tyrants, argue not concerning God, have patience and indulgence toward the people, take off your hat to nothing known or unknown.

He meant that by following those prescriptions you yourself can become a work of art:

Your very flesh shall be a great poem and have the richest fluency not only in its words but in the silent lines of its lips and face and between the lashes of your eyes.

He meant a feeling of identity with the universe. He had Emerson's idea. He believed in the unity of all things, living and dead. He was ecstatic; wanted you to be ecstatic; thought ecstasy was truth; thought individual freedom was truth's necessary condition; thought poetry was truth's necessary expression; thought America was individual freedom's home, therefore truth's, therefore poetry's. Liberty, equality, ecstasy, poetry—yes, that was America's purpose.

His picture of the United States was a more fantastic utopia than anything proposed by the socialist utopians of Europe in those years—wilder than their wildest visions, broader, filled with more violent winds and liquider liquids and sweeter dreams of love and life. Yet this national sentiment of his was nothing you could dismiss. Whole passages could make you tremble as you read. And, if the meeting halls that gave birth to the Declaration of Independence and the other great political documents of the American republic have always been regarded as national shrines, why not regard with a similar fond piety the buildings (assuming any

survive) that witnessed the birth of the original edition of "Leaves of Grass"—with its gloriously pop-eyed preface about transcendental-democratic nationalism?

That was one reason to keep an eye out for Whitman's long-ago Brooklyn addresses. There was another reason. The literature of the nineteenth century was filled with ghosts and spectres; Baudelaire's deathly Parisian shades; Dickens's London ghosts of Christmas; Marx and Engels's spectre of European Communism; the denizens of Poe's hor-

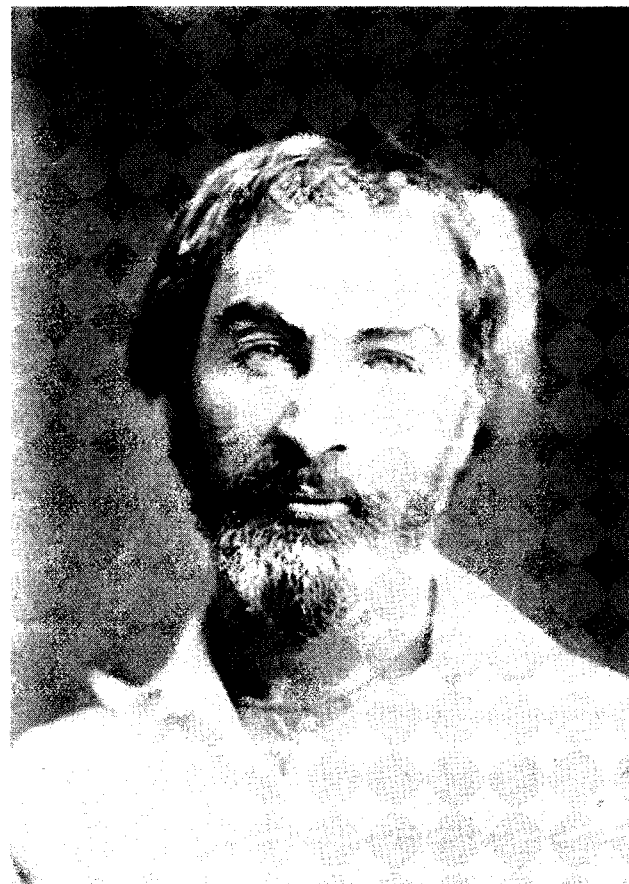
readers, "If you want me again look for me under your bootsoles" (at which point, if you have been reading him correctly, your own hair quietly gets up from its seat and stands on end):

Failing to fetch me at first keep encouraged,
Missing me one place search another,
I stop some where waiting for you.

But where, exactly, on what street and corner, would that ghostly somewhere be? Where does the shade of our amorous national poet hover today—if not in Brooklyn, in the places where he

even bleaker twentieth-century ones. We passed the projects known as the Walt Whitman Houses and Fort Greene Park, which the poet himself, during his career as a newspaper editor, had campaigned to save from the developers. And we came to the corner of Ryerson Street.

The vista there was less than inspiring. Ryerson Street begins at an empty lot on Myrtle Avenue and runs into the elevated trestles of the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway one block to the north. On either side of the street stand row houses



In Brooklyn, the author discovers the house where Whitman (right) completed "Leaves of Grass"—and clues to the poet's vision of America.

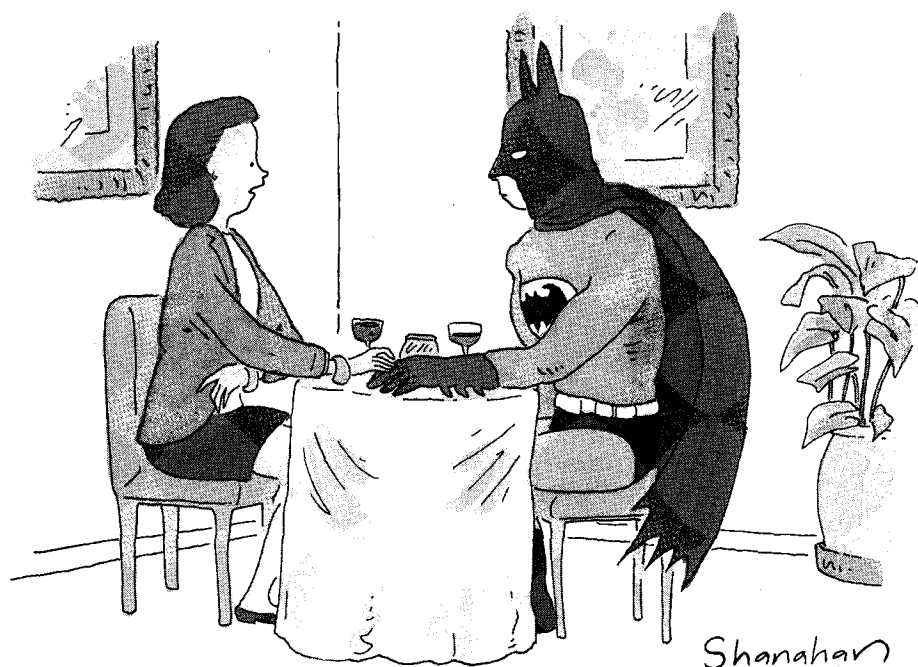
rific Night, where "the traveller meets, aghast, / Sheeted Memories of the Past." But nobody's ghost or spectre was ever creepier than Whitman's. The author of "Leaves of Grass" was his own ghost. He wrote about himself as if he had already died, and he wanted you to know that, even so, a hundred years later or hundreds of years later, he would always be standing by, a benign incubus, ready to clasp you by the hand or take you into his arms. Homer pictured grass as the hair of the departed reaching upward from their graves. And, with the grass of his own book Homerically conceived, Whitman whispered to his future

lived and worked when he wrote those amazing lines?

And so, more than three decades after the printshop was destroyed, Wilentz, the old bookseller—retired now, not as spry as he used to be—set out, in the company of his son, Sean (who is sufficiently a chip off the old block to have made his name as a scholarly historian of nineteenth-century New York), and me, to see if that second building was anywhere to be found. We headed up Myrtle Avenue from downtown Brooklyn, past the one-story modern storefronts, the Chinese-takeout place, the bleak nineteenth-century tenements, and the

of two and a half or three and a half stories (the half story means that the bottom floor is a half-buried basement), some of them clapboard buildings, some of them brick, all with high stoops of concrete or brick. They are the kind of houses that were built en masse during the vast Brooklyn housing boom early in the nineteenth century: squat, blocky structures, three windows across, and sparsely ornamented—houses for working people.

According to the list of properties in the Allen biography, a building that once belonged to the Whitman family had stood on that street, on a lot three hundred and eighty feet from the northeast



"I do love you, but I love you as a crimefighter."

corner of Myrtle. Wilentz the Younger and I went pacing heel to toe in search of the three-hundred-and-eightieth foot, with Wilentz the Elder leaning on a cane in the middle of the block, awaiting the results. But the results were shaky. We had no way of knowing how wide Myrtle Avenue might have been in Whitman's time. If we wanted to identify the building for sure, our only chance was to dig around in libraries and archives for additional details—to discover, say, whether any of Whitman's friends or other contemporaries might have left a more precise description of the place.

Thoreau, for instance, once came to visit Whitman in Brooklyn and made a note of their conversation, which didn't go well. "Among the few things which I chanced to say," Thoreau reported, "I remember that one was, in answer to him as representing America, that I did not think much of America or of politics, and so on, which may have been somewhat of a damper to him." But that conversation, we learned, took place at a different site entirely, a little farther up Myrtle, on Classon Avenue, in a building that appears to have been torn down long ago.

So we turned to "Smith's Brooklyn Directory, for the Year Ending May 1st, 1856," a sort of telephone book for

the pre-telephone age, which did contain a listing for "Whitman, Walter, h. Ryerson st. north of Myrtle av." In the Brooklyn City Registry, we got hold of a microfilm of the old quill-written title deed to the Ryerson Street house and lot, which was held for a time by Louisa Whitman, Walt's mother. And, with these several researches in hand, plus the findings of a real-estate-titles searcher who went into the archives to investigate the current deeds and the very arcane history of Myrtle Avenue and its official width (which has in fact changed, by a full twenty-five feet, but only on the side away from Ryerson Street), I can affirm that Whitman's home from long ago is, today, the address known as 99 Ryerson Street. It is the tawny wooden house in the middle of the block. The one with a top story that was surely added later on. The house with a modern red concrete stoop and a bright-white door.

Three events are known to have taken place in that most distinguished of houses. The Whitmans moved there in May, 1855. The poet, having given up carpentry and newspaper editing for the moment, used to sleep late, get up and work on his writings, and then make his way over to the Rome brothers' printshop. And in the early summer

of 1855 he finally brought home the first printed copies of "Leaves of Grass." The house where Walt Whitman lived while he was putting the finishing touches on that book, the house that so many people have confused with the building on Cranberry Street, is in fact the place on Ryerson. The poet showed the new book to his mother and to one of his brothers, George Washington Whitman. George left a record of the occasion: "I saw the book—didn't read it all—didn't think it worth reading—fingered it a little." The Whitman touch, that fingering. "Mother thought as I did—did not know what to make of it." On July 11th, Walter, Sr., the poet's father, died. That is the second event we can date to Whitman's time on Ryerson Street. Meanwhile, he had sent out complimentary copies of his book to, among other people, Ralph Waldo Emerson, the sage himself, in distant Concord, Massachusetts. Emerson had never heard of Walt Whitman, yet evidently sat down at once to examine the curious new book with its leafy green cover, and replied by mailing to Whitman the single most celebrated appreciation in the history of American literature.

On July 21st, Emerson wrote:

Dear Sir—I am not blind to the worth of the wonderful gift of "Leaves of Grass." I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed. . . . I find incomparable things said incomparably well, as they must be. . . . I rubbed my eyes a little, to see if this sunbeam were no illusion; but the solid sense of the book is a sober certainty. . . . I wish to see my benefactor, and have felt much like striking my tasks and visiting New York to pay you my respects.

In later years, Emerson backed away from that endorsement—possibly because he was embarrassed by Whitman's poems of sex, or because his confidence was rattled by a lack of sympathy for Whitman among New England's more conventional literary men and women, or because Whitman went on, annoyingly, to exploit the letter to promote himself and the book. But in the summer of 1855, and for a while afterward, Emerson's enthusiasm was at full boil, and everyone he met seems to have come away with the message that in faraway Brooklyn the great American masterpiece had unexpectedly appeared. In September, one of Emerson's

friends, Moncure Conway, excited by the news, did strike his tasks and make the visit that Emerson himself was not yet able to make. That was the third event known to have taken place in the Ryerson Street house. Conway's report to Emerson, on September 17, 1855, figures in the historical record.

I found by the directory that one Walter Whitman lived fearfully far (out of Brooklyn, nearly), on Ryerton [sic] Street a short way from Myrtle Avenue. The way to reach the house is to go down to Fulton Street Ferry, after crossing take the Fulton and Myrtle Avenue car, and get out at Ryerton Street. It is one of a row of small wooden houses with porches, which all seem occupied by mechanics.

"Mechanics" was the nineteenth-century word for blue-collar workers or artisans. As for the smallness of the house, that was overcome later on by adding the extra floor, and as for the porches, at some point they must have been taken down everywhere along the block in favor of the concrete stoops you can see today.

In December, Emerson himself ventured into remotest Brooklyn and paid his personal respects, and, according to still another of Whitman's biographers, Justin Kaplan, that visit, too, took place on Ryerson Street. Kaplan, however, may be in error. The Brooklyn City Registry shows that Louisa Whitman bought the house in May and sold it in November. In those years, the Whitmans, not at all averse to real estate's being king, bought and sold houses around the Myrtle Avenue neighborhood in an effort, less than skillfully managed, to ride the Brooklyn building boom. But of those houses only the one on Ryerson Street, the house where Whitman was living when he completed his 1855 masterpiece, appears to have survived.

THE main reason to go visit the house of a writer from long ago—piety and the search for ghosts aside—is the hope of stumbling across some lingering trace of the world that created the author. But the lingering traces never seem to be lingering. You can go to Concord and visit Emerson's house, nowadays a museum, and see his arm-chairs and writing table and the little farmyard outside, which look the way they always did. But beneath the level of

appearances, hardly anything in Concord is the way it used to be. In Emerson's time, Concord was a farm village; today, it is a prosperous commuter suburb with a healthy tourist trade. Similar look, different essence.

The difficulty in finding any trace of Whitman's world on Ryerson Street in Brooklyn is the reverse. In 1855, Ryerson Street was a working-class block "fearfully far" from Manhattan, and a hundred and forty years later the place is still a working-class street, inconvenient to midtown. But visually the street is dominated by highway pillars, aluminum window casings, blocky stoops, towering street lights, modern asphalt, and ten thousand other fixtures from the twentieth century. Similar essence, different look.

David Reynolds, the new biographer, has a theory about how to recapture that lost world of Whitman's. He proposes it in his "Walt Whitman's America" (Knopf, \$35), which, if Ryerson Street should ever become a city landmark, ought to be issued as a visitors' guide. Reynolds conjectures that someone like Whitman, whose formal schooling came to an end well before high school, would have lived in an atmosphere both of high culture and of popular culture, but popular culture especially. And, with that idea firmly in mind, Reynolds sets out to paint a panorama of the popular cultural and intellectual life of New York in the eighteen-forties and fifties.

It makes a flashy spectacle. Here is the old New York theatre district, on the Bowery, where rough-and-ready crowds came to watch Shakespeare performed by actors like Junius Brutus Booth, who pushed emotional intensity almost to the point of insanity (and whose son would outdo him only by murdering Lincoln in a theatre). Here are the Plug Uglies and the Dead Rabbits and sundry other nefarious street gangs; the antislavery orators; the penny press, with its sensationalist news and surrealistic illustrations; the landscape artists, with their oil-paint idylls of rural life; the touring Italian opera stars; the "shilling" novels and short stories and their purple plots in styles variously moralist, seamy, visionary, and historical; the popularizers of German idealist philo-

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sophy, with their notions of "Kosmos" and history-as-progress; the Free-Soilers, the Know-Nothings (our national poet was pro-Know-Nothing for a while), and the Tammany Hall hacks of the Democratic Party (he liked them, too, during an early stage of his career).

Reynolds escorts us through the mysteries of nineteenth-century sexual attitudes, which led conventional citizens to applaud Whitman's homosexual poems (in the "Calamus" section of "Leaves of Grass") as celebrations of manly friendship, and to condemn his heterosexual poems (in the "Children of Adam" section) as heterosexual poems. He tells us a story about a horrible teacher-student sex scandal, which may have happened to Whitman during his Long Island schoolteaching days when he was young, and which, if it happened at all (as seems plausible but not certain), must have been one of the worst experiences of his life: "That I could forget the mockers and insults! / That I could forget the trickling tears and the blows of the bludgeons and hammers!"

We read about the semiscientific (i.e., crackpot) ideas of the phrenologists, with their skull-bump theory of the human personality and its qualities of "amativeness" and "adhesiveness," and about the mesmerists, with their notion of electrical fluids exercising attraction between people. Here are the Harmonialists and the table-thumping spiritualists. And the impression you get, finally, is of urban hub-bub, quite as if it were you, not Moncure Conway, riding the Fulton and Myrtle Avenue horsecar in September, 1855, assailed by snatches of overheard conversations and the loose-flying sheets of an inky penny paper. And what shows the accuracy of Reynolds's account is that, once you hop down off the car, and put away his book, and peer into your own dog-eared "Leaves of Grass," the amative and adhesive qualities and the electrical fluids and the ham acting and everything else that you have read about in Reynolds turn out to be visibly astir, a field of ants, in the stanzas of the poetry.

I'm not sure that Whitman entirely benefits from Reynolds's exposition of

those nineteenth-century ideas. The parade of fads and humbugs can make you worry that Whitman, too, was a humbug—or, anyway, not afraid of seeming one. Reynolds himself grows increasingly annoyed at the poet, and by the end of "Walt Whitman's America" he has levelled scabrous accusations about shady financial deals and a backsliding into capitalism. Even so, once you have followed Reynolds around the nineteenth-century streets you do see Whitman with a sudden new clarity. There is a passage in "Song of Myself" (the greatest passage of all, as it happens) that we sex-addled moderns can barely read today because our own humbug theories require us to obsess about who is sleeping with whom and what kind of sex they are having. Yet all the while Whitman is giving voice (if we would only listen) to a typical mid-nineteenth-century theory about the unity of body and soul, except in a version all his own, with body and soul making love on the lawn—a wild idea, if you think about it. But metaphysical wildness was Whitman's grandeur:

I mind how we lay in June, such a transparent
summer morning;
You settled your head athwart my hips and
gently turned over upon me,
And parted the shirt from my bosom-bone,
and plunged your tongue to my barestript
heart,
And reached till you felt my beard, and
reached till you held my feet.

Swiftly arose and spread around me the peace
and joy and knowledge that pass all the art
and argument of the earth;
And I know that the hand of God is the
elderhand of my own,
And I know that the spirit of God is the eldest
brother of my own,
And that all the men ever born are also my
brothers. . . . and the women my sisters
and lovers,
And that a kelson of the creation is love;
And limitless are leaves stiff or drooping in the
fields,
And brown ants in the little wells beneath
them,
And mossy scabs of the wormfence, and
heaped stones, and elder and mullen and
pokeweed.

But is it true that popular culture and the passing theories of the moment counted for more in Whitman's world than the "high" culture of serious literature? The notion of a working-class high culture sounds a little odd to our ears today, and sounded odd in Whitman's time as well, which is why Conway

made a point of telling Emerson that Whitman lived on a faraway street of "mechanics." But in New York a high culture has always managed to flourish in the most modest of neighborhoods. That may be New York's greatest peculiarity.

Reynolds has a merry time telling us about mesmerists and phrenologists, but in those lines about the June morning and the hand of God the tone that you hear, the two-note chord of outdoory detail-mongering and Biblical grandiosity, is something that came straight from Emerson. For in cultural matters the little side streets around Myrtle Avenue were (to judge from "Leaves of Grass") a zone of the high, and the greatest influences came from the greats, and Ralph Waldo Emerson was a Brooklyn god, even if you wouldn't think so.

THE house on Ryerson can show us one more aspect of Whitman and his America, if we take Reynolds as our guide. Whitman was always writing about work and toil, and the lines he wrote, some of them, emit a tasty flavor of the real for the very good reason that he himself was a man of the manual trades (and for the equally good reason that Emerson had taught him to look for the old, labor-drenched, Anglo-Saxon words of ordinary life). But mostly the poems of work express a nostalgia. The factory system was spreading, industrial disciplines were breaking down the old habits of work, and obedience was the new code of behavior—even on Ryerson Street. The relatively uniform style of the old houses up and down the block shows that construction contractors were already making use of factory-made materials. And in the face of those developments, Whitman looked to the past. He painted an Edenic picture of American workers in an age of artisan independence, when it was perfectly all right to take your hat off to nobody because you were your own employer.

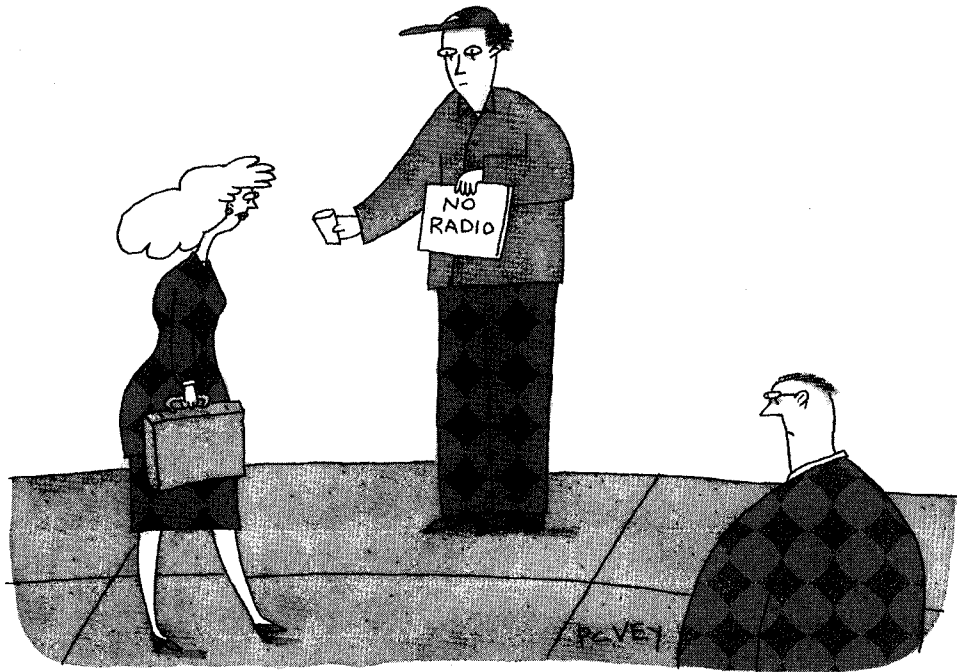
There were backward glances in his political thinking, too. He was full of confident prophecies about democratic triumphs in the future and the spread of American ideals around the world. But, especially in the poems from the

eighteen-fifties, his heart beat mostly for the era, seventy-five years behind him, of George Washington and the Battle of Brooklyn, where his own great-uncle had fought and died. That one battle, as Reynolds points out, is always making yet another appearance in "Leaves of Grass." Whitman couldn't get enough of it. And these two remembered and well-loved things—the Revolution and the disappearing world of artisan independence—were fused, in his mind, into a single patriotic theme. The skilled, autonomous worker was his concept of a free, creative person, and the Revolution, as he understood it, was supposed to have taken people like that and made them, for the first time in history, the lords of the earth.

Whitman, we may assume, knew the difference between his own ideas and the reality around him. There were purposes behind that nostalgia. The best-known of his poems about work is a lyric from 1860, "I Hear America Singing," not one of his better performances, but memorable (as time has shown): "The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands, / The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the morning." But, no matter how flat the lines, it is almost unbearably moving to recall that in 1860 Whitman and every single one of his readers were thoroughly aware that shoemakers and hatters were not in fact warbling in chorus, civil war was about to break out, and the entire project of American democracy was in danger of collapsing.

Anything but that! So he did his own warbling, and kept it up until the last moment, and even after. And then, in 1862, when there was no point in going on, with his brother George listed in the press as among the Union wounded at Fredericksburg, it was time for him to leave Brooklyn for the war zones around Washington, and to take up his duties in the military hospitals as a nurse to the wounded and the dying.

What you can see on Ryerson Street and for blocks around is those same ideas about labor and America inscribed in the architecture and the street geography. For here are any number of the

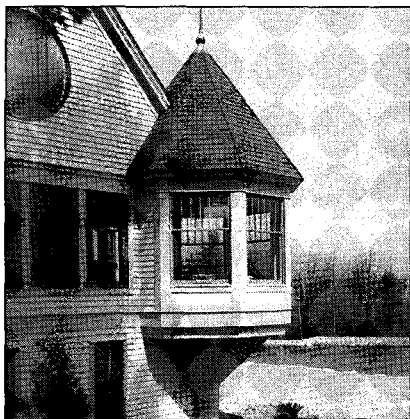


old wooden houses from the decades before the Civil War, some of them with the original porches still intact. These were the buildings that contractors and carpenters like the Whitmans put up during the original Brooklyn boom, and lived in, too: the houses of "mechanics." And if you raise your eyes to the street signs, on every side you see the heroes of the American Revolution. Ryerson Street was named, I suppose, for the Ryerson family, old Dutch settlers who seem not to have played much of a role in the Revolution. But two blocks west of Ryerson is Washington Avenue. Two blocks east is Steuben Street. Next comes Emerson Place—and who is to say how *that* name crawled its way onto the Brooklyn street map? Four more blocks bring us to Franklin Avenue.

From there, if you start moving south, into the Bedford-Stuyvesant section, you run into a massed formation of Revolutionary heroes, deployed as street names: De Kalb, Kosciuszko, Lafayette (nationalism was internationalist on the streets of Brooklyn), Gates, Monroe, Madison, Putnam, Jefferson, Hancock. The vision of an artisan world devoted to the American Revolution and the cult of Emerson was the neighborhood attitude, and Whitman, the carpenter with Emerson's essays in his lunch pail, was the neighborhood poet, and the neigh-

borhood itself is a poem, if you know how to read it.

NO one can visit Walden Pond, in Concord, without noticing that the natural ecology has had it rough since the days of Thoreau and Emerson; and it's true that no one can walk around Whitman's Brooklyn without noticing that something worse has befallen blue-collar America. Still, you would have to be a crabby soul to wander around those sidewalks and see misery and failure and nothing else. Immigrants from Latin America, the West Indies, West Africa, and from around the world have been drawn into those streets, and some of those people may even have stumbled their way into the satisfactions of democracy. On Myrtle one block from Ryerson, above Liberty Pizza (with its painted human-size Statue of Liberty) is a sign, scarcely to be believed, announcing the presence of "America's Grateful Immigrants, Inc." There's still life in "Leaves of Grass," its political and labor poems included; and it may be that in Brooklyn something of the real-life past that created the poet similarly clings to life, ineradicable, like a weed in the pavement. And, by God, here is the proof: his own house, his mother's house, the birthplace of "Leaves of Grass." Rickety, but standing. Not as a museum, either, but as a working person's



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house on an ordinary block filled with Xerox technicians, art students from Pratt Institute, old-time workers left over from the days before the Brooklyn Navy Yard closed in the nineteen-sixties, newcomers from Mexico and Nicaragua and the West Indies.

I climbed the red stoop and pressed a buzzer at random. The door opened and two brothers peered out. I introduced myself and told them the exciting anti-quarian news that in their own home the

greatest of American poets had once lived—more than a century ago.

The brothers eyed me suspiciously. Then one of them—it was a Mr. Clifford Richardson, a highly trained electrician (as I later learned) with a sideline as “Watongo,” reggae singer—cocked his head and asked, in the accent of St. Kitt’s, “How do you know there isn’t a great poet living here now?”

How do I know? I don’t know. It might be. It has happened before. ♦

LOVE IN THEORY

An intellectual's attempt at real life.

BY HILTON ALS



Lydia Davis

ITS near perfection aside, Lydia Davis’s “The End of the Story” (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$20) is a mad-deningly elusive book. It frustrates the reader’s expectations continually by resisting the tale it has ostensibly set out to tell: the story of a brief love affair between a young man and an older woman. In fact, Davis has written a brilliant essay in the form of a novel—a work that is concerned less with the story itself than with the compulsion to tell it.

Set in a nameless California coastal town, “The End of the Story” is told from a nameless woman’s point of view. She is a writer and translator who teaches at a nameless university, and the object of her attention (affection would be a strange sentiment for this chilling, self-absorbed woman) is a male student, also nameless, who aspires to be a writer. He copies poems written in French (a language he does not read with the narrator’s fluency) to express sentiments that it is difficult to know if he is capable of feeling. He works at a filling station. He plays basketball. He has red hair and a burly chest and is largely untroubled by thought—he’s the hulking, active flip side of the narrator’s pensive self.

The burden of reflection rests on the

narrator’s untutored shoulders. It is her preoccupation with detailing the affair that provides the pivot on which this economically written book turns. And it is while she is losing herself in a dangerous world of abstractions that she eventually latches on to this question: How does one suspend intellectual disbelief and become a participant—a “character”—in life?

The narrator tries to learn how to be the young man’s companion, how to become socialized as a “girl,” complete with patience and silence. But she finds the role a very difficult one. “I was not the same with him as I was with other people,” she writes. “I tried not to be as determined, as busy, as hasty, as I was alone and with friends. I tried to be gentle and quiet, but it was hard, and it confused me. It also exhausted me. I had to leave him just to rest from it.”

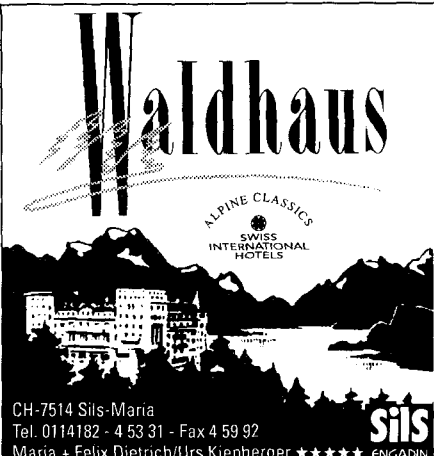
Davis’s narrator is not exhausted by her lover, who eventually leaves her for a younger, perhaps less complicated woman, or by her mother, to whom she pays a short visit, or by the rather desultory friendships she’s made with two or three people in her small college town. She is exhausted by her overdeveloped consciousness. She can’t stop being the re-

sionist of her own history, which has, at its center, the act of writing. At the same time, it is the fear inherent in writing anything at all that accounts for the anxiety shimmering on the novel's surface:

Not much time has gone by since I last worked, but when I sat down at my desk I was immediately confused by my new system. I have four boxes with pieces of paper in them. They are labeled MATERIAL TO BE USED, MATERIAL NOT YET USED, MATERIAL USED OR NOT TO BE USED and MATERIAL. Most of what is in the last, "Material," has nothing to do with this novel. "Material Used or Not to Be Used" means what it says: material I have already used or don't intend to use. What puzzled me today was the fact that there didn't seem to be any difference between "Material Not Yet Used" and "Material to Be Used." Then I remembered that the "Material to Be Used" was in finished form, ready to be incorporated, and the "Material Not Yet Used" was in rougher form. It was the word "ready" that would have clarified things, if I hadn't been afraid to write it on the box.

Despite her anxiety, however, the narrator can never leave well enough alone. She meticulously explores and records the new terrain introduced by her affair; at times, she treats even the young man's sexual interest as more "material" that has found her. As the story progresses, the narrator wraps the skein of her imagination ever tighter around her isolated self. She does not see the external world for what it is but, instead, projects her imagination onto anything standing in her way: "I was waiting for him in a crowded room. He had not come to meet me and I decided he was not going to come. I thought he had left me already. . . . My disappointment was so acute that the room seemed to empty . . . people, chairs, sofas . . . were empty shells." Ultimately, the narrator will not allow her internal world to be transformed by her lover's affection; she is comfortable only when she is in control. And she feels most in control of the affair when she is outside of it, writing it down.

Yet by the end of the novel, despite her enervating self-absorption, she is a strangely moving and lyrical character, who personifies the dangerous process of writing. Like a bystander who stares and stares at the blood trickling out from behind the suicide's ear, Davis's narrator cannot wait to recount the experience of disaster in her own words. Which is the place where most writers live, educating themselves in public, stupidly, valiantly. ♦



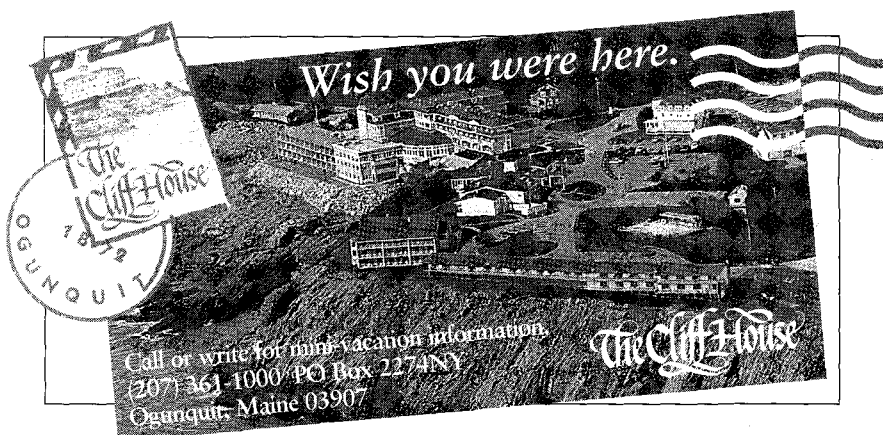
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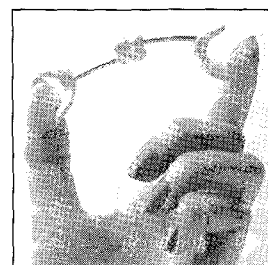
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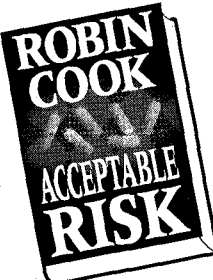
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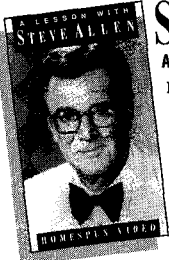
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Hunters & Gatherers

by Geoff Nicholson
(Overlook; \$21.95)

When the notes for the book that Steve Geddes is researching disappear, he admits, "I had never, in my whole life, felt so pleased and relieved." The book is to be about collecting, and Steve has found, among other things, that he himself is being collected by his subjects, including an attractive nymphomaniac. Like Steve's notes, his collectors' collections start to vanish or be vandalized, and seemingly random characters turn out to have some relation to an obscure elderly novelist, who responds to requests for autographs with a typewritten, unsigned obscenity. At the end, it all connects, with the quiet force of a good joke.

The Green Parrot

by Princess Marthe Bibesco; translated from the French by Malcolm Cowley
(Turtle Point; \$12.95)

The heroine of this rarefied but bracing novel, first published in 1924, is an aristocratic Russian woman remembering her childhood in exile in Biarritz before the First World War. Her traumatically disappointed early love for the eponymous bird serves to illustrate the dangers of privilege: her noble family is so narcissistic that its members have been doomed for generations to incestuous passions, early insanity, and suicide. The narrator recounts nightmarish events with the same detached politeness she uses to describe Indian polo grounds, Basque vistas, and French flowers: the effect is unforgettably chilling.

The Day the War Ended:
May 8, 1945—Victory in Europe
by Martin Gilbert
(Holt; \$27.50)

The noted British historian has assembled a mosaic of reminiscences that make this volume both heartrending and informative. Gilbert's sources collectively recapture far more than any one person can remember—and more than most people learn in school—and they show, through the experiences of individuals, what global war was like. His thoughtful epilogue demonstrates that the long-range effects of the Second World War have yet to be assessed.

The City of Florence

by R. W. B. Lewis
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$27.50)

Part history, part art appreciation, and part love letter, this enchanting book describes how Florentines of the past made their city splendid; tells how its great works of art and architecture have withstood war, weather, and urban renewal; and records how the author and his family have experienced this magnetic place from the nineteen-forties to the nineteen-nineties.

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SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

Letterman v. Leno is becoming a frantic war of attrition.

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

TALK-SHOW host used to be a sedentary desk job, like taxi dispatcher or recruiting sergeant. In the old days, Merv Griffin could settle into his chair until he took root. No more. The talk show today requires an on-the-go personality. At the age of forty-eight, David Letterman maintains the fidgety energy of a teen-ager. If he weren't so trim, you'd think he was gassing up with candy bars. He can barely sit through a taping of CBS's "Late Show with David Letterman" without remembering some bogus errand he forgot to run; with a *sacrebleu!* smack of his forehead, he catapults from his chair, bolts out of the studio, and dashes into the street, elbows and knees pumping, like Forrest Gump splitting the football field in two, while the fans cheer from behind police barricades—all this in pursuit of some extravagantly mundane comic payoff such as punching the time clock for his moonlighting gig at McDonald's. The routine was funny the first fifty or so times, but, like everything else on the show, the gag has become so ingrained that it seems like a reflex action of Letterman's anxiety defenses—expressing, in this case, his desire to flee. These days, Letterman's busy legwork also lends itself to the interpretation that he runs because he knows he's being chased. Late-night entertainment is no longer a one-man race.

Jay Leno, who was judged by the

critics to be an unfit successor to Johnny Carson as the host of NBC's "Tonight Show," has managed to dig himself free from his premature burial. This year, Leno's "Tonight" has "freshened" its demographics—i.e., reached younger consumers—and is poised to nose ahead of Letterman's "Late Show" in the ratings. Much of this narrowing of the gap

can be ascribed to network dynamics. Where Leno thrives on the NBC boom typified by freshman hits like "ER" and "Friends," Letterman suffers from the CBS swoon evidenced by such bumbles as the loss of pro football to Fox and the P.R. blunder of casting Connie Chung adrift in a canoe. A string of national and international calamities has intensified interest in Ted Koppel's "Nightline," and

this, too, has hurt Letterman's ratings. Even so, Letterman's having to fend off Leno is something of an indignity. It isn't as if Letterman were getting beaten by a better show. Although Leno's "Tonight" sports a jokier monologue, a night-club set, a new bandleader (Kevin Eubanks, who, unlike Branford Marsalis, doesn't begrudge every smile for fear it might betray the rich legacy of jazz), and crowd-pandering O.J.-trial tie-ins such as the Dancing Itos, it still suffers from the oafish jabber of its host, who applies himself like Silly Putty to the camera. Leno is a puzzle. When he appeared not long ago as a guest on Bill Maher's "Politically Incorrect" series, on Comedy



Don't look back: Dave's still ahead, but Jay is catching up.



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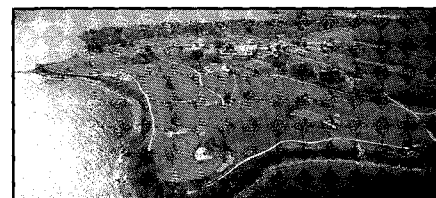
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Central, he was funny, sharp, and off-hand—qualities that he has managed to hide under ten pounds of chin as the host of his own show. But his recent upswing has engendered better press notices. “Leno . . . has emerged as a late-night innovator,” the *Post* declared—quite an irony, given that so much of the “Tonight Show”’s makeover has emulated (shamelessly ripped off) Letterman’s “Late Show.”

In order to goose its morale and reclaim momentum, Letterman broadcast a week of programs last month from London. The trip helped the ratings for the May sweeps, but it also demonstrated that travel isn’t always broadening. Wherever he is, Letterman stuffs himself into the same tight box. Although he had wit enough not to tread on the elegant weft of Peter O’Toole’s storytelling, the London shows reiterated his inability to connect with other people, his aimless distraction (a TV reviewer for the *Independent on Sunday* remarked, “When Dave introduces a mad mutt that spins round in circles, you can’t help feeling that he’s found a kindred spirit”), his sloppy preparation (he drew blanks with the stars of “Absolutely Fabulous”), and his reliance on lame remotes, like his mother’s reports from various tourist spots (send Mom to the moon). On top of everything else, there’s the audience clamor that attends and lauds Letterman’s every move now—a din that builds to a Roman-amphitheatre roar whenever he does something remarkable, like adjusting his jacket or dancing with an audience member. Such bush-league Beatlemania wouldn’t be a problem for Leno, who woos the audience as if it were a voting bloc; for Letterman, a lone fussbudget who has a more derisive, ambivalent attitude toward success and the population at large, this unconditional-love bath is smothering. It’s hard for him to exercise irony when the easily wowed find his every word packed with entertainment value. The pandemonium has deafened his subtext.

A new one may develop: the drama of how Letterman adapts to adversity. The negative reviews he received for his performance as host of this year’s Academy Awards ceremony have proved to be the first major setback in the saga of “Dave Agonistes.” In the past, Letterman was relegated to fringe time periods. He was on in mid-morning when

he began at NBC, and then moved to late night; he could function as an insurgent, taking sneaky potshots at parental figures (like the president of G.E.) from his sniper’s nest. Now he’s the establishment, a full-frontal celebrity and one-man franchise. He’s never had his hip credentials questioned before. How will he cope? The evidence of Bill Carter’s book “The Late Shift” (1994) suggests that in high-pressure situations Letterman shuns confrontation and assistance and turns in on himself with a sulking vengeance. One well-known anecdote from the NBC days has him scribbling a note saying “I *hate* myself” to the actress Teri Garr during a commercial break. Carter writes, “When Garr tried to reassure him that he was, in fact, truly a wonderful guy and talented star, he grabbed the note back, underlined ‘I *hate* myself’ twice, and shoved it back at her.”

Intimations of self-hate have surfaced on the “Late Show,” too—not in the acrid asides that marked Letterman’s tenure at NBC but in recurring slapstick bits like the one where, in his persona as Dave the Dumb Guy, he gulps egg-nog from a giant bowl until it slobbers over his chin. He gets a perverse glee out of impersonating a doofus, popping his eyes and scrunching his face like some bumpkin gawping at his first U.F.O. He doesn’t seem to be enjoying a joke at his own expense—the jokes are too coarse and bedraggled—so much as shedding himself of his celebrity status to show us his carcass. This is what I look like, he seems to be saying, when I revert to my natural state. The bachelor life is the next-best thing to being a bear.

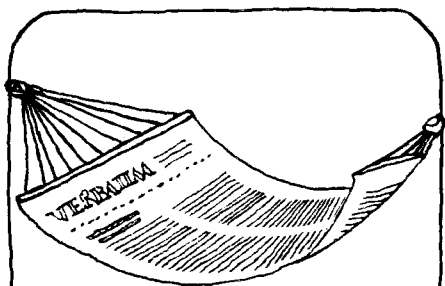
In one respect, he’s a less grumpy bear these days. On his NBC show, he was notorious for bristling at women, from Cher and Shirley MacLaine to Jane Seymour. He was comfortable only with certified babes. He’s still comfortable only with certified babes (like the fun-loving Drew Barrymore, who danced on his desk for his forty-eighth birthday and flashed her fun-loving breasts), but



at least he’s no longer dissing older women. He’s learned how to glide them on and off the set.

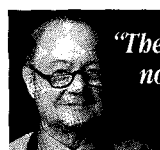
Letterman is also capable of assuming the high road and getting into a reflective mode. He recently stayed put long enough to be interviewed by satellite for Tom Snyder’s show, which follows his on CBS. Of course, the relationship is more complex than that. Letterman picked Snyder for the time slot (his production company also produces the show), overriding the reservations of CBS executives, who feared that Snyder was too senior a broadcast figure to lure the glazed eyeballs of youth away from Conan O’Brien’s kooky college hour on NBC. And so far Conan is beating him out. Snyder *is* from the old school. He doesn’t run or fetch. He sits in the chair with his hands on his knees, Lincoln Memorial style. During the interview, Letterman expressed gratitude for the press criticism he had received since the Oscar broadcast: “You only really learn things when there’s trouble.” He praised his staff. He praised Snyder’s staff. He diplomatically evaded a discussion of Leno’s copycatting on “Tonight.” The tone was subdued, as if Letterman were digesting recent events. Or perhaps he was just tired.

It’s a grind. Carson, facing less competition, had the luxury of conserving himself. He was relaxed about taking time off. According to Carter’s epilogue to the new edition of “The Late Shift,” Letterman cancelled one week of a two-week vacation last year because he felt he couldn’t afford a full layoff as long as Leno was still pumping out product. The rivalry between Letterman and Leno has made their shows livelier—noisier and more frantic—but the fatigue has begun to tell, and the cracks are visible. On Letterman, Billy Crystal makes his entrance riding a circus horse. On Leno, Corbin Bernsen sits in a children’s pool after his segment, flanked by women in swimsuits and looking abashed. Where will it end? I have to sympathize with Snyder, who began a May broadcast by joking, “We were saying at dinner tonight that five shows a week is really more than you can bear and certainly more than we can bear. So tonight when you call in tell us what night you’d like off.” He then laughed his manic laugh, knowing how pointless it would be. Until the talk-show wars relent, they’re all on active duty. ♦



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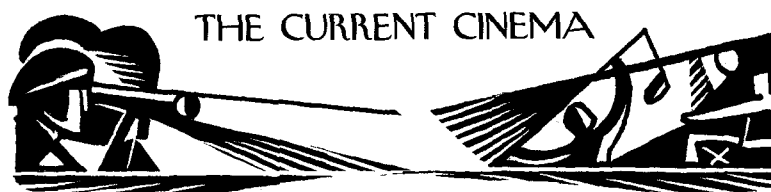
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MAN IN THE MIDDLE

Charles Burnett's *"The Glass Shield"* and Robert Longo's *"Johnny Mnemonic."*

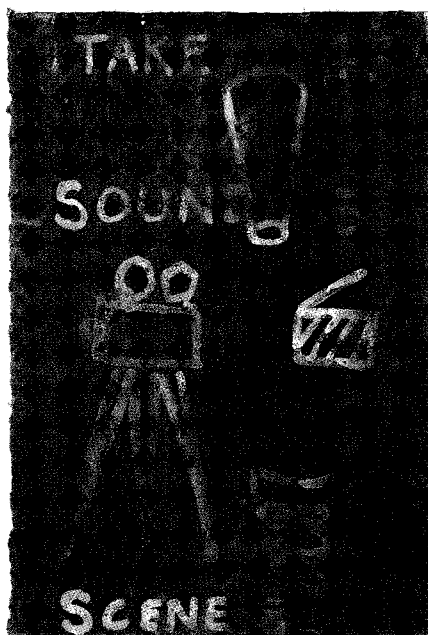
BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

J J. JOHNSON (Michael Boatman), the hero of Charles Burnett's extraordinary *"The Glass Shield,"* is an eager young black cop who, on graduating from the academy, is assigned to a Los Angeles County Sheriff's station; he is the first black man ever to serve there. The movie's opening sequence, a montage of bright comic-book panels, shows us what J. J. imagines his life will be like: in a dramatic shootout, he brings down a bad guy and is wounded himself; his colleagues crowd around him, filling dialogue balloons with lavish praise. "You proved yourself," they tell him. "Your shield is made of gold." The

reality of his job proves, of course, to be quite a bit less satisfying than his superhero fantasies. The station's commander, Massey (Richard Anderson), chews him out for trivial errors, and most of his fellow-deputies treat him with suspicion or casual disdain. J. J., who is both disciplined and dedicated, doesn't allow himself to react to the everyday slights; he just works harder and holds on, as long as he can, to the belief that he will someday succeed in fitting in. Earlier, as he cleaned out his locker at the academy, he heard a voice in his head saying, "You're about to make history." In the course of *"The Glass Shield,"* he discovers that making history is tougher than it sounds. The currents of history are shockingly strong: swimming against them is exhausting, but allowing yourself simply to

be carried by them, as J. J. does, in his determination to get along and get ahead, may be even more dangerous. You run the risk of ending up—drenched, unrecognizable, covered with mud—in a place where you never wanted to be.

Burnett's script, which was inspired by the true story of an L.A. deputy named John Eddie Johnson, is staggeringly ambitious, but the film's style is patient, unhurried, even contemplative. Although *"The Glass Shield"* is consistently tense and engrossing, it doesn't have the slam-bang action of a conventional police thriller. And although this picture is one of the most penetrating explorations of institutional racism ever made, it isn't merely accusatory; Burnett knows that the enemy is too large, too complex, and too slippery to be defeated by a pointing finger. *"The Glass Shield"* circles America's racial battlefield stealthily, taking compass readings, mapping the terrain, noting tiny shifts of position. The movie tells the sort of story that is usually told exclusively from the protagonist's perspective: we see the world through a young man's eyes, and the scales drop from them on cue. Burnett's strategy is subtler, and infinitely more sensitive to the volatile conditions of the hero's predicament. At times, the movie adopts J. J.'s point of view. At other times, it pulls back and simply looks at him, examining his behavior critically (but never coldly). Burnett allows us to



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see, for example, that J. J. is a bit of a sexist; and whenever the hero smilingly shrugs off his colleagues' insults, or silently consents to their brutal treatment of suspects, we're forced to wonder whether his ambition and his self-control are noble qualities, or even useful ones. And at still other times the hero is neither the subject nor the object of the story: as the movie probes more deeply into the corruption of the social and political systems that J. J. is so keen to become a part of, his limited point of view comes to seem not just inadequate but almost irrelevant, and Burnett cuts away from him repeatedly, as if to emphasize the gap between the inner world of J. J.'s prudent, fine-tuned consciousness and the outer world of institutions, which runs according to the blind, fierce animal laws of survival and repels the annoying scruples of young idealists nonchalantly, like an elephant flicking off flies.

Most cop movies are as crude as comic books; most social-problem movies are, too. It would have been easy for Burnett, who is black, to turn John Eddie Johnson's experiences into a feel-good fable about a courageous individual's victory over racist tormentors; Johnson's efforts did ultimately lead to the exposure of his fellow-cops' sins. And it might have been even easier for the filmmaker to use this story as a kind of cautionary tale about the futility of blacks' attempts to play by white men's rules. (Imagine what Spike Lee would have done with this material.) But Burnett is an original—an independent filmmaker who is also a stubbornly independent thinker. The ironic comic-book opening of "The Glass Shield" tells us right away that J. J.'s heroic image of himself is vapid and naïve—that he's no Dark Knight—and Burnett isn't interested in rubbing the young cop's nose in the wreckage of his flimsy illusions. The movie matter-of-factly brings J. J. back down to earth—not gently but not gleefully, either. And Burnett is remarkably delicate in portraying J. J.'s accommodation to the hostile environment of the sheriff's station. The hero swallows plenty of abuse from his fellow-officers but none from the filmmaker. Instead of depicting this conflicted young man as a grinning sucker,

a pathetically deluded Uncle Tom, Burnett gives him the dignity of a soldier who, having charged forward rashly, finds himself in a perilous no man's land, dodging fire from every direction.

The terrible truth is that J. J., for all his self-centeredness, really wants to do good—to be a "peace officer" and, implicitly, to prove that a black man can protect the public as effectively as a white man can. But nobody trusts him: activists in his own community look at him

as if he were a traitor, and the angry white men he works with consider him an outsider. He starts out believing that he knows exactly what he's doing, that there's no contradiction between his race and his career, but once he has set foot in the sheriff's station his clear sense of

himself gets cloudier and cloudier. It's hard to maintain your integrity when everyone is telling you that your loyalties are divided. J. J. is an extremely difficult role, because the character's defining trait is his ambiguity. The script requires Boatman to reflect rapid fluctuations of mood—from cocky optimism to exaggerated tough-guy cynicism and then to crushing self-disgust—and to link these flickering expressions into a portrait of a man in a state of moral panic. Boatman is brilliant: his smooth, boyish face seems to tighten as the movie goes along, as if he were about to burst from the strain of being all things to all people and yet, increasingly, a mystery to himself.

Even when J. J. is disappointing both himself and us, Burnett respects his struggle. Eventually, the rookie cop becomes so desperate to demonstrate that he belongs in the closed, clublike society of the sheriff's station that he perjures himself to support the false testimony of another cop. (Deputy Bono, the officer he protects, is a racist meathead, who refused to shake his hand on his first day at the station; when J. J. agrees to lie, Bono thanks him with a soul shake.) At the time, the deception seems innocuous, but J. J. later learns that he has been an unwitting conspirator in framing an innocent man (played by Ice Cube) for murder. This, finally, is something that J. J. can't live with, and for the rest of the picture he devotes himself, with his usual caution, to investigating the organization that he has worked so hard to belong to.



(He joins forces with a female Jewish deputy—played by Lori Petty—who has also been made to feel like an outcast.) The story becomes more and more complicated, and the cast of characters widens to include lawyers and judges and insurance investigators and city councilmen, but Burnett's lucid style never falters: every scene reveals some new detail of the means by which power protects and perpetuates itself. And, when "The Glass Shield" is over, you realize that Burnett has done something amazing: he has used the cop-thriller form to make a moving and emotionally acute drama of self-knowledge. The truth that informs all the action in the movie is simple and profoundly political: you can't know yourself until you know what you're a part of. Only a great filmmaker could dramatize an idea like that; as an anatomy of moral corruption, this picture is in a class with Kurosawa's "The Bad Sleep Well" and Satyajit Ray's "The Middleman." "The Glass Shield," in its quiet way, turns the police genre on its head. Hollywood uses "maverick" cops as the foundations of solid, conservative, investment-protective entertainments. The hero of "The Glass Shield" is a cop who doesn't want to rock the boat, and, telling his story, Charles Burnett has made the most subversive American movie in years.

THE screenplay of the futuristic thriller "Johnny Mnemonic" is by William Gibson, whose 1984 novel "Neuromancer" pioneered the science-fiction style called cyberpunk—a head-splitting mixture of information-technology speculation and swift, brutal action in the manner of a Hong Kong gangster movie. Johnny (Keanu Reeves), the hero of this picture, is a twenty-first-century information courier. His brain has been surgically reconfigured so that it can be hooked up directly to computers; vast amounts of data can be fed in, stored, and then retrieved. Johnny is a computer-age counterpart of Mr. Memory, the luckless music-hall performer in "The 39 Steps" who remembers everything and disgorges it on demand, without the slightest awareness of its value. Gibson's hero is, like Mr. Memory, an ironic figure, using his mind mindlessly: Johnny has no interest in, or access to, the material that his clients stuff into his brain. The retrieval system requires the senders

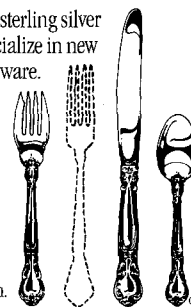
of the information to fax an access code—consisting of three random, unrelated computer-screen images—to the receivers; to insure the data's safe passage, the courier himself doesn't know the code. At the beginning of "Johnny Mnemonic," the hero accepts a shipment that's much too large for his storage capacity; if he doesn't download within twenty-four hours, he'll die. To make matters worse, no one has the complete access code: a band of Yakuza, bent on hijacking the goods in Johnny's head, has murdered the senders, and the crucial fax transmission has been interrupted, leaving the hero up the information creek without a paddle.

It's a beautiful setup, and Gibson embellishes the premise ingeniously. The published script is tremendous fun to read: it's an intellectual adventure story, making breathless action out of the spectacle of ideas chasing their own tails. But reading the screenplay of "Johnny Mnemonic" (which might have been called "The 320 Gigabytes") is a far more vivid experience than watching the movie. The picture is directed by the artist Robert Longo, who has made some lovely, distinctive music videos (notably for R.E.M. and New Order) but has never directed a feature film. The complexity of the material seems to paralyze him: it's as if his artistic capacity had been overloaded and he had decided to remain very, very still so that his head wouldn't explode. The narrative, which should have the berserk momentum of a video game, feels inert, stalled; and the movie's vision of the cybernetic future looks shockingly familiar. The urban wasteland that Johnny moves through appears to have been assembled from scraps of eighties science-fiction movies: you can identify worn, rusted fragments of "Escape from New York," "The Road Warrior," "Streets of Fire," and, especially, "Blade Runner." (Longo downloads his movie memories right before our eyes.) And the acting—by a cast that includes Ice-T, Dina Meyer, Dolph Lundgren, Barbara Sukowa, and Henry Rollins—is also a kind of homage to an earlier genre style: these are performances worthy of an Ed Wood ensemble. "Johnny Mnemonic" is more frustrating than an ordinary bad movie. There's a terrific, wildly inventive science-fiction picture trapped in here somewhere, but the director can't find the images to give us access to it. ♦

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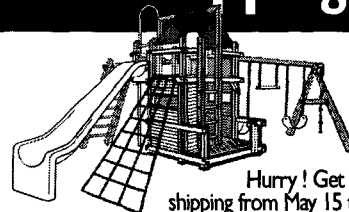


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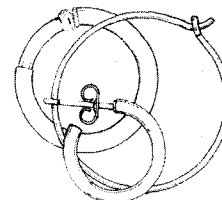
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SHOUTS & MURMURS

SOME NOTES ON THE THEATRE WHERE YOU'RE SEEING THIS PLAY

BY DOUGLAS MCGRATH

THE Franzheimer Theatre was built in 1906, but did not open until 1909, because it was noticed, on the morning of the opening of its inaugural production, "Hooray for Hats!," that the architect, Stanford White, had forgotten to include a powder room for its lady customers, and also a stage. (This lapse is understood when one learns that Mr. White did not design the theatre until after he had been shot in the head at Madison Square Garden.) The Franzheimer became the first Broadway theatre to be closed before it opened.

After the reconstruction, its debut production was Shakespeare's brutal tragedy "Coriolanus," performed by an ambitious new company of children. The play was poorly reviewed when the entire cast, except for the little girl playing Volumnia, was late for the opening, because the actors were at a birthday party for Titus Lartius (Billy Smith).

The twenties were a bustling time at the Franzheimer. There were the English comedies "Certainly, Sir" (1921), "No, Thanks, Not Right Now, But Maybe in a Bit, I'll Let You Know, Thanks for Asking" (1923), and "Whoops, There Go Me Drawers!" (1924). Northern Europe sent the dramas "Twelve Months of Winter" (1926) and "The Leaden Cake" (1928), which was the first major play to exploit the dramatic aspects of asthma. The decade closed with "Ted Against Ted," a Civil War psychodrama about a soldier with a split personality who took himself prisoner during Sherman's march to Atlanta. Some theatregoers still feel a sensation in their temples when they recall the war-crimes trial where Ted delivers the testimony that convicts Ted.

The thirties opened with Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein's "Bunyan!,"

best remembered for the song "You Axed for It," in which Bert Lahr performed a two-step with a live ox. This number sold thousands of copies of sheet music and launched the livestock-dancing craze that briefly seized the nation. The play closed when the ox moved to Berlin to work with Bertolt Brecht on his anti-bourgeois operetta "Thirteen at the Table." (They were later briefly married.)

In 1931, the theatre was acquired in a scavenger hunt and was renamed the Mimsy, after Dr. Mimsy Grotz, the inventor of spirit gum. The name changed again when it was learned that Dr. Grotz had invented only spearmint gum. This confusion, along with something called the Great Depression, discouraged business, and the theatre soon became a cinema, then a night club, then merely a nice place to sit down.

The year 1947 brought live performance back to the theatre—now the Patriot—with "Sing It, Sister!," the musical version of Ibsen's "Little Eyolf," which gave Danny Kaye his great patter hit "Eyolf, I Lolf You!" This two-hundred-and-twenty-four-performancer was followed by the Lunts in the touching "The Doorman

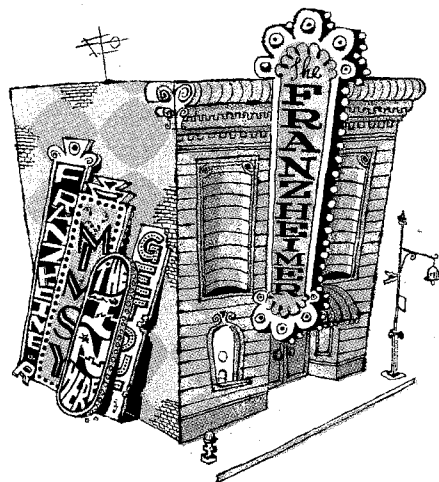
and Mrs. Ault," which accidentally won the Nobel Prize for Physics. Next came Betty Hutton in "Swinging Sue," a musical about an aspiring singer who supports herself by boxing; Miss Hutton left the show after fifty-nine performances when she remembered she had left the water on in her Beverly Hills home. She was replaced by Ernest Borgnine.

In the early sixties, the theatre, now named the In Here, produced the nude "Peter Pan," widely criticized for an inability to hide its flying wires. It nevertheless had a long run, which cannot be said of the dramatic version of "Singin' in the Rain," which omitted all the music from the film and concentrated instead on the dehumanization of the artist by Hollywood's corporate culture. It was called "Walking Home Wet."

The seventies brought "It Won't Burn," a rock opera about polyester, and "Abba-Mania," in which a young Mandy Patinkin created the definitive Bjorn. In 1979, the theatre became the well-known disco Get Out. It reversed the selective door policy of Studio 54 and allowed everyone in. Bouncers then went through the rooms, pointed at people, and made them leave.

In 1987, the theatre reopened under its original name with Cameron Mackintosh's revival of "Les Misérables," the first time a show has been revived before its original production closed. It won the Tony that year for Best Revival of Les Misérables. The theatre was then bought by Citibank, which wished to demolish it. Mr. Mackintosh, believing that "Les Misérables" should honor its advertising slogan ("You Can't Kill It with a Stick"), bought Citibank.

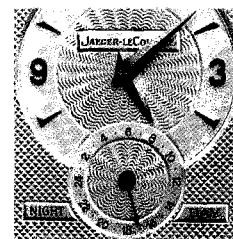
At intermission, alcoholic beverages, soft drinks, low-interest housing loans, and candy are available in the lobby. ♦



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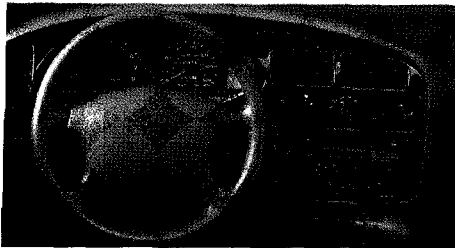
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REVEAL ANOTHER
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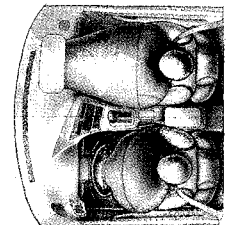


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